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THE STILLWATER TRAGEDY.

I.

It is close upon daybreak. The great wall of pines and hemlocks that keep off the east wind from Stillwater stretches black and indeterminate against the sky. At intervals a dull, metallic sound, like the guttural twang of a violin string, rises from the frog-infested swamp skirting the highway. Suddenly the birds stir in their nests over there in the woodland, and break into that wild jargon chorus with which they herald the advent of a new day. In the apple-orchards and among the plum-trees of the few gardens in Stillwater, the wrens and the robins and the blue-jays catch up the crystal crescendo, and what a melodious racket they make of it with their fifes and flutes and flageolets!

The village lies in a trance like death. Possibly not a soul hears this music, unless it is the watchers at the bedside of Mr. Leonard Tappleton, the richest man in town, who has lain dying these three days, and cannot last till sunrise. Or perhaps some mother, drowsily hushing her wakeful baby, pauses a moment and listens vacantly to the birds singing. But who else?

The hubbub suddenly ceases, — ceases as suddenly as it began, — and all is still again in the woodland. But it is not so dark as before. A faint glow of white

light is discernible behind the ragged line of the tree-tops. The deluge of darkness is receding from the face of the earth, as the mighty waters receded of old.

The roofs and tall factory chimneys of Stillwater are slowly taking shape in the gloom. Is that a cemetery coming into view yonder, with its ghostly architecture of obelisks and broken columns and huddled head-stones? No, that is only Slocum's Marble Yard, with the finished and unfinished work heaped up like snowdrifts, — a cemetery in embryo. Here and there in an outlying farm a lantern glimmers in the barnyard: the cattle are having their fodder betimes. Scarlet-capped chanticleer gets himself on the nearest rail-fence and lifts up his rancorous voice like some irate old cardinal launching the curse of Rome. Something crawls swiftly along the gray of the serpentine turnpike, — a dog-cart, with the driver lashing a jaded horse. A quick wind goes shivering by, and is lost in the forest.

Now a narrow strip of two-colored gold stretches along the horizon.

Stillwater is gradually coming to its senses. The sun has begun to twinkle on the gilt cross of the Catholic chapel and make itself known to the doves in the stone belfry of the South Church. The patches of cobweb that here and

there cling tremulously to the coarse grass of the inundated meadows have turned into silver nets, and the mill-pond — it will be steel-blue later — is as smooth and white as if it had been paved with one vast unbroken slab out of Slocum's Marble Yard. Through a row of button-woods on the northern skirt of the village is seen a square, lap-streaked building, painted a disagreeable brown, and surrounded on three sides by a platform, — one of seven or eight similar stations strung like Indian beads on a branch thread of the Great Sagamore Railway.

Listen! That is the jingle of the bells on the baker's cart as it begins its rounds. From innumerable chimneys the curdled smoke gives evidence that the thrifty housewife — or, what is rarer in Stillwater, the hired girl — has lighted the kitchen fire.

The chimney-stack of one house at the end of a small court — the last house on the easterly edge of the village, and standing quite alone — sends up no smoke. Yet the carefully trained ivy over the porch, and the lemon verbena in a tub at the foot of the steps, intimate that the place is not unoccupied. Moreover, the little square-rigged schooner which acts as weather-cock on one of the gables, and is now heading due west, has two new sky-sails. It is a story-and-a-half cottage, with a large expanse of roof, which, covered with porous, unpainted shingles, seems to repel the sunshine that now strikes full upon it. The upper and lower blinds on the main building, as well as those on the extensions, are tightly closed. The sun appears to beat in vain at the casements of this silent house, which has a curiously sullen and defiant air, as if it had desperately and successfully barricaded itself against the approach of morning; yet if one were standing in the room that leads from the bed-chamber on the ground floor — the room with the latticed window — one would see a ray of

light thrust through a chink of the shutters, and pointing like a human finger at an object which lies by the hearth.

This finger, gleaming, motionless, and awful in its precision, points to the body of old Mr. Lemuel Shackford, who lies there dead in his night-dress, with a gash across his forehead.

In the darkness of that summer night a deed darker than the night itself had been done in Stillwater.

II.

That morning, when Michael Hennessey's girl Mary — a girl sixteen years old — carried the can of milk to the rear door of the silent house, she was nearly a quarter of an hour later than usual, and looked forward to being soundly rated.

"He's up and been waiting for it," she said to herself, observing the scullery door ajar. "Won't I ketch it! It's him for growling and snapping at a body, and it's me for always being before or behind time, had luck to me. There's no plazing him."

Mary pushed back the door and passed through the kitchen, nerving herself all the while to meet the objurgations which she supposed were lying in wait for her. The sunshine was blinding without, but sifted through the green jalousies, it made a gray, crepuscular light within. As the girl approached the table, on which a plate with knife and fork had been laid for breakfast, she noticed, somewhat indistinctly at first, a thin red line running obliquely across the floor from the direction of the sitting-room and ending near the stove, where it had formed a small pool. Mary stopped short, scarcely conscious why, and peered instinctively into the adjoining apartment. Then, with a smothered cry, she let fall the milk-can, and a dozen white rivulets, in strange contrast to that one dark red line which first start-

led her, went meandering over the kitchen floor. With her eyes riveted upon some object in the next room, the girl retreated backward, slowly and heavily dragging one foot after the other, until she reached the scullery door; then she turned swiftly, and plunged into the street.

Twenty minutes later, every man, woman, and child in Stillwater knew that old Mr. Shackford had been murdered in his bed.

Mary Hennessey had to tell her story a hundred times during the morning, for each minute brought to Michael's tenement a fresh listener hungry for the details at first hand.

"How was it, Molly? Tell a body, dear!"

"Don't be asking me!" cried Molly, pressing her palms to her eyes as if to shut out the sight, but taking all the while a secret creepy satisfaction in living the scene over again. "It was kinder dark in the other room, and there he was, laying in his night-gownd, with his face turned towards me, so, looking mighty severe-like, jest as if he was a-going to say, 'It's late with the milk ye are, ye hussy!'—a way he had of spaking."

"But he did n't spake, Molly darlin'?"

"Niver a word. He was stone dead, don't you see. It was that still you could hear me heart beat, saving there was n't a drop of beat in it. I let go the can, sure, and then I backed out, with me eye on 'im all the while, afeard to death that he would up and spake them words."

"The pore child! for the likes of her to be wakin' up a murdered man in the mornin'!"

There was little or no work done that day in Stillwater outside the mills, and they were not running full handed. A number of men from the Miantowona Iron Works and Slocum's yard—Slocum employed some seventy or eighty

hands—lounge about the streets in their blouses, or stood in knots in front of the tavern, smoking short clay pipes. Not an urchin put in an appearance at the small red brick building on the turnpike. Mr. Pinkham, the school-master, waited an hour for the recusants, then turned the key in the lock and went home.

Dragged-looking women, with dish-cloth or dust-pan in hand, stood in doorways or leaned from windows, talking in subdued voices with neighbors on the curb-stone. In a hundred far-away cities the news of the suburban tragedy had already been read and forgotten; but here the horror stayed.

There was a constantly changing crowd gathered in front of the house in Welch's Court. An inquest was being held in the room adjoining the kitchen. The court, which ended at the gate of the cottage, was fringed for several yards on each side by rows of squalid, wondering children, who understood it that Coroner Whidden was literally to sit on the dead body,—Mr. Whidden, a limp, inoffensive little man, who would not have dared to sit down on a fly. He had passed, pallid and perspiring, to the scene of his perfunctory duties.

The result of the investigation was awaited with feverish impatience by the people outside. Mr. Shackford had not been a popular man; he had been a hard, avaricious, passionate man, holding his own way remorselessly. He had been the reverse of popular, but he had long been a prominent character in Stillwater, because of his wealth, his endless lawsuits, and his eccentricity, an illustration of which was his persistence in living entirely alone in the isolated and dreary old house, that was henceforth to be inhabited by his shadow. Not his shadow alone, however, for it was now remembered that the premises were already held in fee by another phantasmal tenant. At a period long anterior to this, one Lydia Sloper, a

widow, had died an unexplained death under that same roof. The coincidence struck deeply into the imaginative portion of Stillwater. "The widow Sloper and old Shackford have made a match of it," remarked a local humorist, in a grimmer vein than customary. Two ghosts had now set up housekeeping, as it were, in the stricken mansion, and what might not be looked for in the way of spectral progeny!

It appeared to the crowd in the lane that the jury were unconscionably long in arriving at a decision, and when the decision was at length reached it gave but moderate satisfaction. After a spendthrift waste of judicial mind the jury had decided that "the death of Lemuel Shackford was caused by a blow on the left temple, inflicted with some instrument not discoverable, in the hands of some person or persons unknown."

"We knew that before," grumbled a voice in the crowd, when, to relieve public suspense, Lawyer Perkins — a long, lank man, with stringy black hair — announced the verdict from the doorstep.

The theory of suicide had obtained momentary credence early in the morning, and one or two still clung to it with the tenacity that characterizes persons who entertain few ideas. To accept this theory it was necessary to believe that Mr. Shackford had ingeniously hidden the weapon after striking himself dead with a single blow. No, it was not suicide. So far from intending to take his own life, Mr. Shackford, it appeared, had made rather careful preparations to live that day. The breakfast-table had been laid over night, the coals left ready for kindling in the Franklin stove, and a kettle, filled with water to be heated for his tea or coffee, stood on the hearth.

Two facts had sharply demonstrated themselves: first, that Mr. Shackford had been murdered; and, second, that the spur to the crime had been the pos-

session of a sum of money, which the deceased was supposed to keep in a strong-box in his bedroom. The padlock had been wrenched open, and the less valuable contents of the chest, chiefly papers, scattered over the carpet. A memorandum among the papers seemed to specify the respective sums in notes and gold that had been deposited in the box. A document of some kind had been torn into minute pieces and thrown into the waste-basket. On close scrutiny a word or two here and there revealed the fact that the document was of a legal character. The fragments were put into an envelope and given in charge of Mr. Shackford's lawyer, who placed seals on that and on the drawers of an escritoire which stood in the corner and contained other manuscript.

The instrument with which the fatal blow had been dealt — for the autopsy showed that there had been but one blow — was not only not discoverable, but the fashion of it defied conjecture. The shape of the wound did not indicate the use of any implement known to the jurors, several of whom were skilled machinists. The wound was an inch and three quarters in length and very deep at the extremities; in the middle it scarcely penetrated to the cranium. So peculiar a cut could not have been produced with the claw part of a hammer, because the claw is always curved, and the incision was straight. A flat claw, such as is used in opening packing-cases, was suggested. A collection of the several sizes manufactured was procured, but none corresponded with the wound; they were either too wide or too narrow. Moreover, the cut was as thin as the blade of a case-knife.

"That was never done by any tool in these parts," declared Stevens, the foreman of the finishing shop at Slo-cum's.

The assassin or assassins had entered by the scullery door, the simple fastening of which, a hook and staple, had

been broken. There were foot-prints in the soft clay path leading from the side gate to the stone step; but Mary Hennessey had so confused and obliterated the outlines that now it was impossible accurately to measure them. A half-burned match was found under the sink, — evidently thrown there by the burglars. It was of a kind known as the safety-match, which can be ignited only by friction on a strip of chemically prepared paper glued to the box. As no box of this description was discovered, and as all the other matches in the house were of a different make, the charred splinter was preserved. The most minute examination failed to show more than this. The last time Mr. Shackford had been seen alive was at six o'clock the previous evening.

Who had done the deed?

Tramps! answered Stillwater, with one voice, though Stillwater lay somewhat out of the natural highway, and the tramp — that bitter blossom of civilization whose seed was blown to us from over seas — was not then so common by the New England roadsides as he became five or six years later. But it was intolerable not to have a theory; it was that or none, for conjecture turned to no one in the village. To be sure, Mr. Shackford had been in litigation with several of the corporations, and had had legal quarrels with more than one of his neighbors; but Mr. Shackford had never been victorious in any of these contests, and the incentive of revenge was wanting to explain the crime. Besides, it was so clearly robbery.

Though the gathering around the Shackford house had reduced itself to half a dozen idlers, and the less frequented streets had resumed their normal aspect of dullness, there was a strange, electric quality in the atmosphere. The community was in that state of suppressed agitation and suspicion which no word adequately describes. The slightest circumstance would have

swayed it to the belief in any man's guilt; and, indeed, there were men in Stillwater quite capable of disposing of a fellow-creature for a much smaller reward than Mr. Shackford had held out. In spite of the tramp theory, a harmless tin-peddler, who had not passed through the place for weeks, was dragged from his glittering cart that afternoon, as he drove smilingly into town, and would have been roughly handled if Mr. Richard Shackford, a cousin of the deceased, had not interfered.

As the day wore on, the excitement deepened in intensity, though the expression of it became nearly reticent. It was noticed that the lamps throughout the village were lighted an hour earlier than usual. A sense of insecurity settled upon Stillwater with the falling twilight, — that nameless apprehension which is possibly more trying to the nerves than tangible danger. When a man is smitten inexplicably, as if by a bodiless hand stretched out of a cloud, — when the red slayer vanishes like a mist and leaves no faintest trace of his identity, — the mystery shrouding the deed presently becomes more appalling than the deed itself. There is something paralyzing in the thought of an invisible hand somewhere ready to strike at your life, or at some life dearer than your own. Whose hand, and where is it? Perhaps it passes you your coffee at breakfast; perhaps you have hired it to shovel the snow off your sidewalk; perhaps it has brushed against you in the crowd; or may be you have dropped a coin into the fearful palm at a street corner. Ah, the terrible unseen hand that stabs your imagination, — this immortal part of you which is a hundred times more sensitive than your poor perishable body!

In the midst of situations the most solemn and tragic there often falls a light purely farcical in its incongruity. Such a gleam was unconsciously projected upon the present crisis by Mr. Bodge,

better known in the village as Father Bodge. Mr. Bodge was stone deaf, naturally stupid, and had been nearly moribund for thirty years with asthma. Just before night-fall he had crawled, in his bewildered, wheezy fashion, down to the tavern, where he found a sombre crowd in the bar-room. Mr. Bodge ordered his mug of beer, and sat sipping it, glancing meditatively from time to time over the pewter rim at the mute assembly. Suddenly he broke out: "'S'pose you 've heerd that old Shackford 's ben murdered."

So the sun went down on Stillwater. Again the great wall of pines and hemlocks made a gloom against the sky. The moon rose from behind the tree-tops, frosting their ragged edges, and then sweeping up to the zenith hung serenely above the world, as if there were never a crime, or a tear, or a heart-break in it all.

III.

On the afternoon of the following day Mr. Shackford was duly buried. The funeral, under the direction of Mr. Richard Shackford, who acted as chief mourner and was sole mourner by right of kinship, took place in profound silence. The carpenters, who had lost a day on Bishop's new stables, intermitted their sawing and hammering while the services were in progress; the steam was shut off in the iron-mills, and no clinking of the chisel was heard in the marble yard for an hour, during which many of the shops had their shutters up. Then, when all was over, the imprisoned fiend in the boilers gave a piercing shriek, the leather bands slipped on the revolving drums, the spindles leaped into life again, and the old order of things was reinstated, — outwardly, but not in effect.

In general, when the grave closes over a man his career is ended. But Mr. Shackford was never so much alive as after they had buried him. Never be-

fore had he filled so large a place in the public eye. Though invisible, he sat at every fireside. Until the manner of his death had been made clear, his ubiquitous presence was not to be exorcised. On the morning of the memorable day a reward of one hundred dollars — afterwards increased to five hundred, at the instance of Mr. Shackford's cousin — had been offered by the board of selectmen for the arrest and conviction of the guilty party. Beyond this and the unsatisfactory inquest, the authorities had done nothing, and were plainly not equal to the situation.

When it was stated, the night of the funeral, that a professional person was coming to Stillwater to look into the case, the announcement was received with a breath of relief.

The person thus vaguely described appeared on the spot the next morning. To mention the name of Edward Taggett is to mention a name well known to the detective force of the great city lying sixty miles southwest of Stillwater. Mr. Taggett's arrival sent such a thrill of expectancy through the village that Mr. Leonard Tappleton, whose obsequies occurred this day, made his exit nearly unobserved. Yet there was little in Mr. Taggett's physical aspect calculated to stir either expectation or enthusiasm: a slender man of about twenty-eight, but not looking it, with overhanging brown mustache, sparse side-whiskers, eyes of no definite color, and faintly accentuated eyebrows. He spoke precisely, and with a certain unembarrassed hesitation, as persons do who have two thoughts to one word, — if there are such persons. You might have taken him for a physician, or a journalist, or the secretary of an insurance company; but you would never have supposed him the man who had disentangled the complicated threads of the great Barnabee Bank defalcation.

Stillwater's confidence, which had risen into the nineties, fell to zero at sight of

him. "Is *that* Taggett?" they asked. That was Taggett; and presently his influence began to be felt like a sea-turn. The three Dogberrys of the watch were dispatched on secret missions, and within an hour it was ferreted out that a man in a dog-cart had been seen driving furiously up the turnpike the morning after the murder. This was an agricultural district, the road led to a market town, and teams going by in the early dawn were the rule and not the exception; but on that especial morning a furiously driven cart was significant. Jonathan Beers, who farmed the Jenks land, had heard the wheels and caught an indistinct glimpse of the vehicle as he was feeding the cattle, but with a reticence purely rustic had not been moved to mention the circumstance before.

"Taggett has got a clew," said Stillwater under its breath.

By noon Taggett had got the man, dog-cart and all. But it was only Bluf-ton's son Tom, of South Millville, who had started in hot haste that particular morning to secure medical service for his wife, of which she had sorely stood in need, as two tiny girls in a willow cradle in South Millville now bore testimony.

"I have n't been cutting down the population *much*," said Bluf-ton, with his wholesome laugh.

Thomas Bluf-ton was well known and esteemed in Stillwater, but if the crime had fastened itself upon him it would have given something like popular satisfaction.

In the course of the ensuing forty-eight hours four or five tramps were overhauled as having been in the neighborhood at the time of the tragedy; but they each had a clean story, and were let go. Then one Durgin, a workman at Slocum's Yard, was called upon to explain some half-washed-out red stains on his overalls, which he did. He had tightened the hoops on a salt-pork barrel for Mr. Shackford several days pre-

vious; the red paint on the head of the barrel was fresh, and had come off on his clothes. Dr. Weld examined the spots under a microscope, and pronounced them paint. It was manifest that Mr. Taggett meant to go to the bottom of things.

The bar-room of the Stillwater hotel was a centre of interest these nights; not only the bar-room proper, but the adjoining apartment, where the more exclusive guests took their seltzer-water and looked over the metropolitan newspapers. Twice a week a social club met here, having among its members Mr. Craggie, the postmaster, who was supposed to have a great political future, Mr. Pinkham, Lawyer Perkins, Mr. Whidden, and other respectable persons. The room was at all times in some sense private, with a separate entrance from the street, though another door, which usually stood open, connected it with the main saloon. In this was a long mahogany counter, one section of which was covered with a sheet of zinc perforated like a sieve, and kept constantly bright by restless caravans of lager-beer glasses. Directly behind that end of the counter stood a Gothic brass-mounted beer-pump, at whose faucets Mr. Snelling, the landlord, flooded you five or six mugs in the twinkling of an eye, and raised the vague expectation that he was about to grind out some popular operatic air. At the left of the pump stretched a narrow mirror, reflecting the gayly-colored wine-glasses and decanters which stood on each other's shoulders, and held up lemons, and performed various acrobatic feats on a shelf in front of it.

The fourth night after the funeral of Mr. Shackford, a dismal southeast storm caused an unusual influx of idlers in both rooms. With the rain splashing against the casements and the wind slamming the blinds, the respective groups sat discussing in a desultory way the only topic which could be discussed at present.

There had been a general strike among the workmen a fortnight before; but even that had grown cold as a topic.

"That was hard on Tom Blufton," said Stevens, emptying the ashes out of his long-stemmed clay pipe, and refilling the bowl with cut cavendish from a jar on a shelf over his head.

Michael Hennessey set down his beer-mug with an air of argumentative disgust, and drew one sleeve across his glistening beard.

"Stavens, you've as many minds as a weather-cock, jist! Did'n't you say yourself it looked mighty black for the lad when he was took?"

"I might have said something of the sort," Stevens admitted reluctantly, after a pause. "His driving round at day-break with an empty cart did have an ugly look at first."

"Indade, then."

"Not to anybody who knew Tom Blufton," interrupted Samuel Piggott, Blufton's brother-in-law. "The boy has n't a bad streak in him. It was an outrage. Might as well have suspected Parson Langly or Father O'Meara."

"If this kind of thing goes on," remarked a man in the corner with a patch over one eye, "both of them reverend gents will be hauled up, I should n't wonder."

"That's so, Mr. Peters," responded Durgin. "If my respectability didn't save me, who's safe?"

"Durgin is talking about his respectability! He's joking."

"Look here, Dexter," said Durgin, turning quickly on the speaker, "I'm joking only when I talk about your intelligence."

"What kind of man is Taggett, anyhow?" asked Piggott. "You saw him, Durgin."

"I believe he was at Justice Beemis's the day Blufton and I was there; but I did n't make him out in the crowd. Should n't know him from Adam."

"Stillwater's a healthy place for

tramps jist about this time," suggested somebody. "Three on 'em snaked in to-day."

"I think, gentlemen, that Mr. Taggett is on the right track there," observed Mr. Snelling, in the act of mixing another Old Holland for Mr. Peters. "Not too sweet, you said? I feel it in my bones that it was a tramp, and that Mr. Taggett will bring him yet."

"He won't find him on the highway yonder," said a tall, swarthy man named Torrini, an Italian. Nationalities clash in Stillwater. "That tramp is a thousand miles from here."

"So he is if he has any brains under his hat," returned Snelling. "But they're on the lookout for him. The minute he pawns anything, he's gone."

"Can't put up greenbacks or gold, can he? He didn't take nothing else," interposed Bishop, the veterinary surgeon.

"No jewelry nor nothing?"

"There was n't none, as I understand it," said Bishop, "except a silver watch. That was all snug under the old man's pillar."

"Wanter know!" ejaculated Jonathan Beers.

"I opine, Mr. Craggie," said the school-master, standing in the inner room with a rolled-up file of the Daily Advertiser in his hand, "that the person who—who removed our worthy townsman will never be discovered."

"I should n't like to go quite so far as that, sir," answered Mr. Craggie, with that diplomatic suavity which leads to postmasterships and seats in the General Court, and has even been known to oil a dull fellow's way into Congress. "I cannot take quite so hopeless a view of it. There are difficulties, but they must be overcome, Mr. Pinkham, and I think they will be."

"Indeed, I hope so," returned the school-master. "But there are cases—are there not?—in which the—the problem, if I may so designate it, has

never been elucidated, and the persons who undertook it have been obliged to go to the foot, so to speak."

"Ah, yes, there are such cases, certainly. There was the Burdell mystery in New York, and, later, the Nathan affair — By the way, I've satisfactory theories of my own touching both. The police was baffled, and remain so. But, my *dear* sir, observe for a moment the difference."

Mr. Pinkham rested one finger on the edge of a little round table, and leaned forward in a respectful attitude to observe the difference.

"Those crimes were committed in a vast metropolis affording a thousand chances for escape, as well as offering a thousand temptations to the lawless. But we are a limited community. We have no professional murderers among us. The deed which has stirred society to its utmost depths was plainly done by some wayfaring amateur. Remorse has already seized upon him, if the police has n't. For the time being he escapes; but he is bound to betray himself sooner or later. If the right steps are taken, — and I have myself the greatest confidence in Mr. Taggett, — the guilty party can scarcely fail to be brought to the bar of justice, if he does n't bring himself there."

"Indeed, indeed, I hope so," repeated Mr. Pinkham.

"The investigation is being carried on very closely."

"Too closely," suggested the school-master.

"Oh dear, no," murmured Mr. Craggie. "The strictest secrecy is necessary in affairs of this delicate nature. If Tom, Dick, and Harry were taken behind the scenes," he added, with the air of not wishing to say too much, "the bottom would drop out of everything."

Mr. Pinkham shrunk from commenting on a disaster like that, and relapsed into silence. Mr. Craggie, with his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waist-

coat, and his legs crossed in an easy, senatorial fashion, leaned back in the chair and smiled blandly.

"I don't suppose there's nothing new, boys!" exclaimed a fat, florid man, bustling in good-naturedly at the public entrance, and leaving a straight wet trail on the sanded floor from the threshold to the polished mahogany counter. Mr. Willson was a local humorist of the Falstaffian stripe, though not so much witty in himself as the cause of wit in others.

"No, Jemmy, there isn't anything new," responded Dexter.

"I suppose you did n't hear that the ole man done somethin' handsome for me in his last will and testament."

"No, Jemmy, I don't think he has made any provision whatever for an almshouse."

"Sorry to hear that, Dexter," said Willson, absorbedly chasing a bit of lemon peel in his glass with the spoon handle, "for there is n't room for us all up at the town-farm. How's your grandmother? Finds it tol'rably comfortable?"

They are a primitive, candid people in their hours of unlaced social intercourse in Stillwater. This delicate *tu quoque* was so far from wounding Dexter that he replied carelessly, —

"Well, only so so. The old woman complains of too much chicken-sallid, and hot-house grapes all the year round."

"Mr. Shackford must have left a large property," observed Mr. Ward, of the firm of Ward & Lock, glancing up from the columns of the Stillwater Gazette. The remark was addressed to Lawyer Perkins, who had just joined the group in the reading-room.

"Fairly large," replied that gentleman crisply.

"Any public bequests?"

"None to speak of."

Mr. Craggie smiled vaguely.

"You see," said Lawyer Perkins, "there's a will and no will, — that is

to say, the fragments of what is supposed to be a will were found, and we are trying to put the pieces together. It is doubtful if we can do it; it is doubtful if we can decipher it after we have done it; and if we decipher it it is a question whether the document is valid or not."

"That is a masterly exposition of the dilemma, Mr. Perkins," said the school-master warmly.

Mr. Perkins had spoken in his courtroom tone of voice, with one hand thrust into his frilled shirt-bosom. He removed this hand for a second, as he gravely bowed to Mr. Pinkham.

"Nothing could be clearer," said Mr. Ward. "In case the paper is worthless, what then? I am not asking you in your professional capacity," he added hastily; for Lawyer Perkins had been known to send in a bill on as slight a provocation as Mr. Ward's.

"That's a point. The next of kin has his claims."

"My friend Shackford, of course," broke in Mr. Craggie. "Admirable young man! — one of my warmest supporters."

"He is the only heir at law so far as we know," said Mr. Perkins.

"Oh," said Mr. Craggie, reflecting. "The late Mr. Shackford might have had a family in Timbuctoo or the Sandwich Islands."

"That's another point."

"The fact would be a deuced unpleasant point for young Shackford to run against," said Mr. Ward.

"Exactly."

"If Mr. Lemuel Shackford," remarked Coroner Whidden, softly joining the conversation to which he had been listening in his timorous, apologetic manner, "had chanced, in the course of his early sea-faring days, to form any ties of an unhappy complexion" —

"Complexion is good," murmured Mr. Craggie. "Some Hawaiian lady!"

— "perhaps that would be a branch of

the case worth investigating in connection with the homicide. A discarded wife, or a disowned son, burning with a sense of wrong" —

"Really, Mr. Whidden!" interrupted Lawyer Perkins witheringly, "it is bad enough for my client to lose his life, without having his reputation filched away from him."

"I — I will explain! I was merely supposing" —

"The law never supposes, sir!"

This threw Mr. Whidden into great mental confusion. As coroner was he not an integral part of the law, and when, in his official character, he supposed anything was not that a legal supposition? But was he in his official character now, sitting with a glass of lemonade at his elbow in the reading-room of the Stillwater hotel? Was he, or was he not, a coroner all the time? Mr. Whidden stroked an isolated tuft of hair growing low on the middle of his forehead, and glared mildly at Mr. Perkins.

"Young Shackford has gone to New York, I understand," said Mr. Ward, breaking the silence.

Mr. Perkins nodded. "Went this morning to look after the real-estate interests there. It will probably keep him a couple of weeks, — the longer the better. He was of no use here. Lemuel's death was a great shock to him, or rather the manner of it was."

"That shocked every one. They were first cousins, were n't they?" Mr. Ward was a comparatively new resident in Stillwater.

"First cousins," replied Lawyer Perkins; "but they were never very intimate, you know."

"I imagine nobody was ever very intimate with Mr. Shackford."

"My client was somewhat peculiar in his friendships."

This was stating it charitably, for Mr. Perkins knew, and every one present knew, that Lemuel Shackford had not

had the shadow of a friend in Stillwater, unless it was his cousin Richard.

A cloud of mist and rain was blown into the bar-room as the street door stood open for a second to admit a dripping figure from the outside darkness.

"*What's* blown down?" asked Durgin, turning round on his stool and sending up a ring of smoke which uncurled itself with difficulty in the dense atmosphere.

"It's only some of Jeff Stavers's nonsense."

"No nonsense at all," said the new comer, as he shook the heavy beads of rain from his felt hat. "I was passing by Welch's Court—it's as black as pitch out, fellows—when slap went, something against my shoulder; something like wet wings. Well, I was scared. It's a bat, says I. But the thing did n't fly off; it was still clawing at my shoulder. I put up my hand, and I'll be shot if it was n't the foremast, jib-sheet and all, of the old weather-cock on the north gable of the Shackford house! Here you are!" and the speaker tossed the broken mast, with the mimic sails dangling from it, into Durgin's lap.

A dead silence followed, for there was felt to be something weirdly significant in the incident.

"That's kinder omernous," said Mr. Peters, interrogatively.

"Ominous of what?" asked Durgin, lifting the wet mass from his knees and dropping it on the floor.

"Well, sorter queer, then."

"Where does the queer come in?" inquired Stevens, gravely. "I don't know; but I'm hit by it."

"Come, boys, don't crowd a feller," said Mr. Peters, getting restive. "I don't take the contract to explain the thing. But it does seem some way droll that the old schooner should be wrecked so soon after what has happened to the old skipper. If you don't see it, or sense it, I don't insist. What's yours, Denyven?"

The person addressed as Denyven promptly replied, with a fine sonorous English accent, "A mug of 'alf an' 'alf, —with a head on it, Snelling."

At the same moment Mr. Craggie, in the inner room, was saying to the school-master, —

"I must really take issue with you there, Mr. Pinkham. I admit there's a good deal in spiritualism which we have n't got at yet; the science is in its infancy; it is still attached to the bosom of speculation. It is a beautiful science, that of psychological phenomena, and the spiritualists will yet become an influential class of" — Mr. Craggie was going to say voters, but glided over it — "persons. I believe in clairvoyance myself to a large extent. Before my appointment to the post-office I had it very strong. I've no doubt that in the far future this mysterious factor will be made great use of in criminal cases; but at present I should resort to it only in the last extremity, — the very last extremity, Mr. Pinkham!"

"Oh, of course," said the school-master depreciatingly. "I threw it out only as the merest suggestion. I should n't think of — of — you understand me?"

"Is it beyond the dreams of probability," said Mr. Craggie, appealing to Lawyer Perkins, "that clairvoyants may eventually be introduced into cases in our courts?"

"They are now," said Mr. Perkins, with a snort, — "the police bring 'em in."

Mr. Craggie finished the remainder of his glass of sherry in silence, and presently rose to go. Coroner Whidden and Mr. Ward had already gone. The guests in the public room were thinning out; a gloom, indefinable and shapeless like the night, seemed to have fallen upon the few that lingered. At a somewhat earlier hour than usual the gas was shut off in the Stillwater hotel.

In the lonely house in Welch's Court a light was still burning.

IV.

A sorely perplexed man sat there, bending over his papers by the lamp-light. Mr. Taggett had established himself at the Shackford house on his arrival, preferring it to the hotel, where he would have been subjected to the curiosity of the guests and to endless annoyances. Up to this moment, perhaps not a dozen persons in the place had had more than a passing glimpse of him. He was a very busy man, working at his desk from morning until night, and then taking only a brief walk, for exercise, in some unfrequented street. His meals were sent in from the hotel to the Shackford house, where the constables reported to him, and where he held protracted conferences with Justice Bee-mis, Coroner Whidden, Lawyer Perkins, and a few others, and declined to be interviewed by the local editor.

To the outside eye that weather-stained, faded old house appeared a throbbing seat of esoteric intelligence. It was as if a hundred invisible magnetic threads converged to a focus under that roof and incessantly clicked out the most startling information, — information which was never by any chance allowed to pass beyond the charmed circle. As nothing came of it all, this secrecy grew exasperating. The pile of letters which the mail brought to Mr. Taggett every morning — chiefly anonymous suggestions, and offers of assistance from lunatics in remote cities — was enough in itself to exasperate a community.

Covertly at first, and then openly, Stillwater began seriously to question Mr. Taggett's method of working up the case. The Gazette, in a double-leaded leader, went so far as to compare him to a bird with fine feathers and no song, and to suggest that perhaps the bird might have sung if the inducement offered had been more substantial. A

singer of Mr. Taggett's plumage was not to be caught by such chaff as five hundred dollars. Having killed his man, the editor proceeded to remark that he would suspend judgment until next week.

As if to make perfect the bird comparison, Mr. Taggett, after keeping the public in suspense for six days and nights, abruptly flew away, with all the little shreds and straws of evidence he had picked up, to build his nest elsewhere.

The defection of Mr. Taggett caused a mild panic among a certain portion of the inhabitants, who were not reassured by the statement in the Gazette that the case would now be placed in the proper hands, — the hands of the county constabulary. "Within a few days," said the editor in conclusion, "the matter will undoubtedly be cleared up. At present we cannot say more;" and it would have puzzled him very much to do so.

A week passed, and no fresh light was thrown upon the catastrophe, nor did anything occur to ruffle the usual surface of life in the village. A man — it was Torrini, the Italian — got hurt in Dana's iron foundry; one of Bluf-ton's twin girls died; and Mr. Slocum took on a new hand from out of town. That was all. Stillwater was the Stillwater of a year ago, with always the exception of that shadow lying upon it, and the fact that small boys who had kindling to get in were careful to get it in before night-fall. It would appear that the late Mr. Shackford had acquired a habit of lingering around wood-piles after dark, and also of stealing into bed-chambers, where little children were obliged to draw the sheets over their heads in order not to see him.

The action of the county constabulary had proved quite as mysterious and quite as barren of result as Mr. Taggett's had been. They had worn his mantle of secrecy, and arrested his tramps over again.

Another week dragged by, and the editorial prediction seemed as far as ever from fulfillment. But on the afternoon which closed that fortnight a very singular thing did happen. Mr. Slocum was sitting alone in his office, which occupied the whole of a small building at the right of the main gate to the marble works, when the door behind him softly opened and a young man, whose dress covered with stone-dust indicated his vocation, appeared on the threshold. He hesitated a second, and then stepped into the room. Mr. Slocum turned round with a swift, apprehensive air.

"You gave me a start! I believe I have n't any nerves left. Well?"

"Mr. Slocum, I have found the man."

The proprietor of the marble yard half rose from the desk in his agitation.

"Who is it?" he asked beneath his breath.

The same doubt or irresolution which had checked the workman at the threshold seemed again to have taken possession of him. It was fully a moment before he gained the mastery over himself; but the mastery was complete; for he leaned forward gravely, almost coldly, and pronounced two words. A quick pallor overspread Mr. Slocum's features.

"Good God!" he said, sinking back into the chair. "Are you mad!"

V.

The humblest painter of real life, if he could have his desire, would select a picturesque background for his figures; but events have an inexorable fashion of choosing their own landscape. In the present instance it is reluctantly conceded that there are few uglier or more commonplace towns in New England than Stillwater, — a straggling, overgrown village, with whose rural aspects are curiously blended something of the grimness and squalor of certain shabby city neighborhoods. Being of compar-

atively recent date, the place has none of those colonial associations which, like sprigs of lavender in an old chest of drawers, are a saving grace to other quite as dreary nooks and corners.

Here and there at what is termed the West End is a neat brick mansion with garden attached, where nature asserts herself in dahlias and china-asters; but the houses are mostly frame houses that have taken a prevailing dingy tint from the breath of the tall chimneys which dominate the village. The sidewalks in the more aristocratic quarter are covered with a thin, elastic paste of asphalt, worn down to the gravel in patches, and emitting in the heat of the day an astringent, bituminous odor. The population is chiefly of the rougher sort, such as breeds in the shadow of foundries and factories, and if the Protestant pastor and the fatherly Catholic priest, whose respective lots are cast there, have sometimes the sense of being missionaries dropped in the midst of a purely savage community, the delusion is not wholly unreasonable.

The irregular heaps of scoria that have accumulated in the vicinity of the iron works give the place an illusive air of antiquity; but it is neither ancient nor picturesque. The oldest and most pictorial thing in Stillwater is probably the marble yard, around three sides of which the village may be said to have sprouted up rankly, bearing here and there an industrial blossom in the shape of an iron-mill or a cardigan-jacket manufactory. Rowland Slocum, a man of considerable refinement, great kindness of heart, and no force, inherited the yard from his father, and at the period this narrative opens (the summer of 187-) was its sole proprietor and nominal manager, the actual manager being Richard Shackford, a prospective partner in the business and the betrothed of Mr. Slocum's daughter Margaret.

Forty years ago every tenth person in Stillwater was either a Shackford or a

Slocum. Twenty years later both names were nearly extinct there. That fatality which seems to attend certain New England families had stripped every leaf but two from the Shackford branch. These were Lemuel Shackford then about forty-six, and Richard Shackford, aged four. Lemuel Shackford had laid up a competency as ship-master in the New York and Calcutta trade, and in 1852 had returned to his native village, where he found his name and stock represented only by little Dick, a very cheerful orphan, who stared complacently with blue eyes at fate, and made mud-pies in the lane whenever he could elude the vigilance of the kindly old woman who had taken him under her roof. This atom of humanity, by some strange miscalculation of nature, was his cousin.

The strict devotion to his personal interests which had enabled Mr. Shackford to acquire a fortune thus early caused him to look askance at a penniless young kinsman with stockings down at heel, and a straw hat three sizes too large for him set on the back of his head. But Mr. Shackford was ashamed to leave little Dick a burden upon the hands of a poor woman of no relationship whatever to the child; so little Dick was transferred to that dejected house which has already been described, and was then known as the Sloper house.

Here, for three or four years, Dick grew up, as neglected as a weed, and every inch as happy. It should be mentioned that for the first year or so a shock-headed Cicily from the town-farm had apparently been hired not to take care of him. But Dick asked nothing better than to be left to his own devices, which, moreover, were innocent enough. He would sit all day in the lane at the front gate pottering with a bit of twig or a case-knife in the soft clay. From time to time passers-by observed that the child was not making mud-pies, but tracing figures, comic or grotesque as

might happen, and always quite wonderful for their lack of resemblance to anything human. That patch of reddish-brown clay was his sole resource, his slate, his drawing-book, and woe to anybody who chanced to walk over little Dick's arabesques. Patient and gentle in his acceptance of the world's rebuffs, this he would not endure. He was afraid of Mr. Shackford, yet one day, when the preoccupied man happened to trample on a newly executed hieroglyphic, the child rose to his feet white with rage, his fingers clenched, and such a blue fire flashing in his eyes that Mr. Shackford drew back aghast.

"Why, it's a little devil!"

While Shackford junior was amusing himself with his primitive bas-reliefs, Shackford senior amused himself with his lawsuits. From the hour when he returned to the town until the end of his days Mr. Shackford was up to his neck in legal difficulties. Now he resisted a betterment assessment, and fought the town; now he secured an injunction on the Miantowona Iron Works, and fought the corporation. He was understood to have a perpetual case in equity before the Marine Court in New York, to which city he made frequent and unannounced journeys. His immediate neighbors stood in terror of him. He was like a duelist, on the alert to twist the slightest thing into a *casus belli*. The law was his rapier, his recreation, and he was willing to bleed for it.

Meanwhile that fairy world of which every baby becomes a Columbus so soon as it is able to walk remained an undiscovered continent to little Dick. Grim life looked in upon him as he lay in the cradle. The common joys of childhood were a sealed volume to him. A single incident of those years lights up the whole situation. A vague rumor had been blown to Dick of a practice of hanging up stockings at Christmas. It struck his materialistic mind as rather a senseless thing to do; but nevertheless

he resolved to try it. He lay awake a long while in the frosty darkness, skeptically waiting for something remarkable to happen; once he crawled out of the cot-bed and groped his way to the chimney place. The next morning he was scarcely disappointed at finding nothing in the piteous little stocking, except the original holes.

The years that stole silently over the heads of the old man and the young child in Welch's Court brought a period of wild prosperity to Stillwater. The breath of war blew the forges to a white heat, and the baffling problem of the mediæval alchemists was solved. The baser metals were transmuted into gold. A disastrous, prosperous time, with the air rent periodically by the cries of newsboys as battles were fought, and by the roll of the drum in the busy streets as fresh recruits were wanted. Glory and death to the Southward, and at the North pale women in black.

All which interested Dick mightily little. After he had learned to read at the district school, he escaped into another world. Two lights were now generally seen burning of a night in the Shackford house: one on the ground-floor, where Mr. Shackford sat mouthing his contracts and mortgages, and weaving his webs like a great, lean, gray spider, and the other in the north gable, where Dick hung over a tattered copy of Robinson Crusoe by the flicker of the candle-ends which he had captured during the day.

Little Dick was little Dick no more: a tall, heavily built blonde boy, with a quiet, sweet disposition, that at first offered temptations to the despots of the playground; but a sudden flaring up once or twice of that unexpected spirit which had broken out in his babyhood brought him immunity from serious persecution.

The boy's home life at this time would have seemed pathetic to an observer, — the more pathetic, perhaps, in that Dick

himself was not aware of its exceptional barrenness. The holidays that bring new brightness to the eyes of happier children were to him simply days when he did not go to school, and was expected to provide an extra quantity of kindling wood. He was housed, and fed, and clothed, after a fashion, but not loved. Mr. Shackford did not ill-treat the lad, in the sense of beating him; he merely neglected him. Every year the man became more absorbed in his law cases and his money, which accumulated magically. He dwelt in a cloud of calculations. Though all his interests attached him to the material world, his dry, attenuated body seemed scarcely a part of it.

"Shackford, what are you going to do with that scapegrace of yours?"

It was Mr. Leonard Tappleton who ventured the question. Few persons dared to interrogate Mr. Shackford on his private affairs.

"I am going to make a lawyer of him," said Mr. Shackford, crackling his finger-joints like stiff parchment.

"You could n't do better. You *ought* to have an attorney in the family."

"Just so," assented Mr. Shackford, dryly. "I could throw a bit of business in his way now and then, — eh?"

"You could make his fortune, Shackford. I don't see but you might employ him all the time. When he was not fighting the corporations, you might keep him at it suing you for his fees."

"Very good, very good indeed," responded Mr. Shackford, with a smile in which his eyes took no share; it was merely a momentary curling up of crisp wrinkles. He did not usually smile at other people's pleasantries; but when a person worth three or four hundred thousand dollars condescends to indulge a joke, it is not to be passed over like that of a poor relation. "Yes, yes," muttered the old man, as he stooped and picked up a pin, adding it to a row of similarly acquired pins which gave the

left lapel of his threadbare coat the appearance of a miniature harp, "I shall make a lawyer of him."

It had long been settled in Mr. Shackford's mind that Richard, so soon as he had finished his studies, should enter the law-office of Blandmann & Sharpe, a firm of rather sinister reputation in South Millville.

At fourteen Richard's eyes had begun to open on the situation; at fifteen he saw very clearly; and one day, without much preliminary formulating of his plan, he decided on a step that had been taken by every male Shackford as far back as tradition preserves the record of the family.

A friendship had sprung up between Richard and one William Durgin, a school-mate. This Durgin was a sallow, brooding boy, a year older than himself. The two lads were antipodal in disposition, intelligence, and social standing; for though Richard went poorly clad, the reflection of his cousin's wealth gilded him. Durgin was the son of a washerwoman. An intimacy between the two would perhaps have been unlikely but for one fact: it was Durgin's mother who had given little Dick a shelter at the period of his parents' death. Though the circumstance did

not lie within the pale of Richard's personal memory, he acknowledged the debt by rather insisting on Durgin's friendship. It was William Durgin, therefore, who was elected to wait upon Mr. Shackford on a certain morning which found that gentleman greatly disturbed by an unprecedented occurrence, — Richard had slept out of the house the previous night.

Durgin was the bearer of a note which Mr. Shackford received in some astonishment, and read deliberately, blinking with weak eyes behind his glasses. Having torn off the blank page and laid it aside for his own more economical correspondence (the rascal had actually used a whole sheet to write ten words!), Mr. Shackford turned, and with the absorbed air of a naturalist studying some abnormal insect gazed over the steel bow of his spectacles at Durgin.

"Skit!"

Durgin hastily retreated.

"There's a poor lawyer saved," muttered the old man, taking down his overcoat from a peg behind the door, and snapping off a shred of lint on the collar with his lean forefinger. Then his face relaxed, and an odd grin diffused a kind of wintry glow over it.

Richard had run away to sea.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE LOST OCCASION.

SOME die too late and some too soon,
At early morning, heat of noon,
Or the chill evening twilight. Thou,
Whom the rich heavens did so endow
With eyes of power and Jove's own brow,
With all the massive strength that fills
Thy home-horizon's granite hills,
With rarest gifts of heart and head
From manliest stock inherited,
New England's stateliest type of man,
In port and speech Olympian;

Whom no one met, at first, but took
 A second awed and wondering look
 (As turned, perchance, the eyes of Greece
 On Phidias' unveiled masterpiece);
 Whose words, in simplest home-spun clad,
 The Saxon strength of Cædmon's had,
 With power reserved at need to reach
 The Roman forum's loftiest speech,
 Sweet with persuasion, eloquent
 In passion, cool in argument,
 Or, ponderous, falling on thy foes
 As fell the Norse god's hammer blows,
 Crushing as if with Talus' flail
 Through Error's logic-woven mail,
 And failing only when they tried
 The adamant of the righteous side, —
 Thou, foiled in aim and hope, bereaved
 Of old friends, by the new deceived,
 Too soon for us, too soon for thee,
 Beside thy lonely Northern sea,
 Where long and low the marsh-lands spread,
 Laid wearily down thy august head.

Thou shouldst have lived to feel below
 Thy feet Disunion's fierce upthrow, —
 The late-sprung mine that underlaid
 Thy sad concessions vainly made.
 Thou shouldst have seen from Sumter's wall
 The star-flag of the Union fall,
 And armed Rebellion pressing on
 The broken lines of Washington!
 No stronger voice than thine had then
 Called out the utmost might of men,
 To make the Union's charter free
 And strengthen law by liberty.
 How had that stern arbitrament
 To thy gray age youth's vigor lent,
 Shaming ambition's paltry prize
 Before thy disillusioned eyes;
 Breaking the spell about thee wound
 Like the green withes that Samson bound;
 Redeeming, in one effort grand,
 Thyself and thy imperiled land!
 Ah, cruel fate, that closed to thee,
 O sleeper by the Northern sea,
 The gates of opportunity!

God fills the gaps of human need,
 Each crisis brings its word and deed.
 Wise men and strong we did not lack;

But still, with memory turning back,
 In the dark hours we thought of thee,
 And thy lone grave beside the sea.
 Above that grave the east winds blow,
 And from the marsh-lands drifting slow
 The sea-fog comes, with evermore
 The wave-wash of a lonely shore,
 And sea-bird's melancholy cry,
 As Nature fain would typify
 The sadness of a closing scene,
 The loss of that which should have been.
 But, where thy native mountains bare
 Their foreheads to diviner air,
 Fit emblem of enduring fame,
 One lofty summit keeps thy name.
 For thee the cosmic forces did
 The rearing of that pyramid,
 The prescient ages shaping with
 Fire, flood, and frost thy monolith.
 Sunrise and sunset lay thereon
 With hands of light their benison,
 The stars of midnight pause to set
 Their jewels in its coronet.
 And evermore that mountain mass
 Seems climbing from the shadowy pass
 To light, as if to manifest
 Thy nobler self, thy life at best !

John Greenleaf Whittier.

A WOMAN OF GENIUS.

“WOMEN like her,” said Sainte-Beuve, speaking of Madame Roland, “will always make themselves a place, but they will always be exceptional.”

I have sometimes thought that the whole truth about the hackneyed matter of the “higher education,” the whole philosophy of what is unpleasantly called the *woman question*, is summed up in these words. Men of original intellectual force, creators, organizers, directors, whether of human thought or human affairs, are not common ; but women of this type are a great deal less common than men. It is worth while to

make arrangements on a large scale for the careful and costly training of boys, which it would be foolish and extravagant to make for girls ; because in the one case there is a probability that the proportion to the whole of those who are worthy of such training, though small, will be sufficient to repay the outlay, and in the other there is no such probability. The woman of genius, when she comes, must make her own place, and Sainte-Beuve tells us and experience shows us that she will. And when the lack of severe training is apparent in the productions of such a woman, we

may partially console ourselves by reflecting that she, probably, of all gifted creatures, can best dispense with formal discipline. Heaven itself cannot hinder that her genius should be *feminine*, — that is to say, of the kind which appropriates unconsciously, which divines mysteriously, which combines and arranges with an instinctive but invincible sense of harmony and proportion. And it would sometimes seem as if the free flowering of such a genius were actually checked, and its finest results distorted, by a too assiduous external enrichment. Witness the infinite asides in Daniel Deronda.

It is proposed here to give some account of the life and works of one woman whose gift was undoubtedly of this distinguished order, but who was not very widely known while she lived, even in her own country, and who has remained for a generation almost entirely impersonal to the few who have had the discernment to delight in a part of her work, through the medium of an unusually awkward translation.

In the earliest years of the present century, a little girl named Henrietta Wach was passing an extraordinarily dreary childhood in a small and plain apartment in Berlin. Her father was a member of the military council, a man of good education and excellent judgment of affairs, but stern and domineering in his family, and deeply prejudiced, especially against anything which savored of "high notions," or literary or social ambition on the part of children of the middle class, like his own. His wife was a gentle, pious, refined, and sensitive soul, who lived in patient subjugation to her Philistine lord; and there were two children besides Henrietta, an elder girl and a boy.

Agreeably to the simple fashion of the times, they all lived and ate in one huge room with a long table in the centre. Her father had also a writing-table at one of the windows, and enforced

silence in all the room while he was at work there. The mother, however, used to teach the little girls in whispers how to knit and sew, and also reading, spelling, writing, and the rudiments of geography and French, — a curriculum which Herr Wach considered quite adequate to their prospects, and commensurate with their powers. In the evening a single lamp was lighted at the end of the long table, and the domestic tyrant arranged his books and papers about it; while within the range of its longer and feebler rays came the quiet wife with her darning or knitting, and the one maid-servant with her spinning-wheel, to the whirr of which the councilor of war had apparently accustomed himself.

But little Henrietta took a foot-stool into the darkest corner of the room, and turning her back upon the speechless group about the lamp told stories to herself the livelong evening hours, — built and furnished an imaginary world, and acted in high scenes of splendor, difficulty, and danger. After all, it was probably from the self-repressed as well as repressive father that she derived her powerful imagination; for there were evenings when he deigned to suspend his own labors long enough to relate to the family, in simple but exceedingly grave and impressive language, stories of wonderful dreams, his own and those of others, and of their fulfillment.

The elder daughter, Caroline, married very young, and seems never to have risen above the grade of a notable German housewife; but even the father's despotic will was powerless to confine the other two within these humble and homely limits. The boy, William Wach, early showed a remarkable taste for drawing, which he was very reluctantly allowed to cultivate; and the crisis of Henrietta's overshadowed childhood came when her brother opened a studio under their father's roof. That studio became a place of perpetual refuge to our little girl, — a haven of dreamy de-

light. Here she too studied art, or at least imbibed it, and became familiar with the works and lives of the great masters; and the endless succession of rich, romantic *pictures*, which constitutes one great charm of her writings, the affluence and splendor of color, and perfect fitness in all her details of architecture, costume, and household decoration, show how strong must have been her own native artistic aptitudes.

And in the studio, as her brother began to be known, and to receive distinguished visitors and orders, the shy but watchful damsel obtained her first glimpses of that *grand monde* whose external forms were so much more to her taste than those amid which she had been reared. Here the kindly Princess William of Prussia saw her and discerned her rare quality, and became her patroness in such fashion as one may patronize so proud a creature, and her life-long and devoted friend. The great lady would have the girl taught music, especially harmony, and her beautiful voice cultivated, so that presently she was singing the lyrics that she loved best to airs of her own making, and of a singular sweetness and simplicity. It was now what the German writers call the "*Franzosenzeit*." French ideas and fashions were being diffused everywhere, at the very time that the land was collecting all its energies to resist the encroachments of the dread revolutionary power. It was one of those seasons of great mental quickening and a general exaltation of purpose and feeling, in which fictitious barriers are broken down and conventionalities lose their authority; and the Princess William found it easier then than she ever could have done at any previous time to carry out her enthusiastic plans for the young girl in whom she had taken so strong an interest, — to furnish her with accomplishments, to bring her within reach of some of the pleasures proper to her age, and to form her manners by the frequent sight

of elegant society. A sudden and marked improvement took place at this time in Henrietta's very appearance. She had been a plain child, — overgrown and of a sickly complexion; but now, on her recovery from a severe and for a time dangerous illness, her coloring became brilliantly fair, her tall figure assumed the dignity for which it was ever afterwards remarkable; her long hands were exquisitely molded, and her sensitive and changeful features never lost in any phase their peculiar nobility of expression.

Yet, while enjoying intensely the sudden widening of her life, she remained steadfastly and most tenderly faithful to her parents and her comparatively obscure home. The strongest sentiment of her nature, that which permeates every page which she afterwards wrote, and imparts a peculiar beauty to her delineation of all human relations, but especially those of sovereign and subject, is the ancient, let us pray, not antiquated, sentiment of loyalty. Add to this a deep-seated and, so to speak, religious reverence for the existing order of things, as expressing in general terms the will of the rightful Ruler of us all, and that especially firm conviction that the place of all women, save the very few, must necessarily be in the shadow, which made her almost afraid of her own fame when it came to her, and we see how it was that her heart was not hardened, nor her head turned, when the beckoning of a royal finger drew her a little way out of her natural sphere. She became more patient and punctilious than ever in the discharge of her many humble duties in the home household. "Have I left anything undone?" she would say coaxingly to her father, when he fretted over her introduction to gay scenes and great people; and the stern parent was fain to confess that hers was indeed the faithfulness in few things, which alone qualifies for the rulership over many.

When the war of 1813 broke out, the girl was quite carried away by patriotic enthusiasm. She urged her nearest and dearest into the field with all the unscrupulous fervor of her precocious eloquence. She pined for self-sacrifice. We are told that her first great shock and sorrow befell her in the early part of the war, and that the idol of her girlish heart was one of its first victims. We do not know his name, and Henrietta could hardly then have passed her seventeenth year; but she was not like other girls, and it may be that certain possibilities of passion in her were actually spent forever in that high-wrought and fateful season, and that the subsequent marriage of convenience, which seems so incongruous with all else which we know about her, may have been rendered easier to her by that premature experience. It is certain that for the few years succeeding the epoch of the Holy Alliance she lived once more in great retirement, studying much, especially history, for which she had always an ardent interest and affection, and beginning to write, but only religious "meditations" as yet, or formless poems, — crude fragments, full of vague promise, one cannot doubt, but unworthy to live, and therefore most wisely destroyed.

She was apparently about twenty-four — for her solitary biographer withholds exact dates with a prim delicacy which we are half tempted to regret and half to admire — when she was married to Major Paalzow, an army officer, and went to live on a remote estate in Westphalia, completely sundered from her beloved family and all the more or less congenial Berlin circle. Of the man her husband we know almost nothing, except that his name sounds Slavic. Why did she marry him? It was thought an eligible alliance; her great friends approved and her parents strongly desired the marriage, and to this grand but most womanly creature submission of judg-

ment and the sacrifice of personal feeling were always fatally easy. "I had had one heavy loss," she used to say long afterward, "and I thought that I had given up being happy myself, but that I might still make another so."

It can hardly be necessary to say that she made a profound mistake. The world was never indulged with the story of her five or six succeeding years. It is even difficult to discern any reflection of that silent time in the finely objective romances which the woman afterwards produced, unless, indeed, it be in the brief, restrained, but none the less intense passages, where she depicted, twenty years later, the brutal tyranny of Jacob over Angela, and the sacred self-respect which would not allow the wife to be wholly crushed thereby.

It is certain that when, at the age of thirty, Madame Paalzow returned to Berlin and took up her abode with her then widowed mother, the sad dignity of her bearing, her quiet unselfishness and resolute preference for a strictly retired life, soon silenced every slanderous whisper, and secured her not only the support and approbation of her personal friends, but the respect of the whole community. Madame Paalzow's mother lived two years after her daughter's return, and when her gentle eyes were closed forever the sister and the artist brother turned to each other, and realized that the time had come for the fulfillment of one of their childish dreams. They made themselves a small and modest but exquisite home together, which they adorned with the infallible taste for which both were remarkable, and where they received, in a quiet way, the best society of Berlin; and how good that society was in the days of William von Humboldt's ministry — always, by the way, a warm friend of both the brother and sister — it is not needful here to explain.

"Not in struggle and bereavement, therefore," says our lady's stately and slightly sentimental biographer, "but in

harmonious repose, was her poetic talent born."

For now, first in her ripe age, Madame Paalzow began systematically, but still shyly and almost fearfully, to write. Her labor of love was presently interrupted by a terrible illness, requiring in the end a severe and doubtful surgical operation. She concealed her sufferings even from her most intimate friends to the last possible moment, and bore her great trial and slow convalescence with the most cheerful fortitude; and it was when she joined the family circle for the first time after her long confinement that she produced and diffidently proposed to read aloud for their amusement the manuscript of *Godwie Castle*.

This was in 1835, and the story was inevitably of the high romantic type, — of the school of Scott and Miss Porter and the author of the *Inheritance*, but differing from the works of these familiar writers by an unmistakable flavor of Teutonic sentiment. It abounded in elaborate descriptions, remarkable incidents, and the most sublimated moral sentiments. It entered and took possession of an old historic epoch in a land alien to the author, and of the names and characters of famous sovereigns and statesmen, with a cheerful assurance, an innocent absorption in the merely picturesque and artistic value of these names and scenes, most amazing to one in whom has been to any degree cultivated the anxious, not to say fussy, historical conscience of the present day. Yet there is a great deal to be said for the old-fashioned historical novel, preposterous as it seems when judged by the standards of modern criticism. Its broad and simple outlines were in the main truthful, just as popular traditions are and will always be, and they left a distinct impression on the mind; while the heated and infinite pleadings on this side and on that, and the labored realism in trivial things now in vogue, either make us partisans about the past, or de-

prive us of all historic views whatsoever. Moreover, the slightly conventionalized figures of old kings and queens and ministers, in the gay and grand trappings about which there can be no mistake, have, so to speak, a decorative effect in literature which the anatomical studies of Kingsley and George Eliot, valuable as these may be for scientific purposes, will never attain. Those great writers in Hypatia, Amyas Leigh, and Romola, and Tennyson in the *Idyls*, have thoroughly informed certain figures of the past with the intellectual and spiritual life of the present, — the strife and confusion, the passion and pathos, of to-day. They have given us studies of transcendent power and beauty, and such as are naturally very touching to readers of this generation. The work of the old-fashioned historical novelist is infinitely easier than theirs, and has, by comparison, as has been hinted, a certain Japanese freedom and simplicity; but it is still a question whether the writers of the new school teach us more of actual history than those of the old.

To return to *Godwie Castle*. The verisimilitude of the tale is especially impaired to English readers by the fact that the scene of it is laid wholly in England, and the author makes those rather droll mistakes, in little things, about English manners and customs which are like foreign idioms in conversation. The very name of *Godwie Castle* is of course impossible, and it is to be feared that the castle itself is so, sumptuous and fairy-like though its aspect be. Madame Paalzow will insist upon scattering broadcast the title of count, and bestowing that of countess upon every daughter of a noble family, and linking a baronet's title with a surname, — Sir Ramsey and Sir Grafton. England, she often said, was her favorite dream-land; everything English was invested with a romantic charm to her, and there is a little something of the grotesqueness and inconsequence of dreams in all her English delineations.

Yet when every allowance and abatement have been made, we must concede even to our author's first effort a singular and persistent charm. The book has fervor and "go," strength and consistency of plot, and a never-failing aptness and affluence of incident. It shows also in a few of its personages, in the spirited scenes which introduce James I. and Buckingham, and in the characters of Lady Mary and the younger duchess, a slight but quite sufficient indication of that power of profound and subtle characterization which distinguishes her greatest work, *Thomas Thyrnau*. But of the delightful humor which irradiates the whole texture of the last-named tale, like a gold thread inwoven with a heavy fabric, there is hardly a gleam in *Godwie Castle*. Madame Paalzow's manner in this first book is uniformly and at times rather distressingly stately. She must have fancied at that period that a witticism would be a breach of literary etiquette.

But in what our author's biographer justly describes as the then ebb-tide of imaginative literature, the book made in Berlin and at the Prussian court a great sensation. Naturally, the friends to whom it was confided during that happy time of convalescence demanded that it should be given to the world, and the author yielded to an anonymous publication with an amount of prudish reluctance and solemn coyness as evidently sincere as it seems mysterious in these days of perpetual print.

It was a great relief to her to be ordered to Cologne for the more complete restoration of her health, and to hide from the eyes of her inquisitive Berliners during that first agitating year. Thither rumor pursued, and there discovery lighted on her. Her old patroness, the Princess William, now the senior princess of that title, was overjoyed at the exploit of her protégée, reveled in the book herself, and petted its favorable critics and snubbed those who were

unfavorable, like a true friend and a grand lady, as she was. The novel was read aloud in the palace. The crown-prince deigned to find in it a genealogical error or two (he need not, by the way, have been divinely illuminated in the history of the Stuarts to do that), and the good princess graciously sent to Madame Paalzow in Cologne both her own and the court preacher Strauss's theory concerning the *Grund-idee* of the romance. Her own was deliciously royal and deliciously German, as follows:—

"Your idea probably was to consider under two aspects the conventions of distinguished society: first, as the natural form and embodiment of the noblest Christian life; but then, on the other hand, as the very instruments of divine chastisement, as capable of ruining a whole life where they oppose themselves to the fulfillment of any duty, as in this book, to that of openness in love. The form must be subordinate to the duty. Courtesy, in the true meaning of the word, is an expression of honorable relations. It must be such if it would mirror the being. Outward forms are but laws which remind us how it should be within. . . . [You wanted to illustrate] the mistakes to which women are most liable in distinguished relations, and that men sin by despising conventionalities, and women by rating them above duty. Was not this your thought?"

Thus advised, Madame Paalzow, in her reply, continues the development of her *Grund-idee*, in a manner altogether ingenious and creditable, when we consider that, in the beginning, she very possibly had none. "A woman and a *dilettante*," she says very justly, "must write in her own character. It is at once her strength and her limitation. I had scruples about my very wish to make myself known in writing. I dreaded to fathom all the conditions of life. I had experienced much that was sad, but nothing common or ignoble. . . . The

noblest and best of men commit little errors, accumulate trifling offenses, and never suspect how life itself is leading their mistakes to those developments which we call misfortunes. This was my ruling idea. A failure in trust and openness I considered the greatest and gravest of all errors. The younger Duchess of Nottingham illustrates this principle. In the elder duchess, I preserved for myself and my brother and sister the memory of our mother. It did not disturb me," she adds, with true dignity, "that my character was a princess. Her manners were such as are necessary to all noble human beings. I never saw anything else in either of my parents, and it was from my brother that I first learned that the higher classes regard such ways as peculiarly their own."

She permits herself to be a little amused that some one of her critics, perhaps the court preacher, should have thought that she wrote her book to advocate a certain theory of female education, but confesses that she had had many thoughts about the proper value in society of the beauty of women: "how men might tell them of it in such a way as to make them innocently and sacredly conscious of it," and "how a false denial and vain attempt at unconsciousness often lead the soul to its first lie."

Madame Paalzow's marked and almost exclusive preference for the delineation of high life, and indeed the highest, exposed her, now and then, as long as she wrote, to especially ill-natured criticism. She was, in fact, what so many of the finest and truest women are, an aristocrat independently of her birth, but she had always the same simple and conclusive defense against insinuations of snobbishness. The presence of a pride like hers excludes petty vanity. It was her gentle but firm self-respect which enabled her to bend gracefully before the somewhat unreasonable compliments which her book received, even

after it had become the fashion in high places to compliment her, and Alexander von Humboldt himself had said to her, as she owns to her publisher, "more good things than I could possibly repeat to you," — to bend, but instantly to recover her upright poise. She even felt satisfied, for a little while after the publication of *Godwie Castle*, that she should write no more.

"Meanwhile," she says, still to her publisher, Joseph Max, between whom and herself the relation seems always to have been most honorable and friendly, "not the slightest desire stirs within me to give anything more to the world. I feel precisely as quiet and solitary as I did before, and wait for what may come, and fear only one thing, namely, *that I should become too anxious and critical about myself*. You may imagine how often I am asked what I am now writing; and always and to everybody I return the same answer, 'I am not a professional writer;' I have not the gushing talent [*sprudelende Talent*, — charming phrase!] which demands constant expression, and I could never, by any possibility, sit me down and say, 'Now I will write a book.' This one book had to be written; but now I will wait and see whether in my declining years [she was then about forty] I experience any new impulse to production. I have, be sure, neither will nor power in the matter, and God preserve me from the blindness of wanting to produce more because I seem once to have succeeded!"

It is only genius which can be thus tranquil and docile. Mere talent wearies itself with effort, and is careful and troubled about many things. There was no reason to fear, in Madame Paalzow's case, that the first impulse to production, even though it came so late, — even less, perhaps, because it came so late, — would be the last. Her next attempt was a drama and not entirely successful; that is to say, it was never

acted, but consigned to a fine mausoleum in the shape of one of the gilded "annuals," then so much in fashion. But the enthusiasm for Maria Theresa and her epoch, which had suggested the time and circumstances of this little play of Maria Nadasti, found fuller scope four years later in Thomas Thyrnau. In the intervening period she wrote and published *Sainte-Roche*.

Alexander von Humboldt, while earnestly advising Madame Paalzow to write another romance, had said, with a smile: "Of course it will not be as good as the first. You must make up your mind to that, and then the fact will not distress you." It was a friendly remark, and showed a fine understanding of the lady's character. But *Sainte-Roche* is unquestionably a greater book than *Godwie Castle*, and a much more entertaining one. It has the intense, intangible, and almost preternatural fascination which belongs to the best books of the technically romantic school, — to the five or six of the *Waverley Novels* which everybody still loves and knows by heart, to *George Sand's Snow-Man*, and with some slight difference to the *Magic Ring of Fouqué*. Madame Paalzow's extraordinary power of grasping political situations and following the intricate windings of diplomacy is finely exemplified in her pictures of the court of Louis XIV., where, as a native of the European continent, she was really so much more at home than in that of James I. Her peculiar picturesqueness, too, that quality which belonged to her as a born artist, and by virtue of which all her scenes, and particularly her interiors, became so original, so distinct, so rich and full and exquisitely fit, shines brightly here.

In *Sainte-Roche* our author essays the development of an extremely intricate plot, and, for the first time, the delineation of complex and exceptional types of character, — the weakness, which is worse in its results than downright

wickedness, of Leonin, the blending of infantile softness with a truly sublime courage and constancy in Fennimore. In all this she is wonderfully successful; nevertheless, *Sainte-Roche* has an enormous fault of construction, which greatly mars its effect as a work of art. A thoroughly Greek conception of a tragic and mysterious family doom seems to have possessed, and to a degree overpowered and confused, Madame Paalzow's imagination. She begins one story, and by the time we are fairly absorbed in the fortunes of its heroine, that is to say, in the middle of the first of the inevitable three little quartos, she suddenly retires into the previous century, and introduces us to the bewitching grandmother of this girl. The strange history of the race in all its ramifications is faithfully and minutely traced from this point through the remainder of the first volume, the whole of the second, and the first half of the third, down to the era of the original heroine, whom we have well-nigh forgotten at the time of her second entrance. The fascinating and inscrutable old château of *Sainte-Roche* is always the centre of paramount interest, and rescues for the reader one, at least, of the insulted unities from ruthless destruction. But the average human mind will certainly recoil baffled before the genealogical problems presented it for solution, and some of the *revenants* whom we encounter in the long saloons and shadowy passages of *Sainte-Roche* have too decidedly the advantage of us. Yet the story entralls the reader from page to page, even where it seems most improbable; and how careless, how more than royally munificent, is the expenditure of material in this book! Six modern sensational novels could be fully furnished out of the pages of *Sainte-Roche*, and I know not how many of that equally acceptable kind, where the people pose and talk, but never do, and seldom suffer.

The pleasant trickle of compliment with which Madame Paalzow was refreshed when her influential friends began to identify her as the author of *Godwie Castle* had swollen to a rushing stream when *Sainte-Roche* appeared in 1838. The whole royal family of Prussia, both the Humboldts, the brilliant young Duchess of Orleans from Paris, the grave historian Neander, and scores beside vied with one another in offering their felicitations. The learned folk of Göttingen also discussed the tale in solemn conclave.

For adverse criticism, when offered in a friendly spirit, Madame Paalzow was at all times profoundly grateful; and the burst of notoriety and public praise had come too late to disturb the poise of her spirit. She heard it curiously, as if it had had no connection with herself. At times it almost wearied her. "I think," she wrote, "of the time when I shall be somewhat forgotten with the sort of longing which one has to get out of a great assembly into one's own cool and quiet room, where one can rest the head and luxuriate in the peaceful sense of being alone. Just now, people come a little too near me. My sacred privacy seems disturbed. I feel that I shall never get a new inspiration (don't be shocked at the word!) in this way. I do so long to know whether God will yet give me grace to write something more. This power, while I have it, is worth more to me than all earthly honor, or any of the accidents of life. When people entreat me to write more, and are determined never to see or think of me otherwise than with a pen in my hand, and still refuse to believe in my reluctance to class myself with the guild of registered and privileged authors who can, or at least do, say, *Now I will*, — all this hinders my real productivity, which can be fostered only by a long season of quiet and retirement, and above all things never arrogates to itself any individual rights."

Her biographer says of her at this time, "The drawing-rooms of the great world were all open to her, and every species of honor awaited her in them; and there, while always preserving her individuality, she met with much that was stimulating, and which broadened her experience." . . . She seldom entertained many people at a time, but her companies were always well assorted and particularly lively and stimulating. There was never any lack of artists, poets, and learned men in her circle. Her home life with her brother and her few intimate friends and her hours of labor were paramount to everything else with her. Yet she never so surrendered herself to these delights as to be annoyed by interruptions; nor would she ever allow the most weariful visitor to be turned away, even though her morning had been a series of distractions. She belonged to those who were with her for the time being, and threw herself at once into their interests, no matter how narrow these might chance to be."

"When she was at work on *Thomas Thyrnau* [which appeared in 1840], I often expressed my amazement at the extraordinary facility with which she wrote. 'It is not hard work,' she used to answer, whenever I made a remark of this kind. 'They all stand around and dictate to me, so that often I cannot set it down fast enough.' She had but the lightest outline of the whole in her mind, and allowed the rest to evolve itself under her pen. Entire scenes and situations sprang into life thus, to her own surprise, making her positively curious as to what would come next. Hence the freshness and spontaneity of her writings, and the interest, unflagging to the end, of the author in her own work. She never allowed her mood to withhold her from writing, but had in this respect such self-control that even her growing invalidism did not disqualify her. The need of har-

mony and moderation was so great in her that she had accustomed herself to assign to all her experiences their true *relative* importance, to rid herself of excesses of feeling which were foreign to her nature. She thus turned her time to infinite profit, and the simplicity and regularity of her life were the true expression of her soul."

"To watch her at her work was a rare pleasure. The noble, pale countenance, the deep-set eyes which followed the rapid motion of the transcribing hand, the black dress which she always wore, and which suited her dignified person so well, the tranquillity, the beauty, and all the signs of culture which surrounded her, made a picture which it was well worth while to have received into the memory."¹

Concerning Thomas Thyrnau, translated and considerably condensed by Mary Howitt, and published in England under the title of *The Citizen of Prague*, about five years after its original appearance, the present writer has, at sundry times and in divers places, said, or essayed to say, so much that she experienced a slight embarrassment in recurring to the subject. The book has been, as Mr. Micawber said of David Copperfield's friendship, "the joy of my youth and the consolation of my riper years." Most people have experienced this sort of *grande passion* for some one or other work of the imagination, and they are indeed enviable who are doomed to no dire revulsion of feeling about their early literary love, but who find their judgment sustaining with increasing strength the choice of their virgin affections. And I can truly say that whatever the great masters of modern fiction have taught me concerning the dignity and difficulty of the novelist's art has but served to increase my admiration of a work which, with all its grasp of mind and depth of plot and refinement of

characterization, is, in a certain sense, conspicuously *artless*, — "without finish and without fault," as Mr. Swinburne so beautifully said of the *Earthly Paradise*.

In her delineation of the historic epoch of Maria Theresa, and of the characters of the empress and her famous minister, Kaunitz, Madame Paalzow is more entirely at her ease than even in her French historical studies; and she succeeds in making that epoch exceeding real. No doubt the portraits are slightly idealized, and all the political portions of the story are suffused by the glow of that dream of civic freedom and the elevation of the masses which beset so many generous European minds in the day of Madame Paalzow's fame, and which was so rudely and sadly dissipated a few years later, in '48. It is hard to believe that one of the three sovereigns who partitioned Poland could ever have been beguiled by any eloquence into the slightest sympathy or charity for reformatory and philanthropic schemes like those of Thomas Thyrnau and his enthusiastic friends. Yet history shows conclusively that the resolute sovereign who made good her title to her throne against all Europe when she had scarcely passed the years of girlhood, although strenuous, haughty, and choleric, as this romance also depicts her, was subject to strangely magnanimous impulses, and a very woman in the way in which she allowed personal influences to shape her policy.

One fault, which has been heretofore mentioned as disfiguring both of Madame Paalzow's earlier books, and which recurs lamentably in her last, she entirely avoids in Thomas Thyrnau. She condenses the animated action of the story into a very few years. She cannot avoid repeated retrospects, in which she unfolds her own interesting, but somewhat tyrannous, theories about ancestral influences on character; and these it is altogether safe for the impatient

¹ Die Verfasserin von Godwie-Castle. Eine Biographische Skizze. Pages 13-20.

modern reader to skip if he chooses; but she makes her dissertations mere asides, and strictly subordinate to the main story.

The chief glory and charm, however, of this book lies in the transcendent and ever memorable character of the hero, the advocate Thyrnau, who is no less than seventy years old when he is first introduced to us. I know not where in romance to look for another figure at once so original, so consistent, and so majestic as this. He is a man whom to have known early must of necessity have modified all one's human standards; so richly endowed and experienced, so great in courage and candor and tenderness and wit, so triumphant over obstacles of birth and misfortune, personal enmity, and even the ravages of years, that there might well happen to one of his admirers the fate of Lord Douglass's wayward mistress, and "all men beside" seem evermore "like shadows" in comparison with him. I shall make room for two quotations from Thomas Thyrnau. The first will help to illustrate the singular mixture of worldly wisdom and intrepid idealism which gives unfailing point and unflagging interest to our hero's abundant discourse, at the same time that it affords a glimpse of Madame Paalzow's own subtlety as a moralist. A guest of the old gentleman had been fired upon and wounded while riding through the park of his host, and the matter is being discussed by the advocate, another guest of rank, and an old priest domesticated in the family.

"The whole affair is remarkable," said Thyrnau, when they had all seated themselves with the impatient Father Hieronymous at the dinner-table. "The attack appears so entirely personal in its character. But one shot was fired, and the way the count sank forward showed that he was wounded, and we were molested no farther. A robbery of

seven men could have been attempted only by a larger number. And at noon-day! so near the house! What madness if they thought of plunder! But nothing happened which looked in the least like that."

"It may be, however," answered the prince; "and perhaps we might better have inquired into the young man's private relations a little before we made the thing public."

"He is not fit to talk," said Hieronymous. "He is exhausted by loss of blood, and his wound is painful."

"All the same," said Thyrnau, "I detest this sparing of improper connections. If he have any of a nature to occasion so violent an attempt, he must endure seeing them brought to light. Believe me, nothing thrusts youth so deep into destruction as this shielding and sparing of its thoughtless lapses. If young men had promptly to suffer what they have deserved, they would find the dissipations in which they indulge less fascinating. But the vanity of parents and guardians, who will not own to themselves that they have reared a ne'er-do-weel, —this it is which is forever averting and reassuring, and giving levity courage to pursue every senseless lust which allures it."

The prince smiled, and nodded assent to the fiery old man, who continued with animation, "People are very ready to allow that they have erred, and even that they have a darling sin or two; but in Heaven's name, let them not rebaptize their darlings, to protect them from our reproaches. I have all my life remarked that the lies with which we cheat ourselves are far more numerous than those by which we impose upon other people."

"At least," said the prince, "we reproach ourselves for the falsehoods which we speak to others, while we have no compunction about those which we tell ourselves. And yet, compunction, repentance, is the true regeneration. It

cuts us loose from the past, and strengthens us to begin our lives anew."

"Yes, it may do so," answered Thomas Thyrnau, "and I think just as highly as you do of true repentance; but I scrutinize very sharply what usually goes by that name. I have something like an aversion for it. Those who have been readiest to acknowledge and bewail their faults have never gotten rid of them. Either they have met with fools, who were ready to assure them that they had not been so bad after all, and that their modest acknowledgment was a wonderful exhibition of virtue, or they have laid this flattering unction to their own souls, consoled themselves for their brief abasement by a corresponding self-congratulation, and then made an end of the matter. They cherished their faults as a needful stage for the exhibition of their repentance, and at last acquired such skill at it that they could repent and confess as easily as we doff the hat to an acquaintance. I have frequently embarrassed such coquettish penitents by pretending to believe all with which they charged themselves. At first they would start, and fancy that I had not heard them aright. Then they would repeat and extravagantly exaggerate their lamentations. But when they could only excite my amazement at the depravity of human nature, and my approbation of their remorse, they would presently begin themselves to offer the excuses which they had expected from me, and in time they washed themselves so white that nothing remained of their crimes but some little amiable weakness. But he who feels bitterly and profoundly the fallibility of his nature, who would fain become conqueror through God, he feels the old by-gone sin like a burning wound in his breast, and in the certainty that One alone can cure him of it he will carry his anguish and his regret to that Being. There he will find help to strike his balance and begin a new life. Such a one, my friend, will rarely proclaim

himself penitent before men. A sacred shame for his sincerely realized fault will permit no confession of the tongue, but his downcast eye and flushing brow move me far more than the other's howling."

Before the story ends the old advocate has himself to face the late consequences of some of his own youthful errors. He is tried upon an antiquated charge of treason, and cannot be entirely vindicated. He is therefore sent as a prisoner, accompanied by his charming granddaughter, to the famous old fortress of Karlstein, in Bohemia, where a garrison of high-born fanatics lead a strange, monotonous life, encumbered with a ceremonial half monkish and half masonic, and cherish with pious reverence the traditions of the Emperor Charles IV., the founder of their order. The solemn pomposity of manners prevailing here under the headship of his excellency General von Podiebrad, and the sacred horror with which that doughty hero and mediæval enthusiast regarded the thought of receiving into Karlstein a prisoner without a title and accompanied by a *woman*, are described with delightful glee.

I had marked for quotation a long passage depicting the preposterous ceremonial maintained inside these dismantled and defenseless towers, but it is too long; and I must content myself with one more extract, and that a briefer one, which will illustrate the livelier manner of our author, — I had almost said *my* author, as Sainte-Beuve used to say "*my* Ronsard." The scene is in Vienna, in the private boudoir of the empress, where a gay young cousin of the illustrious lady, just returned from France, has been drawing so glowing a picture of life and affairs in Paris as quite to fascinate her great auditor. Kaunitz has observed the scene with extreme satisfaction, being just now desirous of promoting by any and every

means a friendly understanding between the French and Austrian courts.

"Austria will some day thank you for this, and Kaunitz will consider himself only too poor in power and influence if the Princess Therese has ever a wish to prefer!" exclaimed the statesman, enchanted. And the princess, reviewing him with an ironical smile, perceived that this was a prime minister's declaration of love.

"I am losing my shoe-buckle!" she cried, and set her beautiful foot upon the footstool of the empress so firmly as to start its very filling. Kaunitz bent his straight, proud back and buckled the shoe, and when he rose again she laughed and said, "You are not to pay me homage in your way, Sir Minister, but in the way which pleases me! What are you dreaming about? Do you suppose I could exist in your tiresome Germany without the memory of my beloved France? I have been talking for my own pleasure. That I happened to say just what you wished me to say does not signify! You have not half *finesse* enough to compass a French alliance, and I intend to have nothing to do with it."

"Your highness will never make me believe that," said Kaunitz. "You will have something to do with it, and you will take much pains to bring it about, were it only to avenge yourself on Monsieur Bernis. This time you must go along with me, whether you will or no, and I hope we have already traversed the worst part of the way. If," he added, smiling, but eying her keenly, "we are not again baffled by a certain conspiracy."

"You had better not speak slightingly of that conspiracy, as though it were a mere fantasy in the brain of a love-sick girl! Take care! I am afraid it will yet vex you sorely."

"Of course it would," smiled Kaunitz, "if it were able to disturb in the slight-

est degree the peace of the fairest of princesses, or even that of one of her adorers."

"Bah!" said the princess, "the peace of my adorers has not yet become an object of my concern or sympathy. I give them up to your tender mercies."

"Poor Kaunitz!" said the minister, laughing. "I perceive that love becomes me here just as ill as it did in France."

"The reason of that," said the princess, "is that love is becoming only to those who yield to it for its own sake. Your love is only one out of your hundred thousand methods of attaining your ends. Your diplomacy may delude all the world beside, but a woman would find you out, even were she a novice just cured of her first passion."

"And of how many more?" inquired Kaunitz. But the princess spoiled his triumph in this malicious rejoinder, for she was gone.

I have preferred to make my own translation of the passages which I have quoted from Madame Paalzow's writings, and am constrained to add that my last eight or ten perusals of Mary Howitt's *Citizen of Prague*, especially the latest of all, which has been made with the original at hand, have confirmed me in the opinion that the tale might be much better translated, and of course that it is worthy of the best of all translations. I have mentioned that Mrs. Howitt has considerably condensed the later portions of the story, and undoubtedly, like every German novel of note which I have yet seen, the original is too long. But Mrs. Howitt has dropped incidents and omitted whole scenes and conversations, while one would rather like to see what might be done by a general and constant condensation of style — say, by the sort of work which Mrs. Wister has done so admirably for the Marlitt novels.

If Godwie Castle and Sainte-Roche had been warmly received by the social

and literary magnates of Berlin, Thomas Thyrnau was received rapturously. The author's brother, William Wach, was deluged with orders for pictures illustrating scenes in the novel, — the Dohlen Nest, the Castle of Tein, and the fascinating fortress of Thyrnau's imprisonment. The most fantastic tribute was paid the novelist, who laughs heartily, in her frank letters to her publisher, over the excesses of what she calls the "Thyrnau mania." Yet one cannot help liking all those fine folk the better for their capacity to be carried away by types of character so highly and nobly ideal as many of those in Thomas Thyrnau, and especially by a narrative so colored by the most generous political dreams of the day.

This was the culmination of our friend's honors and success. The brilliant afternoon sunshine of her life was brief in its shining, and abruptly clouded, nor did it ever break forth again before the setting of the orb.

Painful and dangerous disease fastened upon her frame once more, and for two years absolutely incapacitated her for effort. With the first beginning of improvement, the active intellect and heroic will essayed a new task, and under manifold disadvantages Madame Paalzow wrote her last book, *Jacob van der Nees*. She seems to have wanted to show her admiring critics that she was no mere idealist in human nature, and that she could depict a low and evil type of character as truthfully as she had done a regal one in the case of Thomas Thyrnau. And she has, perhaps, never produced anything more original and powerful than the first third of this romance, — the whole story of Angela's childhood and youth in the house of the miser. But it was the final flash of her genius. The rest of the novel shows a constant decline of ability. The author's wayward imagination strayed back to England, and she seems more than ever bewildered by an "environment"

which she never fully mastered. Her Montrose is unpardonably sentimental; her Henrietta Maria feeble and conventional. Moreover, by the time this tale was given to the world, in 1844, our author's little day was over, and it was coldly and critically received. The Roman Catholic party, who had not much relished the liberal tone of religious opinion manifested in her earlier and more popular works, accused her of a gross misrepresentation of the spirit and policy of the Roman church in this. Only a few of Madame Paalzow's oldest friends came to the defense of the really great portions of her last and least symmetrical tale.

Hostile criticism could never have discouraged the truly modest and flexible spirit whose equanimity had not been disturbed by exaggerated flattery, but the time for profiting, in practice, by hostile criticism was over for her. Almost immediately after the publication of *Jacob van der Nees*, Madame Paalzow sustained the most terrible bereavement which could befall her: she lost her idolized brother William by sudden illness, and from that time forward she could only hide her widowed existence from the eyes of the world, and strive patiently to acquiesce in the desolation of her life and her own increasing infirmities of body. After some months have passed she writes to Herr Max: —

"All my life long there has been one thing which I have regarded as the most signal grace of God. I never could complain, and I cannot now. He has made me in by-gone times abundantly and exceedingly rich in Him. He sees now that I am poorer and more helpless than one who dies by the wayside, and for Him I wait. He *must* succor me, — either here by lending me strength to bear, or *there*. When I think of you, I remember my talent as a dream of long ago. That, too, is in his keeping. I can still endure, but I cannot undertake any more. God's will be done."

"As a dream when one awaketh"

were soon to dissolve and vanish away all the pains and efforts, the triumphs and vicissitudes, of her earthly career. The struggle lasted for a little longer. Once she even says to Herr Max, "I am actually writing again." Then came months of entire silence. She had gone to stay with her sister, Frau Friebe, and amid the homely, kindly, bourgeois surroundings familiar to her infancy, on the 30th of October, 1847, she passed away.

The announcement of the woman's death, whose irrepressible genius had won her a place among the foremost figures of her land and time, whom kings had vied in praising, was made in the prim phrase of one whose heart was heavy with grief, indeed, but to whom, apparently, the use of the pen was rare and by no means easy:—

"My poor, dear sister, honored sir, endured very, very much. The last four weeks of her noble, beautiful life were an unbroken chain of heavy sufferings,

accompanied for the last week by such high fever that she saw fantastic pictures about her all the time, and in particular our dear brother seemed to be always by her side. Sometimes she would make a strong effort to tear herself free from these delusions, and entreat me only to keep talking to her, because else her mind would go astray. Poor I, with pain and deep anguish in my heart, tried my best to disperse her fancies; but I did not succeed very well, and her brave spirit sank back into delirium. But it would be hard indeed to find a sick-bed which so moved and exalted all who approached it as that of our dear one. Her soul was full of courage, patience, and resignation; not a trace of petulance to those who waited on her; it was, in one word, the death-bed of a truly saint-like woman.

"Respectfully your humble servant,

"CAROLINE FRIEBE, *née* WACH.

"BERLIN, November 9, 1847."

Harriet W. Preston.

A FAILURE.

(She speaks.)

I MEANT to be so strong and true!

The world may smile and question, When?

But what I might have been to you

I cannot be to other men.

Just one in twenty to the rest,

And all in all to you alone,—

This was my dream; perchance 't is best

That this, like other dreams, is flown.

For you I should have been so kind,

So prompt my spirit to control,

To win fresh vigor for my mind,

And purer beauties for my soul;

Beneath your eye I might have grown

To that divine, ideal height,

Which, mating wholly with your own,

Our equal spirits should unite.

To others I am less than naught;
 To you I might have been so much,
 Could but your calm, discerning thought
 Have put my powers to the touch!
 Your love had made me doubly fair;
 Your wisdom made me thrice as wise,
 Lent clearer lustre to my hair,
 And read new meanings in my eyes.

Ah, yes, to you I might have been
 That happy being, past recall,
 The slave, the helpmeet, and the queen,—
 All these in one, and one in all.
 But that which I had dreamed to do
 I learned too late was dreamed in vain,
 For what I might have been to you
 I cannot be to other men.

CLARY'S TRIAL.

"COME! hurry up there!"

In answer to the coarse, strong voice of Goody Jakeway, who kept the Blisset tavern, her handmaiden came from the kitchen into the parlor with a mug of hot flip for the traveler who had just alighted.

It was not strange that Guy Morgan forgot his comforting cup as he looked at the bearer. Clary was only a bound girl, but nature had made her an aristocrat outwardly and inwardly, as the proud lift of her beautiful head, the serene calm of her great brown eyes, and the lithe grace of her figure bore witness. If hard work had reddened her little hands, it had not destroyed the dimples and taper of her fingers, or the exquisite turn of her slender wrist; and her short, dark skirt of linsey-woolsey no more hid the small arched foot, than the coarse, short gown of linen check concealed her noble white throat or graceful shoulders and slight waist. She was pale, but the curved, red lips showed that her pallor was not that of illness,

and if you but looked at her too hard the very hue of a pink lily flushed that clear fairness even up to the shining masses of dark brown hair, tucked away behind her tiny ears and braided in a heavy, coiled knot like the tresses of a Greek statue. If Clary had been born a duchess the world would have heard of her; but she was born a pauper, and was bred in the poor-house. Perhaps the best blood of Old England ran in her veins, but nobody knew it, and the orphan child of an unknown woman brought in from the road-side, dying with exhaustion and cold, is not often credited with noble lineage.

Guy Morgan was Judge Morgan's son, of Litchfield. The Morgans were an old Connecticut family who had a genealogical tree to fall back on, and Guy was now on his way home from Harvard and its law school. He had been petted in Boston society, for his family were of the Brahmin sort, and their record indorsed him; he was mentally brilliant, too, and handsome as a young prince is

supposed to be. His high, regular features and dark blue eyes were alight with intellect rather than feeling; but there lay a depth of unrevealed passion and devotion below them.

Clary did not look up at him, for she knew what eyes were upon her from behind the bar; but he looked at her, and his very heart thrilled at that wonderful beauty, that gracious shape and faultless coloring. He half drained the mug of flip and set it down on the table, turning to speak to this mortal Hebe; but she had disappeared, and nothing was left for Guy Morgan but to pay his reckoning and mount his horse, reflecting in himself, as he rode away, that Blisset was not ten miles from Litchfield; and he could and would see that face again.

Now he had seen all the loveliest women in Boston over and over; they had danced with him, walked with him, and done their best to spoil him, as women will spoil a brilliant and handsome young fellow. But not one of them, in all the pride of satin, brocade, or jewels, had ever entered so victoriously into his consciousness as this country maiden in her coarse clothes; dress adorned them, but she adorned dress. He was a well-read youth, and as he trotted briskly over the rough roads, up hill and down, the old ballad of Sir John Suckling kept jingling in his head:—

“Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As they had feared the light.

“Her eyes so guard her face
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July.”

As for Clary, she did not even give him a thought; for behind the bar, watching her as an ill-conditioned cat glares at its prey, sat Lon Jakeway, the son and heir of her mistress, and the man poor Clary loved.

Goody Jakeway had taken the child from the poor-house when she was ten years old, finding it would be handy to

have a pair of quick feet to run her errands, and ready hands to wait on her; for her only child, this same Alonzo, then about sixteen, had run away to sea, and her husband was a wretched, drunken idler. It was she who kept the family up, and on her rested all the care of the tavern and farm both, as much while her husband lived as after his timely death.

In the service of this rough, hard woman Clary Kent grew up, just as a harebell grows in the crevice of some sturdy boulder, neither rightly fed nor sheltered, shaken by all wild winds that blow, nipped by stinging frosts, scorched by midsummer suns, but by the grace of God a harebell still, clad in a beauty and grace that defy position and ignore circumstance. That she had food and clothing she owed to her usefulness, yet they were doled out grudgingly, however hard she earned them; while her sunny temper, quick perception, fidelity, and serene activity made her a real treasure.

“Well, she’s pretty consider’ble helpful,” owned her mistress to Polly Mariner, the tailoress, as she sat by the kitchen window mending Steve the hostler’s overalls, for it was haying-time, and neither of the women of the house could spare a moment; Steve had to hire his sewing done.

“She’s everlastin’ smart, now, I tell ye,” snapped out Polly, viciously snipping at a patch which would not fit; “but you’ll have trouble, Mis’ Jakeway. She’s a sight too good-lookin’ for a tavern gal; somebody or ’nother will marry her up afore you can wink, so to speak, seemin’ly. You’d as good get what you can out on her whilst she stays.”

“My land, Polly Mariner! I guess folks ain’t in no gre’t pucker to marry gals from the poor-house. I don’t feel no call whatsoever to fetch trouble out o’ that idee. She is reasonable good-lookin’, I allow for’t; but I’ll bet ye a cookey she won’t marry them that

wants her, and them she wants won't look at her. She's real high-strung, considerin'; but she does well by me, and she's got faculty."

"Well, if she's got faculty, that's the end o' the law, I expect; but if I know human natur',—and it's everlastin' queer if I don't, considerin' how many years I've done tailorin',—you'll reap trouble yet out of that cretur. I never was pretty-lookin' myself, and I allow it tried me whilst I was young; but since I've got along in years some I'm free to confess I don't see why th' Almighty makes girls good-lookin'. It fetches heaps of mischief into creation, and don't do no great o' good, as fur as I know."

"Seems to me you're sorter presumptuous, Polly Mariner, to find fault with eternal Providence that way. You don't think, do ye, 't you're smarter 'n the Lord?"

"Land! how you talk, Mis' Jakeway! Folks can have ideas, I guess, without faultin' Providence. Well, I won't say no more,—time 'll show. And here's Steve after them overalls; my work on 'em's worth ninepence, ef it's worth a cent."

And in a wrangle over the ninepence this ominous conversation ended; but not without leaving a troubled corner in Goody Jakeway's mind, for of the three things that never return to their first place one is the spoken word.

Two years rolled away, and Clary attained the stature of her womanhood: her somewhat slender figure rounded into fuller outlines of beauty; her girlish grace developed into stately poise and superb curves; her soft eyes learned to darken with scorn, or flash with passion. But so far Goody Jakeway's judgment was correct: the drovers who came to the tavern only disgusted the proud girl with their coarse admiration, although more than one would gladly have married her; the stage-drivers who stopped for a daily dram, and seasoned their flat-

tery well with oaths, pleased her no better; the young louts of farmers, dull, rough, uneducated, only just across the dividing line that separates the human from the bestial, and far less attractive than their own sleek herds,—these, who assembled in the bar-room to talk and drink and smoke clay pipes, were all loathsome to Clary.

Something in her whole nature revolted at the idea of passing her life in any of these companionships, and beside the still but irresistible voice of nature she had found for herself a certain sort of education. Years before she went to the tavern to live, an old man from Hartford had come to spend the summer in Blisset. He was a lawyer, and a native of the place, but, having amassed enough property to live on, returned like a wild animal to his old haunts to die; for die he did before the summer for which he had engaged board was over. He left his property to a college, but the books in his trunk and his clothes were never claimed. Old Jakeway wore out all the linen, and the clothes were cut over for Alonzo's jackets; the books remained,—volumes of what were once called the English classics, the *Spectator*, the *Rambler*, the *Tatler*, and all that genus, with a volume of Pope and one of Dryden, besides a fine edition of Shakespeare.

All these had Clary fed upon at odd moments with the avidity of a keen mind deprived of any other food, and they had been to her instead of a liberal education. Perhaps in the deepest sense of the term they had educated her liberally; at least, they had lit the lamp, hitherto flameless, in the alabaster vase of her beauty, and added to that fair sculpture the brilliance of lofty thought and ardent feeling; but also they had unfitted her for the stolid life about her, and filled her soul with that restlessness which is the penalty of knowledge.

Of all the pregnant fables that ever streamed from Shakespeare's pen, per-

haps the saddest — to a woman — is that of Titania and Bottom. It is called comedy ordinarily ; but is there a more profound pathos or a more shuddering tragedy than is contained in the story of that spiritual creature's infatuation for the weaver with the ass's head ? And what has time done since Shakespeare's day but reiterate the spectacle of pure and high-minded women fondling the ass's head that is not a mask, and whispering, in the delicate voice of devotion,

"Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek, smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy."

Clary was not quite eighteen when the prodigal son of the Jakeways returned from sea-faring ; not as the prodigal returned, in evil case outwardly, but bringing spoils of gold and garments to make him welcome. His father had long since drunk himself to death, but the tavern prospered more and more, once relieved from the drain of drunken extravagance. When Alonzo came back, he found a warm greeting and a good home ; the sunniest room in the house was swept and garnished for him ; the choicest food and most deft attendance awaited him. He stepped at once into the headship of things with the instinct of manhood : lorded it in stable and bar-room, ordered about his mother and Clary, swore glibly at old Steve, and conducted himself in as ill-conditioned a fashion as his nature dictated.

There was little, one would think, that was attractive about Alonzo Jake-way : he was below the middle height, but his broad shoulders and long arms, his powerful muscular development, and his large, sinewy hands gave him a strength disproportionate to his height ; he stooped a little, as most sailors do, and his walk was ungraceful. Nor was there anything pleasing about his face except a pair of handsome keen gray eyes, deep-set under bushy brows, but capable of expressing every sort of emotion as only

gray eyes can. Otherwise his features were coarse, his mouth large and sensual, with a loose under-lip, betraying, when he smiled, a set of strong white teeth, looking carnivorous as a tiger's. All this was capped with a shock of straight pale-brown hair and a half bronzed forehead that told of foreign suns. And the picture was not altogether attractive to a calm observer who discerned it to be the index of a nature passionate, vindictive, selfish, and undisciplined ; intelligent enough, and capable of attachment to a certain extent, but over all brutal. No doubt he was superior to the men who frequented Blisset tavern in many ways ; his experience of the world had heightened his natural self-conceit to such an extent that his opinion was ready on every subject, and pronounced in that dictatorial manner that always imposes on conscious ignorance. Then his sullen temper and self-absorbed reserve gave him an aspect of unhappiness that is the surest appeal to a thoroughly feminine character. Yet this offers no explanation of the fact, which is as stubborn as facts proverbially are, that Alonzo had not lived in his mother's house twenty-four hours before Clary had lost her heart out of her bosom and dropped the jewel at this swine's feet. If there be metaphysicians who say this thing is impossible, I cannot confute them ; it is true, but inexplicable, that there are women, and men too, who are struck as by a bolt from the clouds with the one love of their lives, and reason or probability has nothing to do with it.

Why did Mary of Scotland love black Bothwell, or delicate Desdemona the Moor ? Why have the worst ruffians of history always had some woman clinging to them or to their memory until death ? And what evil woman has not shipwrecked some good man's faith and honor, and made his life a drifting, wretched wreck ? And in obedience to this mystic and dreadful exception, which is more stringent often than law, our poor little

wayside beauty fell desperately and utterly in love with Alonzo Jakeway. Now this fellow had had the ordinary experience of sailors; he was not unacquainted with women, — of the baser sort, no doubt, but still women. He knew very well that Clary was as far above the level of those whose society he had frequented in port after port as the blue sky in heaven is above its reflection in a muddy pool; yet even from these low examples he had learned something of a woman's nature, which is not always stamped out even by degradation and sin, and it did not take Alonzo Jakeway long to see that this beautiful young creature worshiped him entirely, without any perception of his real character or instinct of his baseness. At first he was naturally flattered; but that mood only lasted long enough to put a tender expression into his eyes, a softer tone into his rough voice, and add a little consideration to the moody and sullen manners which were his home wear; and to the girl's hungry heart these crumbs were a feast, inasmuch as they seemed to her infallible promise of returned affection, and fed her day-dreams with the very bread of heaven.

In the bar-room, condescending to his inferiors, or amusing himself with the display of his own information and supreme experience, Alonzo could be agreeable at times and affable; but there were dark hours when even the established frequenter and wit of the place, Pete Stebbins, found he was not to be approached.

These glooms, which Clary's tender heart laid to the account of chronic pain, or sad recollection, or weariness of this dull life he lived, were in fact nothing more than attacks of ill temper which he had never learned to subdue or conceal. If he over-ate, or drank too much liquor for his digestion to endure, — though to do him justice he was never drunk, — he felt, consequently, uncomfortable and angry, and the world about

him had to bear it, especially the women. Had he been brought up in polite society, where the outside friction of well-bred people from infancy does, in spite of the utmost self-indulgence and uncurbed temper, modify a man's manner and speech, he would still have been, like a hundred others, "street angel and house devil," and being essentially a coward he did, even here in Blisset, restrain his evil tongue somewhat among men; but his mother and Clary were at his mercy; they could neither knock him down nor return his oaths. Whenever things internally went wrong with him, or outside matters swerved from the line he ordered, it was on these two shrinking women that his temper burst; for even his mother, hard, rough, enduring as she was, cowered before Alonzo, — because she loved him!

It is a common saying that if a horse knew its own strength no man could guide or mount one; but is it any less true that if a man knew his real strength he might do anything with women? If Alonzo had possessed enough knowledge of character to understand himself, he could and would have led these two in a leash after him forever; even as it was he guided them far and along cruel ways before they knew their guide and the path before them. It was this utter absorption of herself in Alonzo Jakeway that blinded Clary's sight to Guy Morgan that day he stopped in Blisset to get his mug of flip. He might have been one of the "plow joggers," as Alonzo derisively styled the rural farmers thereabouts, or a pig drover, for all the notice Clary bestowed on him; but from his retreat behind the bar Alonzo noticed the long and unmistakable stare of admiration Guy bestowed on his handmaiden, and a sort of wolfish jealousy sprang up in his breast, mingled with a sudden greed of money hitherto latent. Up to this time he had no thought of marrying Clary; he knew very well what his mother would say to that, and he did

not himself care to be tied up in legitimate bonds. He could amuse himself with her to the very brink of her ruin, or beyond it, if so he pleased, but it was not for his pleasure to live with mother and wife at daggers drawn in one house. For sin or shame he cared nothing; the very purity of Clary's simple and devoted nature would add a charm to the lazy pursuit whose success he never doubted; and as to her future, who cares for the fate of a flower? Should it not wither and die when its fragrance is over? Nothing so metaphoric passed through his mind, but this is the most delicate expression to be found for his instincts, which indeed need the veil of metaphor. But when he saw Guy Morgan's look at Clary, and perceived that a man's admiration could be respectful, it shot across his mind that the girl might become a great and lucrative attraction in his business. This young spark, whose aspect and dress proved his wealth and position, might be the opening wedge, and spread the fame of the beautiful bar-maid in adjacent towns. Blisset was on a frequented turnpike, and stages from Hartford to Litchfield, and so on to Albany, ran through it. A little exertion might induce them to stop there for dinner instead of at Litchfield; and then — well, if some crazy city fool, as he phrased it, saw this girl, she might be snapped up out of his reach and use. As his wife, this would be impossible; she would be a fixture in the tavern, and an attraction, while in this Puritan country whatever shame attached itself to a less honorable connection would redound to his discredit and injure his business.

Beside, if Clary were his wife, young sparks like Guy Morgan would have to be careful how they stared at her; and here Alonzo stretched out one long arm and clenched fist, with a sudden gleam of ferocity in his eye that showed what vengeance would be visited on any man who meddled with his property.

So, following the devices of his own

craft and will, he began to word the love he had hitherto only looked at poor Clary; a whisper now and then, a pressure of the soft little hand in his own, a stolen kiss, a gentle carefulness, — all these produced their effect on the guileless and tender heart of this lonely girl. Busy about her house, Goody Jakeway saw nothing of Alonzo's manœuvres; he was not ready yet that she should; he did not, indeed, mean to have any previous storms. The plan that suited his ease and assured him success was that on some pretext or other Clary should be sent to Hartford, and he either follow her, or take her there; that she should stay long enough to make their marriage legal; and then, when the ceremony was once over, they should return to Blisset, and let his mother help herself if she could.

He found chance enough to insinuate his design into Clary's ear: if she went to the barn to hunt eggs, he was sure to be there before her, with some excuse of inspecting harness or examining the straw, and in among the bean-vines, where she went to gather long pods for dinner, he would be diligently at work also; when she was sent to gather wild strawberries on the hill, he lurked in the edge of a neighboring wood, and joined her, till at last, between her overpowering passion and his plausible arguments, she consented to accept his arrangements, and be in readiness to set out for Hartford as soon as his plots matured. But "God disposes," let us thankfully own. Before anything was even fixed upon in Alonzo Jakeway's mind, a very small household matter, the mouse that gnawed the lion's net, intervened. His stock of shirts began to wear out, and his mother, who had inwardly resented the fact that he came home with a goodly supply of these articles, when she had a web of the finest Irish linen laid up these seven years waiting his need, and yards of linen cambric bought in order to ruffle them, was only too glad to in-

stall Polly Mariner in the keeping-room, with patterns and shears, thread of the best, and store of needles, in order to take in hand a dozen of ruffled shirts for my master; for Polly was as skillful at nice sewing as at tailoring, and her stitching was not to be matched in Blisset, even by Parson Piper's daughter. She had scarce been at work three days on the dainty fabric when there was an interruption to her duties from a very unexpected quarter. As she left her door one July day to go over to the tavern, she almost stumbled over the prostrate shape of a man lying with his head on her doorstep. At first she thought him some drunken person who had lain down there to sleep, but calling to her next neighbor, Pete Stebbins, who was feeding his hens at the back door, to come and help her, she soon discovered that the man was burning with fever and quite unconscious. He was evidently a sailor, and there was good store of pieces of eight and English guineas in his pocket, but no clew to his name anywhere about his person. Pete was ready enough to take him in and shelter him when he saw the gold pieces, and Polly promised to stop for Dr. Root. All of this made her late for her sewing that day, and Goody Jakeway sent Alonzo over to see where the seamstress was, being in a hurry to get the shirts done.

He did not find her at home, for she was in the doctor's office; so he sauntered into Pete's house to make inquiry, and finding no one in the kitchen went on into the bed-room. Just as he entered the doorway the strange man recovered consciousness and opened his eyes. Alonzo started as if he had been shot, turned the color of clay, and drew back. A sort of spasm convulsed the stranger; he clenched his hands and tried to spring at Alonzo, but his muscles refused to obey the angry will; the fevered brain gave way with the effort, and he sank again into stupor and delirium.

In Alonzo's astonishment he quite

forgot that Pete Stebbins stood by the bedside, and had eyes whose acuteness seemed to make up in rapidity of perception for the inborn laziness of his temperament.

That night when Polly went over to watch with the sick man (for Mrs. Stebbins was a deaf and dumb woman, and of no use here), Pete accosted her with, "Say! ye ben to the tavern to-day?"

"Well, I guess I have," answered Polly. "I'm a-makin' Lon Jakeway a set o' shirts fit for a lord, and he's in an everlastin' takin' to get 'em done, I do' know what for; but Mis' Jakeway she pesters me so, seems as if I should caterpillar. I can't sew no faster 'n I can, if the sky falls. Stitchin' ain't flyin' work, now, I tell ye; and it's seventeen hunderd linen, as sure as you're alive; and them ruffles! Goshen! I'd jest as soon put them things on to the old ram as on to Lonzo; there ain't no fitness, so to speak, seemin'ly, in dressin' sech a feller in purple an' fine linen."

"W-e-ll," drawled Pete. "I expect he's a hard cretur. I don't reelly want to tell on 't 'a-flyin' all abroad," as the hymn-book says, but he come in here to-day for suthin' or 'nother, and opened the door jest as this sick feller kinder come to. I'd gin him a swingein' dose of brandy, ye see, fourth proof, only jest sort o' laced with water, an' I guess it stung. He riz up in bed and he see Lonzo, and Lon he see'd him. Good Jerus'lem! I wisht you'd seen Lonzo's physimogony; he was jest the color of a cold biled turnip. I never did! And this feller he sot his teeth and kinder give a spring. Law! he could n't do it no more 'n a broken-kneed grasshopper; he gin out dyrect, and went off stupid agin. But you bet there's suthin' out o' shape betwixt 'em!"

"Well, I b'lieve you!" exclaimed Polly. "And what's more, I mistrust Lonzo is kind of sweet on Clary Kent. I hope 't ain't so; she's a real pretty girl, — as good a girl as ever was; but I

keep an eye out, you may rely on 't, and things looks real dubious. I don't say nothin', for Goody Jakeway ain't aware on 't, and she'd like to kill anybody short o' royal blood that durst to marry Lon; but I b'lieve I'll speak to Clary. I reelly think 't's my duty."

"Oh Lord! don't ye do it, then!" groaned Pete (whose real name, by the way, was Petrarch!). "I've allers noticed when women-folks got a-goin' on dooty, they'd say the meanest, hateful-est things that ever was! Say ye like to torment a gal, an' take her down mortally, an' you'll mabbe see how 't is, reelly; but say it's 'dooty,' an' there ain't no whoa to ye, no more 'n to my old mare when she gets her head. I don't see where it's folks's dooty to say pesky things, any way; ef it's suthin' real agreeable, why"—

But here the harangue was cut off by a cry from the bedroom; they found the patient stupid no longer, but raving and crying out fiercely, "I'll fetch him, my lass; cheer up, Mary! D——d rascal! Let me go! let me go! I want to get at him!"

Polly was an accomplished nurse, and under her medicaments the poor fellow became more quiet; but at intervals through the night he talked wildly, always on one theme,—a poor girl's desertion, the girl seeming to be his sister, and his fierce desire to get hold of the man and punish him. In the later hours of the night his ravings grew less and he weaker; only once he sprang up and glared at the door, swearing a great oath. "It's you, is it? I've run you to earth, you villain! I've got her marriage lines, and I'll clap you into Bridewell if I don't kill you first!"

Polly stroked and coaxed and sung a sweet old hymn to him, till she could persuade him to swallow a cup of strong skull-cap tea, and either from pure exhaustion or the mild narcotic and stimulating warmth of his dose he fell into uneasy slumber; and then she stole out

and called Pete, who was making a fire in the kitchen, and asked him if he found anything in the stranger's wallet except money.

"Well, I did n't look no further; when I come to the sinners o' war, why I see 't was all right. Folks that hez money in their pockets is giner'ly about right, 'cordin' to my b'lief. I'll fetch the puss an' see."

"I wisht you would," said Miss Polly. "I've got my own misgivin's, 'count o' what he said; seems to hev suthin' on his mind."

So Pete brought the old wallet, worn and stained, and left it with Miss Polly, who searched it thoroughly, and at last discovered in its inmost fold, indeed, where it had slipped between lining and outside, a dirty and creased but quite legible certificate of marriage between Mary Harris, of Liverpool, England, and Alonzo Jakeway, of Blisset, America.

Polly was a woman of discretion, though she loved to talk. She resolved not to make her discovery public, for to trust it to Pete was as if it were printed in the local column of a county paper; he served as the news medium for all Blisset, where only one copy of any journal, the small, dull sheet of the Hartford Weekly Courant as it existed in 1790, was taken, and that only by the minister.

She answered Pete's inquiries astutely, when he came back from the shed, by displaying an old brass ring, a slip from an English paper with ship news on it, a true-lover's-knot of blue ribbon with a curl of gold hair caught in its tie, and half a rollicking ballad, such as hawkers sold about the old country.

"Had your labor for your pains, did n't ye?" chuckled Pete.

"T wa'n't no great o' labor," laughed Polly, disagreeably conscious that her own small buckskin purse contained Alonzo Jakeway's secret, and perhaps poor Clary's heart-break.

It would indeed have been a good day

for Alonzo that had spared him those new shirts, and sent Polly Mariner in another direction! But her discovery bore consequences she did not dream of, though they delayed long. After it she kept a closer watch than ever on Clary, and made up her mind that she must interpose at once to save the girl from ruin.

Alonzo had gone to New York the day after his interview with the stranger, if such the mere recognition could be called, but returned as soon as possible. He would not have gone at all except on urgent business, and he came back by way of Hartford, in order to persuade his old aunt that she ought to send out to Blisset for Clary to come and stay with her a while, to wait upon her. Aunt Smith was held in great regard by Goody Jakeway. She was the only near relative her husband had left; but that never would have commended her to the good graces of her niece in Blisset, except for the fact that she was the widow of a well-to-do grocer who had kindly left her all his goods and chattels to dispose of as she would, to the great anger of his own relations. When Alonzo reached home, with an urgent invitation from his aunt to have Clary come and visit her, it happened that Polly Mariner, so as to see better, had taken one of the shirts up-stairs to a south window. The next room was Clary's, and Polly could not help overhearing a conversation between her and Alonzo that betrayed to her their plans, for their voices were quite unguarded; Goody Jakeway being three miles off at a quilting, and Clary quite certain that the tailoress was where she left her two hours before, in the keeping-room, not in the least suspecting that the sharp ears of this equally sharp-eyed woman were just the other side of a thin partition in one of the unused tavern bedrooms. Polly could bide her time, but she saw that in this instance she must be prompt. To-day was Tuesday, and

on Thursday Clary was to go to Hartford; for Alonzo well knew that however his mother might grumble she could not, or rather dared not, offend his Aunt Smith by denying her request. So after tea, when Polly was ready to go home, she asked Clary to walk along with her and fetch back some red balm flowers she had promised Goody Jakeway, as her task at the shirts was done now. They stopped at the minister's house on the way, and Polly made her companion sit down in the hall while she herself went into Parson Piper's study, and came back with a folded paper in her hand. Then she hurried Clary on, and as soon as they had reached the spinster's queer little brown house, she drew her into the parlor, and without a word of explanation laid before her Alonzo Jakeway's marriage certificate. It was Polly's belief that a sharp, quick thrust is the truest mercy; but it was not pleasant to see Clary's beautiful face turn dead and white as a marble mask. Her hand clutched at her throat a moment as if something choked her, and then she gasped, "I don't believe it!"

"Well, child, that don't make it so," said Polly sadly. "It looks true, and I've took means to find if so be 'tis or 't is n't; but Parson Piper he hain't a doubt on 't. He's heered tell of the man that's put his name to 't, him that married 'em; he's chaplain to some seaman's meetin'-house or 'nother over there to Liverpool. Any way, if ever that sick feller comes to rights, he'll know the upshot on 't."

Clary said not another word; like a stunned creature she set her face toward the tavern and dragged her slow steps thither; while Polly, knowing that Alonzo had gone to fetch his mother home from the quilting, hastened back to give the certificate into Parson Piper's hands again, and the worthy man proposed, as he was going to drive over to Litchfield early in the morning, that he should take the paper over and have an attest-

ed copy made of it, to guard against accident.

He and Polly both knew that accident meant Alonzo, but with proper respect for the decencies kept the knowledge to themselves. And well they might have dreaded his rage, for poor Clary, after a night of dreadful anguish and struggle with herself, resolved to tell him at once. A less simple and humble nature might have trembled and dallied with some temporizing arguments, but Clary had in her soul one desire, of Heaven's own planting, that had divine endurance and strength, — the honest desire to do right. She knew it was utterly wrong even to love Alonzo if he was another woman's husband, and she meant to give all her energies to unlearn the passion that held her in such dear slavery. But the first step was plain and near: she must tell him, to begin with, that she knew his double-dealing, and then take the rest of her life to forget her past.

It is true that she ought, according to the strict code of feminine morals, to have ceased at once to have any tender feeling toward such a sinner; but poor Clary loved him! It was like taking her life in her hand to withdraw him to the barn on some pretext early in the morning, and tell what she had discovered. The storm that ensued was fearful. Alonzo Jakeway was not accustomed to thwarting; he would just as soon have expected the white rose-bush by the window to uproot itself and try to scratch him as to have Clary rebel if he asked of her the most menial service, but to have her fly in his face like this was outrageous.

Having partially exhausted his fury in words and threats poured out upon the trembling creature before him, he thrust her roughly aside, and hurried over to Pete Stebbins's house to see if the sick man was yet able to speak rationally, determined to stop his tongue by either force or bribes, and to tell some plausible lie to Clary; for he had already

declared to her with a fearful oath that the story was false. He had kept close watch over this stranger's condition, not personally, but through others, and he knew very well that his delirium had continued and his strength grown less every day; but he did not know that in those ravings his own name had more than once met Pete Stebbins's ear and aroused his suspicions.

To-day Alonzo hurried to the house, determined to end the suspense that enraged him. The morning was calm and full of July's rich odors; beds of fern breathed their delicate perfume on the fresh, soft air, and the silence of summer filled all the sky; the sad, broad fields, the granite ribs of earth, the quiet woods, all were lapped in peace. There was not a sound in Pete Stebbins's old red house as the angry man strode across to the bedroom, whose door stood ajar, and where lay the heart of all silence, majestic death. Though the couch on which those pulseless limbs lay straight and cold was poor, with no folds of drapery or garlanded blossoms, though the sheet that revealed the immobile outline was coarse and scant, no king lying in state had more serenity on his white brow or more awful meaning in his pallid lips than this dead sailor, for his face was at once accuser and judge of the criminal before him. And as Alonzo stood and stared at that sculptural mask, memory forced upon him another vision, another face, twin to this, except as woman never is twin to man, crowned with just such clustering gold, lit with such great blue eyes as he knew lay beneath those sealed lids; and he heard a voice saying in sonorous English accents, —

“Whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder!”

He turned away silently, and quitted the house like one in a dream; but as he left the door Pete's yellow dog leaped up and flew at him, and the trivial attack turned back the unwonted current of his thought. He kicked the creature out of

his path, and felt a fierce thrill of joy to think that just so this babbler had been flung from his track ; there was only the certificate now, and this he must coax out of Polly Mariner.

But Polly was not to be coaxed ; her black eyes snapped as she told him with serene but triumphant contempt that Parson Piper had it in his possession and was gone to Litchfield.

" 'Tain't no use to swear ! " she remarked blandly. " You can't get it to-day, nohow, and you can't onto it if you could. Black an' white don't lie ; " and Alonzo bitterly owned to himself that this was true.

However, he did see the certificate in due time, and vindicated the parson's penetration as well as Miss Polly's ; for no sooner had the document been placed in his hands than he tore it in pieces and threw them all from the open window, looking round to see only a calm smile on the parson's face, and to hear, —

" You have done no harm, young man ; that was but an attested copy, and there are more. Beside that, the original is not in reach."

Nothing now remained for the baffled man but to make the best of the situation, and the best was bad. The affair could not be kept from his mother, of course, and she was furious ; her rage all fell upon poor Clary, who found it easier to bear than the other anguish which had befallen her, and who did her best to please and serve her mistress, in the vain hope of some future peace. It so happened that her term of bondage was not quite over ; it had been specially extended in her case to her nineteenth year, because she was eleven years old when the authorities indentured her to Mrs. Jakeway. It might have been the first result of that woman's wrath to turn Clary out of the house ; but she could not do so legally, and when the first bursts of fury had expended themselves she felt that the girl's services were worth too much to part with, and

she could at least have the satisfaction of making her feel in every fibre what presumption and crime she had been guilty of, not only in daring to love Alonzo, but in supposing he really meant to marry her, and then in " turning up her nose at him," as Goody Jakeway expressed it, merely because she imagined he was married over seas ! So Clary's daily bread was doled out to her with a full allowance of coarse taunts, bitter reproaches, vulgar revilings, and the low but torturing scoffs a coarse and hard woman knows too well how to bestow on a sensitive, shrinking girl whom she has in her power. Truly she watered her food with her tears, and her nights were full of an anguish which the torments of the day only delayed till their hour and power should come upon her. But worst of all — far, far worse than his mother's fiercest tyranny — was the persistent endeavor of Alonzo to make her put aside her sense of right and duty and elope with him.

He swore by every oath he knew that the woman he once married in Liverpool was dead, — dead long ago ; but he could not prove it. Then he said the marriage never was legal, for there were no witnesses ; but this excuse revolted Clary more than his first subterfuge appeased her. He uttered every lie he could think of, and used every threat his experience suggested ; and when they all failed against the strength of a pure purpose in this fragile, heart-broken, wretched girl he pleaded with the traitor within her, divining in his devilish subtlety that she loved him as only a woman can love, in spite of his anger, his cruelty, his lies, or his attempts to make her as evil as himself. It was his tender words, the passion in his beautiful eyes, the thrill of sadness and longing in his voice, that shook and melted her very soul ; from which she withdrew, trembling and tempted, to fall on her knees and beg for strength from Heaven to deny herself as well as her lover. And

all this obstinacy, as he called it, only fired Alonzo's determination to obtain the prize. Had she been easy of attainment, no doubt his desire to marry her, once fulfilled, would have degenerated into coldness and indifference. It had indeed at first been rather as a matter of policy and gain that he proposed to give her a legitimate right to share his position in the house; but now he was in vital earnest about it, and the more strenuously she resisted anger, threat, or prayer, the more he set himself to form new plans to subdue her, and the more furiously he flung himself against all the obstacles that she opposed to him, — lying awake by night and brooding darkly by day over the invention of a new malice or a closer tightening of grip that might make her yield. For, once married, he could defy his mother and order her out of the house if he chose; while as to Mary Harris, he had long ceased to fear her, since her brother was dead, and she had nobody now to help or interfere for her.

Through all this summer it is not to be supposed Guy Morgan had forgotten the beautiful girl of Blisset tavern. Many an excuse he made to himself for extending his drives or rides as far as that little village; many a time the yellow gig and high-stepping black horse stopped before the door and were taken round to the barn, while he sat down to a common country dinner for the sake of being waited on by Clary. Deeper and deeper did the fair image that already occupied Guy Morgan's heart sink into that goodly abode, though Clary never had given him a sly look or a flitting smile. It was the old merry-go-round of life repeated. Guy loved her; she loved Alonzo; he loved — himself! and, knowing him to be jealous as no one but a selfish man can be, Clary dared not offer the commonest courtesies of life to any other man, much less Guy Morgan. She keenly appreciated this handsome young fellow's grace, refinement, high breeding,

and kindliness, but it was with a passion of self-devotion which only a woman in love — a woman like her — can know, that she rejoiced to keep even her outward manner cold and reserved except to him she loved. Polly Mariner's sharp eyes, however, soon perceived the situation. She knew very well that the Morgans would not countenance Guy's infatuation, and she knew too that he was a gentleman, — a word that meant something in those days, — and would not harm Clary in word or deed, so she only smiled to herself at the little drama before her; for, like most women, she held the love of a man to be a light matter, never vital, and rather enjoyed seeing masculine struggles upon the baited hook, just as a trout-fisher becomes interested in the beautiful creature that spins and splashes at the end of his companion's line.

But now, when Polly saw that Clary's troubles were growing heavier and more unendurable day by day, the courageous and sensible woman borrowed a tame old horse and rather dilapidated sulky, and set out for Litchfield alone, — on "law business," she said. She went to Guy Morgan's office, for he had begun to practice law, and laid the case before him, confiding to him certain steps she had already taken.

He heard her with ill-concealed rage and grief; but as the interview ended he said, —

"You have done all you can, Miss Mariner; you will not have to wait a great while, I think, for results. But meanwhile you must promise me that if any new development happens you will send for me at once. I suppose you will not leave Blisset?"

"My sakes! I guess not. I wouldn't leave there for nothing you could mention! She don't mistrust that I'm her friend, Clary don't. I've hed to fetch this trouble on to her. 'Faithful are the wovnds of a friend,' Scriptor says, but it don't say but what they hurt jest

as much as the wovnds of an inimy. I think they do wuss, becos you're kind of obleeged to keep in about 'em ; can't spit out, so to speak, as 't were."

Mr. Morgan smiled, and Polly, whipping up her old horse, drove back to Blisset, feeling as if she had some strong support to fall back on, whatever occurred. She would have relied on Parson Piper, but that worthy man lay at death's door with typhus fever, and if ever he recovered, which Dr. Root doubted, wagging his head with great solemnity, he would be months in getting back to life and strength again ; and Polly judged wisely in concluding that she should need some one having authority in any contention with Alonzo Jake-way.

About the end of August, when it seemed to Clary that endurance would fail and life with it, Alonzo appeared to be relieved from some pressure of thought and doubt that had long kept him meditative and gloomy. A dull fire lit his gray eyes with a sort of evil satisfaction ; and though his mother, with feminine persistence, kept up her nagging and reviling of poor Clary, and made her life a burden, he let the poor girl alone for a while, neither threatening nor coaxing her. Polly watched the whole thing steadily. She distrusted Alonzo none the less for his present forbearance. She would gladly have extended comfort to Clary, but the girl avoided her carefully, and seemed to shrink from her very sight ; so the good woman bided her time, not without wonder at the long delay of her measures for Clary's help, but with no fears as to their ultimate result.

It was now the second week in September, when one morning Alonzo Jakeway came down-stairs and asked his mother where she had put his scarlet stockings with gold clocks. These stockings were the pride of his heart, for he had a weakness for finery, and these scarlet hose of heavy silk, gold-

embroidered, he had brought with him from abroad, and they figured at every feast Blisset knew, in gorgeous contrast with a pair of black velvet breeches, a red satin vest, also gold-embroidered, and a coat of fine French cloth with silver buttons.

There was to be a wedding to-night in Goshen, and Alonzo's dress must be in readiness. Clary had ironed one of his new shirts, clear-starched the frill, and done up his laced cravat to a nicety, lingering over the task as if it were a pleasure, as indeed it still was her delight to do any service for the man she loved. But this morning he could not find the stockings, and great was his wrath ; he stormed and swore, and his mother hunted over all his possessions and her own too, but in vain. At length, with a face of dark menace, Alonzo left the house, and returned in two hours with the village constable and a search-warrant from the nearest justice of the peace, who lived in Noppit. On the authority of this, every room in the house was examined, — the hostler's hair trunk, the bags of a miller stopping over night on business, the chest of drawers in the school-teacher's room, who had just come there to board, and last of all Clary's little blue chest, where her small store of clothes lay in due order, with sprigs of cedar and sweet basil strewn amongst them.

There, in the folds of her best sprigged cotton gown, her only Sunday gown, lay the red stockings !

Clary was horror struck. Her dry lips could not part to speak ; her knees refused to support her ; she sunk into the nearest chair, and all the spectators cried out upon her guilty face.

So does man judge ! The very agony of insulted innocence is accepted as the aspect of guilt. Shame and horror hang out the same signals with convicted crime. There are not two ways for the blood to leave the heart, or to rush back to it, — one way of sin and another of

purity ; and Clary was condemned in the eyes of all who saw her by the very semblance of her guiltlessness.

But nothing availed her now ; not her solemn asseverations of innocence when speech at last returned.

Law and justice — if indeed it is not a matter of libel to mention these together — were somewhat ignorantly and clumsily administered in Blisset. A sudden trial was held before the Noppit justice. There were enough to swear that Clary had meant to marry Alonzo Jake-way, and the match had been broken off some time ; doubtless she bore him a grudge, accordingly, and stole the stockings in revenge.

This accusation struck poor Clary dumb. She knew such pitiful meanness was as far from her soul as earth from heaven ; but she could see that the judge, a heavy, plodding old farmer, believed it ; he judged her, as we all do other people, from his inward self, and the case was hopeless. It remained only for the constable to swear that he found the said red silken hose in her chest, hid in her Sunday gown, and the judge was outwardly as well as inwardly convinced. He pronounced her guilty, sentenced her to pay a fine of one hundred dollars, or, in default of ability to pay such fine within the two weeks ensuing, to receive thirty lashes on her bare back at the whipping-post on Blisset green ; and in the mean time to be conveyed to the lock-up, a bare little room with grated windows, above the store and post-office of the village, being partitioned off from the public hall, which occupied the second story of the store, and reached from the outside by an open stairway.

For the first time in her life Clary Kent fainted when she heard this sentence. Worn out with long suffering, constant labor, and the intense heat of the past summer, the flesh could not endure one more buffet from the spirit, and in a state of merciful senselessness

she was carried back to Blisset, taken up the outer stair, and left to recover as she might on the rough sacking cot provided for the rare occupants of the strong room.

When she came to herself she longed to faint again, for the whole force of the situation rushed upon her like a flood, and the judge's sentence was burnt in upon her brain as with hot irons. A hundred dollar fine ! and she had not a hundred cents. Another girl in her place might have gathered some small store from the generosity of the tavern guests, but Clary so disliked notice, was so sure to slip out quietly when her service was ended, that those who wished to give her money got no opportunity to do so, and those who would have given it from habit were glad of the chance to escape the tax. Guy Morgan would as soon have offered gold to the haughtiest woman in Boston as to Clary. Yet even if all these had bestowed gratuities upon her, she would have been nowhere near possessing a hundred dollars ; it was as unattainable to her as the wealth of Croesus.

And the alternative !

She had once accidentally passed the whipping-post when a man had paid the old-time penalty of stealing. An awful fascination chained the child, then only thirteen years old, to the spot ; but she had never forgotten the barbaric spectacle. She could see still the thongs that lashed him to the post, the bare, glistening back, the descending lash, the purple welt that followed ; she could recall with the distinctness of absolute vision the quiver of that sturdy figure, the groans he vainly tried to repress, the brutal jeers of the crowd, and the red blood that splattered on to the snow under the victim's feet. And all this lay before her ! All ? A thousand-fold more, for she was a woman, and the lash was no more dreadful in her eyes than the exposure of her sacred person, the violence done to her virgin modesty.

She did not once think of hope. Her nature had been so long crushed into earth by misfortune and suffering that her first impulse was to despair. She fell off the cot on to her knees, and, prostrate on the floor, prayed with the whole force of a desperate soul that God would let her die before the day of her trial came.

From this absorption she was roused by the trembling voice of Polly Mariner, who had climbed the stair and was calling her through the grated door. Clary rose, and looked at her with a shudder.

"Keep up your heart, child! — keep up!" sobbed Polly, crying as much with rage as with sorrow, for she had only just heard the story, and referred the whole thing to its right source directly. "You'll be took care of; there's them will see to 't. Look here; I've fetched ye a blanket an' a big sheet. It's warm weather, but September sunshine ain't reliable; mabbe you'll want bedclothes. And I've spoke to the constable, an' he's goin' to fetch ye a piller and uthin' to eat. You won't be here long, noways. I'm a-goin' over to Litchfield, post-haste, to fetch help. Keep up your sperits."

"Oh, Miss Polly," sighed the girl, inspired with hope by the cheery voice and assurance, "can anybody help me?"

"Land, yes! Anybody can pay your fine, can't they? I could myself, ef I had the dollars. I hain't got 'em, but I'll get 'em."

A thrill of stronger hope awoke in the girl's heart.

"Oh, then I know Lon will pay it! He will! he will! Oh, I ain't a bit afraid, Miss Polly; he'll get me out."

"He!" ejaculated Polly, with a scorn type is powerless to express. "He help you! Why, if you war n't in trouble, I should say you was the biggest fool in Blisset. Why, if you knowed beans, you'd know he was to the bottom of all

on 't. Do you expect them stockin's walked into your chist an' crawled inside o' your gown of themselves?"

Clary's eyes grew dark with horror; it was true, somebody must have put them there.

"May be 't was her," she said tremulously; meaning, as Polly well knew, Goody Jakeway.

"Not a bit of it; she's ugly enough, but she ain't 'cute enough. Besides, she don't want to lose ye; she's buzzin' round now like a bee in a tar barrel to get somebody to help her, but there won't none o' the decent gals in Blisset go where Lon Jakeway is."

Clary did not notice this small scoff which Polly really could not help giving; she only went on, —

"I know Lonzo will pay for me. Why, Polly, he — he likes me!" and here a warm blush suffused her beautiful face. "He — well, I never told anybody before, but he wants to marry me just the same. He says that woman's dead, and I only waited to be sure; he's promised to find out. Do you think he'd let me be whipped?" Her piteous voice changed to a ring of scornful triumph as she asked the question, but Polly responded promptly, —

"Yes, I do; but there's them that won't. I'll fix it. Land! there's three-o'clock bell over to Noppit; lecter preparatory, but I ain't goin'. I must hurry up. Good-by child; I'll be here airy in the mornin'. Keep up your sperits!"

But "spirits" will not come at call, and Clary sank into despondence as soon as Polly's face disappeared. She was roused again by the constable, who fetched her some supper and a pillow, and when dusk fell, worn out by emotion, she laid her weary limbs along the cot and fell fast asleep.

It was at the dead of night that she awoke, hearing her name again; this time it was Alonzo Jakeway; her heart bounded as she recognized his voice. But it sank to deeper depths when he

made known the object of his visit: it was to tell her that if she would marry him at once he would pay the fine and set her free. Here was a trial fit for a martyr of old time; she had but to do that which her heart had all along prompted, and she was saved. But there was one question first to ask:—

"You know I did n't steal them, Lon?"

"I do' know who knows it better," was the surly reply. "Look here, Clary Kent, I've got ye now, tight and sure. I've planned and plotted on't along back, so's it should be tight and sure. I put them stockin's there, for I meant to get a grip on ye. Now take your choice,—to be stripped and whipped, or marry me. If you're a half-way decent gal, you won't demur much."

Clary sprang back from the grating, all her blood on fire with the dastardly insult. She seemed to grow tall and strong; her voice, softer than any cooing flute, took on the ring of a clarion.

"Go away!" she said. "I had rather die than marry you now, Lonzo Jake-way!"

"Wait a bit!" he sneered. "I guess a fortnight'll change your mind; bread an' water and locked doors is pretty convincin'," and with an evil laugh he turned away and stole softly down the stairs.

Poor Clary! this was her bitterest hour. The bandage was torn from her eyes, and she saw the man—no! not the man she loved, but the real man, who had borne about as a garment the image and superscription of her God. Death would not have been as hard. In the agony of bereavement and disgust she tossed on her pallet till daybreak, and then she heard a heavy foot-step toil up the stairs; it was Polly Mariner. She said, trying to smile,—

"Well, dear, I can't fetch it about today. The feller that's got the money he's took an' gone off to Boston of an arrand, but he'll come back,—yes, he

will; he's a-comin' shortly, and I've left a billet for him. You'll hev to stay here a spell, mabbe, but it'll all come right."

Clary looked at her with dull eyes. "There won't ever anything come right any more," she said, stupidly; and this was the fixed belief of her soul.

In vain Polly brought her food of the nicest she could prepare, decent clothing, a Bible, a hymn-book, Boston's Fourfold State, and Jenks's Devotion, her whole store of literary amusement; or thrust through her grating early apples and late peaches, or musky bunches of wild grapes; she could not coax a smile over the beautiful wan face, or instill a spark of hope into the breaking heart.

She had told Clary the truth as far as it went. She found Guy Morgan had gone to Boston, and she left a letter to be given him as soon as he returned; but for security the black boy who waited on the office slipped the queer, ragged note into a legal volume, and then forgot all about it. Polly's errand had been vainer than she knew.

So the days wore on; Clary still in the dull desolation that possessed her, and Polly fuming to herself at Guy's delay. She would have made another journey to Litchfield, but she dare not leave Clary alone; some vague fear was always present with her when she saw or recalled the girl's set face; so she waited as well as she could, not for Guy alone, but for the result of measures she had taken long before to deliver Clary from Alonzo's net. More than once or twice in the dead of night the desperate man visited Clary again, and poured threats and persuasions through the grating, but never did he receive any answer of word or look. Still he clung to the belief that at the last moment he should conquer, and went away in that conviction; for he could no more understand her pure and lofty nature than a worm of earth can interpret the seraphs of heaven.

At last the end of these weary hours drew near. Miss Polly, grown desperate, dispatched Pete Stebbins by sunrise to Litchfield with a strenuous message to Guy Morgan. But the day crept on and he did not come, for the axle of Pete's old wagon gave out half-way there, and he had first to clear the road of the obstruction, and then walk the remaining five miles; happily for Polly she knew nothing of this delay. It was the first day of October, and the languid splendor of early autumn brooded in soft glory over the low hills about Blisset; the woods were lit here and there by a scarlet bough, and one great maple like a torch of fire flamed on the little green; nothing stirred, but the sad chirping of the crickets rose sharp and grievous as a dirge from the damp grass, and now and then a wailing south wind shed a bright leaf softly to the ground. A ring of curious people crowded already about the whipping-post, and close by it stood Alonzo Jakeway, waiting for his victim's appearance.

Just at ten o'clock the constable came down the stairs of the strong room leading Clary; her white feet were bare below her short stuff petticoat, revealing their exquisite shape and dimpled beauty, and over her shoulders a dark blue blanket was loosely thrown.

In her cell she had only the simplest necessities of toilet, so she had knotted the rich masses of her hair loosely on the top of her head, tucking in the ends to keep it in place as well as she could. Her beautiful, despairing face was like molded alabaster, so pure, so pallidly transparent, and her great brown eyes were filled with unutterable woe; she was brought forward, and her hands passed around the post and lashed there. Alonzo Jakeway went up to her and whispered a word. She looked at him as one who saw him not; but when the constable, with sudden roughness, tore the blanket from her shoulders, and the sculptural shoulders and ivory neck were

bared to sight, over every glistening surface and perfect outline a scarlet flush swept like the reflection of sudden flame, and in the agony of outraged womanhood an appeal burst from her parted lips:—

“O Lon! Lon! save me!”

But like a tiger gloating over his prey, the man, who was less man than brute, stood moveless. A fierce and bestial joy filled his soul: he saw this proud girl humbled to the ground, and was greedily glad; his hunger of wrath and revenge tasted blood, and as his red and eager eyes met hers with a look of scorn the uplifted lash descended along those snowy shoulders, and a piercing, horrid shriek rent the air as a long purple welt marked the smooth and polished skin. But hardly was the constable's arm raised again when something burst madly through the crowd; the whip was torn from his hands; the thongs that bound her cut apart; and as if the lash had stung her to life Clary's first instinctive motion was to lift her hand, and loosening her heavy hair drop its dusk veil over her shoulders. She did not see how like a flash Alonzo Jakeway was sent flat to the ground, nor yet that the interposer in this drama was Guy Morgan, whose black horse stood now foaming and panting while his master counted out the fine to the indignant constable. Polly Mariner, sobbing and chattering, got a big camlet cloak about poor Clary and led her away to her own house.

And now into this homely drama, in the commonplace chariot of a creaking chaise, entered another actor, who should have been here long before if winds and waves had not delayed Polly Mariner's letter to Liverpool. When Alonzo Jakeway recovered from the thorough thrashing which Guy Morgan proceeded to give him with the same lash that had seared Clary's shoulders, his eyes opened on the living face of Mary Harris, his wife, to whom Polly Mariner had

written, sending all her little savings that she might come to Blisset and prove her rights.

It was in the eternal fitness of things that she should never after forgive Polly for this intervention, for on her head, with the cowardice and brutality of his nature, Alonzo visited his anger and unsated cruelty; and no one who knew him expected any better result. But she had saved Clary from the like fate, Polly thought, and that was enough for her; for to no human being did the poor girl ever reveal her midnight interviews and her murdered affection. Clary lay long at Polly Mariner's house ill of a dreadful fever, and when at last she recovered, Heaven visited her, in mercy, with utter oblivion of the past; she was even more intelligent and lovely than ever, but her memory was a blank. Under Polly's care she was taken to Boston, and put in charge of an old lady, one of Guy's friends, who was rich and lonely, and romantic enough even in her age to sympathize with young love.

Here the poor girl found shelter, protection, and affection in her new world

of consciousness; and here she received for a few years the training and education of a lady.

It was nothing to her that Alonzo Jakeway became a hopeless drunkard and died like his father before him, or that Polly Mariner, her truest friend, fell a victim to that typhus fever which decimates some New England towns at uncertain intervals.

Clary had no past; and if ever her awakening intelligence questioned it, she was always answered that she was an orphan, and Mrs. Grey had taken her when she was very ill. In time Guy Morgan visited her, and renewed the attentions she did not remember; and now she received them with shy sweetness, for she loved him as fervently as she had loved Alonzo. After their marriage he went to live in a flourishing Western city, and Clary was for a life-time the pride and delight of his home and heart; transmitting her beauty as a heritage to children and grandchildren, who are to this day as ignorant as she mercifully remained till the hour of her death of Clary's Trial.

Rose Terry Cooke.

IN A LIBRARY.

I.

In my friend's library I sit alone,
Hemmed in by books. The dead and living there,
Shrined in a thousand volumes rich and rare,
Tower in long rows, with names to me unknown.
A dim, half-curtained light o'er all is thrown.
A shadowed Dante looks with stony stare
Out from his dusky niche. The very air
Seems hushed before some intellectual throne.
What ranks of grand philosophers, what choice
And gay romancers, what historians sage,
What wits, what poets, on those crowded shelves!
All dumb forever, till the mind gives voice
To each dead letter of each senseless page,
And adds a soul they own not of themselves!

II.

A miracle—that man should learn to fill
 These little vessels with his boundless soul;
 Should through these arbitrary signs control
 The world, and scatter broadcast at his will
 His unseen thoughts, in endless transcript still
 Fast multiplied o'er lands from pole to pole
 By magic art; and, as the ages roll,
 Still fresh as streamlets from the Muses' hill.
 Yet in these alcoves tranced, the lords of thought
 Stand bound as by enchantment; signs or words
 Have none to break the silence. None but they
 Their mute, proud lips unlock who here have brought
 The key. Them as their masters they obey.
 For them they talk and sing like uncaged birds.

Christopher P. Cranch.

COLERIDGE AS POET AND MAN.

I.

As imaginative men—novelists, poets, painters, historians—delight in re-clothing again and again and presenting under various aspects the famous dead of different epochs, so do we all like to see these artists themselves, as they stand before us in their works, habited anew from time to time. A new edition is somewhat like a newly discovered portrait of the author. It often gilds more than the edges of the pages. In the collection of British Poets who are gathered together in the Riverside edition¹ like figures on a classic frieze, motionless yet full of life, Coleridge and Keats go hand in hand; a companionship of pain and pleasure which tempts us to discuss them together. But in the space of one essay this would hardly be profitable. Originality, too, demands solitariness so strongly that it is better to consider an original genius alone, even in criticism. The maxim will serve us at least in fixing our attention upon Coleridge separately.

¹ *The Poetical Works of Coleridge and Keats, with a Memoir of each.* Four vols. in two. New

Most poets flower first and strike root afterward. Their earlier poems spring from an impulse powerful out of all proportion to their experience, and bloom to our eyes like mysterious air-flowers, growing rootless, we hardly know how, fed by a vital inspiration of beauty or longing that we cannot define. Later, the song becomes united with the solid ground of fact: study, reflection, observation, actual suffering, or enlarged enjoyment serve as nurture-bringing fibres which, thrown out searchingly in all directions, constantly supply new force to the productive faculty. Where that faculty is deeply and enduringly original the nature of the outgrowth remains always the same essentially, though subject, form, and strength may change. So with Coleridge, for the history of his mind's supply we must look into his prose works—the multifarious interests there spreading, intersecting, tangled together, wasting as well as absorbing energy—and into the narrative of his life. But in the poems themselves we find, from the beginning, though faint at first,

York: Hurd and Houghton. Boston: H. O. Houghton & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1878.

the quality which makes them real,— makes them priceless. To this quality life and character and varied research all ministered.

In the original edition of *The Friend*, he wrote: "Long and early habits of exerting my intellect in metrical composition have not so enslaved me but that for some years I have felt, and deeply felt, that the poet's high functions were not my proper assignment; that many may be worthy to listen to the strains of Apollo, neighbors of the sacred choir and able to discriminate and feel and love its genuine harmonies, yet not therefore called to receive the harp in their own hands, and join in the concert." This was in 1809, when he had already written most of the poems upon which his fame rests, including the *Ancient Mariner*. He left out a long passage containing these words from the later edition; but even had he himself adhered to the opinion, and if much of the claim made for him as a philosopher be allowed, it remains true that his wide studies in history, philosophy, literature, and politics are tributary to his verse. "Poetry is the identity of all knowledges," he has said in one place. Like Emerson and Matthew Arnold, Coleridge found in rhythmic utterance the last gratification of the desire for perfected form; but with him it was a greater necessity than it has been with either of these. It soothed his restless spirit by giving melody to passion and sorrow,—the delirium of intellectual and sensuous joy imposed upon the delirium of suffering and annulling it. With Emerson and Arnold it is more a sense of refining workmanship and a desire for reduction or portableness that leads to the choice of verse,—so far as analysis may profess to limit a thing so indefinable and mysterious as the poetic instinct. In minds whose thought (besides falling into the primitive motion of

language, namely, rhythm and music) leaves large deposits of prose, the latter gradually chokes the fountain. The golden rill of Emerson's poetry ceased, while essays still continued to be formed. Matthew Arnold employs himself with putting in position one beautifully polished block of argument after another. And who can say what would have befallen the *Paradise Lost* and *Samson Agonistes* had Milton not retired from catapultic controversy?

We listen to Matthew Arnold more reverently because of the knowledge that a share of the divine gift has been his also. Similarly, in the poems of Coleridge a thrill reaches us from all that wisdom so ill arranged and cumbrously clothed in his other works, and here, too, are gathered all the divergent rays reflected from his life; so that in Coleridge as poet we have the man, the thinker, the bard, combined.

It is the sense of a person and a spirit addressing us, as distinguished from a merely argumentative, reasoning mind, that in these cases so endears to us the poetic voice. There is the magic of a *tone*, here, which even the most original and strongly individualized prose does not always carry in equal degree.

If, for a starting-point, we ask ourselves what elements make up the quality that has given these poems their hold, two naturally present themselves: Coleridge's sensibility to suffering and sorrow, and that faculty of complete surrender to a vision upborne in melody which—whether we call it poetic rage, divination, possession, or by any other name inadequate as all must be—exercises a kind of odylie sway, mesmerizing not only the listener, but the composer himself.¹ The simple instinct for truth, which is every poet's, does not make the whole of this faculty I speak of. There must be with such instinct a gift of supreme musical intuition, so that

¹ The Greek word for seer or prophet (*μᾶντις*) and that meaning to rage (*μαίνομαι*) both of which come from a root indicating search or desire, and

by reduplication signifying the greatest intensity of onward longing, express this self-surrendering faculty best.

the minstrel shall wrap himself oblivious in the eddies of his song, and become lost in the magic of his own incantation. The union of this gift and this instinct in high degree does not come to many men. The Hebrew prophets are exponents of it; Pindar grandly exercised it; we find it in Shakespeare, Hugo, Keats, Shelley, Swinburne. Schiller was swayed and sways by it, sometimes; but not Goethe. Two of our American poets disclose it: Edgar Poe, and Whitman in work like his poem on the death of Lincoln. Readers will at once recognize the mesmeric presence in the *Christabel* and the *Ancient Mariner*; but it is nowhere more intense and striking than in the pulsing verse, the abrupt transitions and rhapsodic images of the *Kubla Khan*.

"The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.

"It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such deep delight 't would win me
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware, Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise!"

Is it possible to trace the growth of the self-surrendering power exemplified here?

II.

I have said that Coleridge's genius blossomed before it had fairly taken root. But many of the earlier buds were pallid, unhealthy, futile; some even

resembling prematurely withered husks. The Poems Written in Youth are obscured with rubbish, from which a few surprising beauties peep out here and there. On the one side we have absurdities like the *Kisses*, the tepid *Monody* on a *Tea-Kettle*, the lines *To a Young Ass*, its Mother being Tethered near It; a strain aptly continued in the extraordinary title, *On Revisiting the Seashore*, under Strong Medical Recommendation not to Bathe, which is now somewhat oddly placed among poems of love. But on the other side we have a gracefully imaged allegory, the *Time*, Real and Imaginary, and among the boyish verses some lines entitled *Genevieve*, which not only give the name afterward employed in the *Love*, but also intimate something of the then uncreated beauty of this poem. Of the otherwise valueless little effusion to *Sara*, too, the closing lines bring us an awakening murmur of the sentimental charm that breathes from a full chord in the *Love* : —

"Well-pleased I hear the whispered 'No!'
The whispered 'No' — how little meant!
Sweet falsehood, that endears consent!
For on those lovely lips the while
Dawns the soft, relenting smile,
And tempts with feigned dissuasion coy
The gentle violence of joy."

But what it is to our present purpose especially to note is the muttering of that precocious melancholy, that languid sadness, which, however, had its place in the development of Coleridge's peculiar fascination. This pensiveness that hung like a net about him, and doubtless often impeded his movements, became a charm to work with when combined with a fertile mood, a congenial theme, and that sudden, rapt inspiration which drew to itself all the writer's energy, fused and utilized at one heat all his nice investigations in the art of verse, and produced a delicious intoxication of sound and meaning. In the *Sigh*, dated at the age of twenty-two, he makes preface with these words : —

"When Youth his faery reign began,
Ere sorrow had proclaimed me man."

Just what period this faery reign was held to have covered it would be curious to know. Coleridge's life had assuredly not been a bright and smiling one. To take no more than the scanty evidence of his own allusions, we find him three years before, in an ode on leaving school, exclaiming, in language stereotyped enough, —

"Ah me! too mindful of the days
Illumed by Passion's orient rays,
When Peace and Cheerfulness and Health
Enriched me," etc.

In his autobiographical letters he speaks of himself, even before the time of his father's death, as having become "fretful, timorous, and a tell-tale," tormented by his school-mates; dreamy, slothful, "inordinately passionate," and controlled by vanity and a contempt for most of those with whom he came in contact. This is not a happy picture. It was clearly not a "faery reign." The reverted gaze and the regret for something past struck the young poet as pleasing and appropriate, when writing at nineteen and twenty-two: accordingly, he adopted that common attitude. But he was sad by temperament, ingloriously mournful both at the beginning and at the high noon of life.

"And sweeter than the gentle southwest wind
O'er willow meads and shadowed waters creeping."

This is the comparison he adopts for love's first hope, in the earliest of his

¹ Here, by the way, is the earliest instance of Coleridge's appropriation of another man's words. This line is owed to a verse in Southey's *Retrospect* (1794). Coleridge first met Southey at Oxford, in April, 1794. The question of Coleridge's plagiarisms, however, has been made too much of. The borrowing of a line from a friend was nothing extraordinary, considering the freedom with which lines were then exchanged, or supplied on a pinch by one poet to another, as a sort of credit currency in the hands of him who could make the best use of it. It was a more serious matter, incorporating seven lines from a sonnet by Favell with his *Monody* on Chatterton, and not acknowledging them, when he gave credit for others from the same source. He was accused in 1796 of plagiarizing from Rogers, and defended

school-day fragments. It is the willowy meads and shadowed waters, with their slow suggestion of inert sadness, that occupy his fancy. In his tenth sonnet, still during the season of the youthful poems, he harps still on happier years:

"Yet fair, though faint, their images shall gleam
Like the bright rainbow on a willow stream."

He has himself given some explanation of this seeming contradiction between the fact that he had no such bright years to look back to and the fact of his repeatedly speaking as if he had, where — in the lines to a young lady, with a poem on the French Revolution — he confesses, —

"Much on my early youth I love to dwell,
Ere yet I bade that friendly dome farewell,

Yet, though the hours flew by on careless wing,
Fall heavily of sorrow would I sing.
Aye, as the star of evening flung its beam
In broken radiance on the wavy stream,
My soul amid the pensive twilight gloom
Mourned with the breeze, O Lee Boo, o'er thy tomb."

We can imagine the blue-and-yellow-coated charity boy, pacing the cloisters of the old Christ School, and musing over the death of this other boy, the young prince of the Pelew Islands, who had come to England and perished there by small-pox; and how this became to him an event of tragic might, a factor in his emotional development.

"No knell that tolled, but filled my anxious eye,
And suffering nature wept that one should die."¹

In the *Lines Written at Shurton Bars*, in 1795, a month before his marriage, himself by a counter-charge, afterward withdrawn. Then came, years later, De Quincey's complaints of purloinings from Schelling. A review of the evidence shows that Coleridge's want of order doubtless led to the omission of credit in this case; and his memory played him extraordinary pranks, as when he published without signature among his own poems Lamb's sonnet to Mrs. Siddons, which had appeared in a previous edition with Lamb's initials. Frederika Bremer's poem on Mont Blanc is not mentioned, though it doubtless suggested the Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni. Without that, the hymn might not have been written; being written it utterly extinguishes the suggestive German. Coleridge could have afforded here to adopt the bold policy of his title to the poem on a Cataract, "improved from Stolberg."

he tells how, "Ere peace with Sara came," it would have been sweet to him to pace alone beneath the light-house tower, —

"And there in black, soul-jaundiced fit
A sad, gloom-pampered man to sit,
And listen to the roar."

His predilection was for gloom and dread and pity. This, indeed, is the one uniform feature of the juvenile poems which arrests attention. The mood of seemingly causeless melancholy and introverted mourning is inseparable from the youth of most poets; but in Coleridge the effusions of it are monotonous and open to the charge which, in introducing them, he says is often brought against similar compositions, namely, that of "querulous egotism." To a mind coming, as all must, haunted by echoes of Coleridge's fame, to read these youthful poems for the first time, they will infallibly be disappointing. But, on a review, gleams of the future splendor break out. From the general conventionality of the *Monody on the Death of Chatterton* spring a few lines beating with the rhythmic ardor that triumphed absolutely in poems of a period not much later. Then there is the noble sonnet on Burke: —

"Thee stormy Pity and the cherished lure
Of Pomp, and proud Precipitance of soul,
Wildered with meteor fires," —

a strain of meditative eloquence which, in its way, the poet hardly surpassed at any time; and that other sonnet to Schiller, lifted by a potent and sudden gust of inspiration above his ordinary level at the period, and all athrob with feeling. The *Destiny of Nations*, giving some hint of his sympathy with popular liberty and progress, is otherwise barren. "I rest all my poetical credit on the *Religious Musings*," he declared, in 1796; but neither this nor the *Destiny of Nations* are to be named with great or inspired poetry, though in the *Musings* there are a few strong notes, like echoes in a rocky cañon.

Not until we turn to the *Sibylline Leaves*, first issued together when the author had reached the age of forty-four, but mainly produced within a few years after his marriage at twenty-three, do we get the real stress and power of his genius. Here in the *Lewti* are the softly clouded mood, the evasive yet ensnaring melody, the quick succession of images which we have learned to recognize at the first touch as belonging to his recondite individuality: —

"The moon was high, the moonlight gleam
And the shadow of a star
Heaved upon Tamaha's stream;
But the rock shone brighter far, —
The rock half sheltered from my view
By pendent boughs of tressy yew:
So shines my Lewti's forehead fair,
Gleaming through her sable hair."

And then we have the beautiful description of the thin cloud in the sky and the swans, their rest broken, moving in moonlight on the river. Not since the early lines on Genevieve had he written anything so direct, so natural, yet so original and alluring. In this poem, of the year 1795 (how different from the *Shurton Bars*!), he rose at once and with the greatest ease to the fashioning of a perfect nocturne, when nearly everything done before had been weak and very far from perfect. The *Ode to the Departing Year* (1796) brings with it again something of the mystic passion that we expect from the full-statured Coleridge; and we find a new inspiration in the *France*, with its grand invocation, and its epode which imparts so noble a joy in liberty. "While on the sea cliff's verge I stood," he says,

"And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,
Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty, my spirit felt thee there!"

Not only individual love, but this all-embracing passion as well, had come to mellow his song. His soul had suddenly and swiftly awaked to larger sympathies. From the faint and lachrymose musings and regrets of adolescence; from pinings over Lee Boo and others, and gratitude to Bowles for "those soft strains" which

soothed him, yet "the big tear renewed;" — from all this he was caught up and carried away by the culmination of a republican and human fervor, roused to indignation against his own selfish England, and to tortured ecstasy over the mingled idealism and atrocity of France. His democratic, possibly agrarian sentiments had appeared in a line here and there before, but had not been lifted into sustained poetic expression until the writing of these odes. His style, too, in the *Destiny of Nations* and *Religious Musings* was Cowperized Milton; the ink, we may say, being dried to some extent with Southey's sand. He now attained to a voice of his own, and one singularly fresh when compared with those which had given the pitch till then, — Pope, Addison, Goldsmith, Rogers. A year before his marriage, he had said, addressing the "contemplant spirits" that hover about the throne of God, —

"I, haply journeying my immortal course,
Shall sometime join your mystic choir. Till then
I discipline my young and novice heart
In ministeries of heart-stirring song;"

but the heart was not visibly stirred until the date of the *Departing Year*. He himself tells us, in those lines to a young lady, before referred to, that it was when slumbering Freedom came and "scattered battles from her eyes" that the patriot fire was kindled in him, and his mind forsook those feebler woes that had hitherto absorbed it. This confession to the young lady belongs to the year 1792, and the *Ode on France* bears the mark of 1797; by that time the enthusiasm for freedom had manifested itself in an enduring form.

I am particular about these dates, because we have now to observe a very important fact in the chronology of the poet's mind. When Coleridge was twenty-two, that is in 1794, after the break in his academic course caused by his enlisting as a light dragoon, he left Cambridge, made a pedestrian tour in Wales, and then joined Southey at Bristol,

where he met Miss Fricker, his future wife and the sister of the lady whom Southey afterwards wedded. In October of the next year, he was married. Then two years were passed in a whirlpool of changing plans, postponements of work, removal from place to place, the unsuccessful publication of the *Watchman*. His first book of poems was printed during this inauspicious beginning of a responsible career. Finally he returned to Stowey, and took a house there. Wordsworth and his sister were neighbors, at Alfoxden, and the happiest epoch in Coleridge's life followed, crossed though it was by pangs of suffering, haunted by the very palpable ghost of poverty. It was here, also, that he first took opium, to relieve a terrible neuralgic or rheumatic pain. This was on November 5, 1796. In the last days of the next month, he wrote the *Ode to the Departing Year*. In the following year, note again, he wrote the *Ancient Mariner*, the *Love*, the first part of *Christabel*, the *Dark Ladie*, the *Kubla Khan*, and his tragedy of *Remorse*.

Here is a coincidence of some import. In 1796 he had begun using opium, a habit which clung to him for the best part of his long remaining life; and in 1797 he composed those several poems which have given him his distinctive fame, — the poems that stand preëminent for that melodious exaltation, that quality of intoxicated style, which, as I have said, is his ruling characteristic. In the genuineness of this rapt Pindaric ecstasy, he is unequaled by any English poet. Are we then to attribute the sudden and prodigal fruition of so unique a form of fantasy, with its attendant marvel of expression, to the operation of opium on the brain?

A similar question has been mooted in the case of Thomas De Quincey, and in an essay upon that writer¹ I tried incidentally to show that the constitution

¹ See *Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1877. (Vol. xl. No. 241.)

of his mind and body, rather than the use of a drug, gave to his genius its peculiar magnifying power; that his style, too, instead of gaining in splendor under the influence of opium, was plainly inferior while he was writing immediately under that influence. With Coleridge, as we have just seen, the converse is true. Having accomplished the age of twenty-four, with no more than a few brief bursts of eloquence or delicate rays of beauty, in all his verse, from which greatness might be augured, he subjects himself to laudanum, and at once pours out within a few months that short succession of darkly beautiful, unsurpassable chants that are to make him immortal. Yet we must not give too much weight to this as a relation of cause and effect. If emanations so wonderful were due to opium, they should have continued with the prolonged taking of opium. Its stimulating effect would in time be weakened; but since the same mind went on producing poetry, we should expect to see the peculiar opium quality manifest itself from time to time. But it did not do so with Coleridge. This year of opulent achievement passed, — the year 1797, — Coleridge continued poetic composition, from which, however, the special visionary power we are considering was almost wholly absent. Its dreamy radiance rests a while on the few lines written for the beginning of the Wanderings of Cain, and streams through the second part of Christabel; but it is weaker than in the Kubla. The fact that this poem rose in the author's mind while he was asleep from the effect of an opiate is pertinent to our inquiry. And here it may be said that portions of the drama of Remorse might have received their color in part from "wildly-working visions" induced by laudanum. Isidore in the cavern seems to describe to Ordonio the very sensations of horror recorded by De Quincey and others as proceeding from opium, even to the fine, needle-pointed pricking of the skin: —

"An arm of frost above and from behind me
Plucked up and snatched me backward.

If every atom of a dead man's flesh
Should creep, each one with a particular life,
Yet all as cold as ever — 't was just so!
Or had it drizzled needle-points of frost
Upon a feverish head made suddenly bald."

This passage is a direct transcript of the pains of opium, but evidently of the pains in recollection. It cannot, therefore, be called an example of *influence*. Moreover, it is well to remind ourselves that the peculiarities of the Remorse, the lurid and phantom-like play of incident and emotion, stand in no more need of physiological explanation than Byron's Manfred. We cannot so easily set bounds to the swing of the unaided imagination. Let us admit that without the opiate and a passage from Purchas's Pilgrimage acting on Coleridge's brain, we should not have had the Kubla. It is equally true that we should not have had it if the brain had been another than Coleridge's. Every poet has his main productive epoch, be it shorter or longer: we have seen how it came early to Coleridge, bringing him the crown of his poetic existence, and in its full glory left him almost as the year did. Nothing could have been more natural than that a quick ripening of his genius should follow upon marriage; it took place as soon as he gave himself time to rest in one spot. The presence of Wordsworth, too, probably stimulated him. A certain amount of ill health and the interposition of opium would also heighten his sensibility. But all that these or other agencies could effect would be to bring out that power of creative harmony that was in him from his birth.

III.

We have now in some measure explained to ourselves the growth of the self-surrendering power, the capacity for yielding to an intoxication of melodious

sound and mystic sense, which we had set out to study. But we by no means explain that rhapsodic gift. It is something beyond explanation. Could we read into the dim, ancestral history of the Coleridgean mind, we should at least be able to establish some of the sources of his mental endowment; ascertain what race put the controlling poetic instinct into his blood; and how the hidden fountain of tendency had collected itself in one brain after another, until at last it jetted up with dazzling rainbow sparkle in the poetry of this modern and unexampled bard. Bard he truly was, as Lamb in a famous passage called him (though doubtless using the word conventionally); for the supreme quality of his inspiration, on which we must dwell continually, was akin to that of the harpers, whose voices sounded anciently along the valleys of legendary Wales or in the heroic courts of Ireland. Among the verses of his boyish years are found some lines imitated from Ossian, and the Complaint of Ninathoma, besides a love-song from the Welsh, — the last more redolent of modern fancy than of antique bardic feeling; but its nativity is suggestive. At all events, these early scraps show the poet's sympathy with Ossian, even if we must confess that, in the manner of other poets who have versified McPherson's adaptations, he utterly lost their spirit in adding to them rhythm and metre. He was moved by the Ossianic chants, which, as well as the Welsh romances, are Celtic, and the peculiar, identifying genius of the Christabel and the Ancient Mariner is also purely Celtic in its nature. The suggestion of this note would of course be found in old Scotch and English ballads, whence he probably took it; but I cannot rid myself of a belief that there was a deeper connection than this, a vein of ancestral sympathy that worked to produce the transfigured beauty of old Celtic genius which we see in Coleridge. Great sensibility

and an aversion to the actual are traits of the Celtic mind. The poet's tearfulness in his youthful songs; his extreme susceptibility to enthusiasm, despair, and pain; his revolt against the limits of circumstances, and alternate reachings after relief through stimulants and narcotics, or through research into spiritual truths, and the bent of his mind towards the supernatural are all indicative of the two traits just mentioned. It is probable that in future the study of English literature, and in especial poetry, will receive an enlarged meaning and take a deeper drift from the sifting of race tendencies. But Coleridge, not altogether conscious of the secret of his power, ceased to follow the lure of supernaturalism; and even in so fine a ballad as that of Alice Du Clos — a product of his last period — there is more of the regular ballad style and succinct, connected action, with less of deep, inner music and shadow-woven beauty, than in his greatest poems. He unhappily left what none but he could do, to write poems resembling more nearly what others were capable of.

Different as the later poems are in form and direction, an inward harmony, a fine balance of parts, filled some portions of them with superb beauty. Indeed, I have heard the poet Lowell quote, as embodying the music of the language perhaps more completely than any other four lines, these from the poem *On a Cataract* : —

"It embosoms the roses of dawn,
It entangles the shafts of the noon,
And into the bed of its stillness
The moonshine sinks down as in slumber."

Each verse of this possesses a rhythmic being of its own, though the first two verses and the last two have a structure common to themselves. And how wonderfully, with the change from the anapestic measure of the second to the amphibrachs of the third, the melody glides into that restful cadence, —

"The moonshine sinks down as in slumber!"

This was written well on in life. Other passages of signal mellifluousness may be found here and there in the blank verse; for although in this metre Coleridge was weak at first, and never so completely a master as in others, he attained to a mellowness in it, during the latest period, productive of fine effects. The Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni seems to be pitched to a solemn organ accompaniment; and in that most generous and touching address to Wordsworth, after hearing him read his Prelude, there are chords of sweetness so phrased that we almost fancy their resonance broken by half-checked sobs. In Glycine's song, in the second act of *Zapolya*, there is an exquisite recurrence of the old melodiousness and picturing power of youth in this glimpse of the "enchanted bird" which the girl tells of:—

"He sank, he rose, he twinkled, he trolled
Within that shaft of sunny mist;
His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,
All else of amethyst!"

Although *Zapolya* did not come before the world until twenty years after the composition of *Remorse*, this song of Glycine's carries us back to that great year of production from which the tragedy dates, with its incantation:—

"And at evening evermore,
In a chapel on the shore,
Shall the chanter, sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chant for thee,
Miserere Domine!"

In recalling these last verses, we can almost imagine that it is Poe who speaks. Poe no doubt studied Coleridge in a receptive mood; but he likewise had an inborn sense for the supernatural, and he was of Irish descent. It is therefore worth remarking that in this American poet, of admitted originality, inventive in metre and captivated with wayward melody, wherein he was no mean master, should be found so clear a correspondence with the peculiar quality of Coleridge which I have ventured to call Celtic.

The visit of Wordsworth and Coleridge to Germany, in 1798, had no special influence on the founder of the new school, but on Coleridge's career it had a decided effect. It led him on into the study of German speculation, thus giving greater strenuousness to his always eager propensity for metaphysics. It resulted in a brilliant poetic achievement, the translation of *Wallenstein*, which lives to-day almost as an original English poem. It also marked an immediate and great change in the character of his poetic work. The German genius, into which he had entered so deeply, would inevitably oppose itself to a further development of that rhapsodic power which is so un-German in character. Principal Shairp discovers in the *Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel* "those very mental elements in solution which, condensed and turned inward, would find their most congenial place in 'the exhausting atmosphere of transcendental ideas.'" There could hardly be a better witness to the truth of our theory. The momentum in those poems is a flight towards the ideal, transcending experience and entering into the supernatural. They also involve, in a veiled poetic aspect, questions of sin and punishment, the struggle of good and evil. But all this is blended, fused in the whirl of the writer's seer-like frenzy, and the succession of his visions and harmonies. The Druidic spirit was, according to our knowledge, highly transcendental for that age; but, imbuing forms like these of Coleridge's poetry, it gives us something as different in effect to methodical German speculation as a mystical religious dance is unlike a carefully argumentative sermon. Yet, even so, Mr. Shairp recognizes in this wilder and unreasoned shape the mental elements which, when condensed, would give as a result transcendental ideas. Such they did, in fact, give; but modern German transcendental. After his visit to Germany, the Saxon in Coleridge led the

Celt a captive; and the prevailing scope of his later poetry is therefore German-English, softened with gentle melodiousness, touched with grace of the classics, but rarely holding a gleam of the old clear fire which first made sacred the altar of his genius.

One of the tenderest among the short poems — perhaps the most lovely of all in its sweet affectionateness of reverie — is that entitled *The Day-Dream*,¹ feignedly addressed by an emigrant to his absent wife. It was written in Germany, when the poet was absent from his family, and breathes of love and longing in these delicious lines : —

“I saw our couch, I saw our quiet room,
Its shadows heaving by the fire-light gloom;
All o'er my lips a subtle feeling ran,
All o'er my lips a soft and breeze-like feeling, —
I know not what, — but had the same been steal-
ing

“Upon a sleeping mother's lips, I guess
It would have made the loving mother dream
That she was softly bending down to kiss
Her babe, that something more than babe did
seem,
A floating presence of its darling father,
And yet its own dear baby self far rather!

“Across my chest there lay a weight so warm,
As if some bird had taken shelter there;
And lo! I seemed to see a woman's form —
Thine, Sara, thine? Oh joy, if thine it were!”

Here is the murmur of the tempered lute, not the sweep of the stricken harp, though the song has Coleridge's individuality in both its atmosphere and motion. That repetition, with variation, of the phrase “All o'er my lips,” and so on, is very characteristic. But, except for the fancy of the bird sheltering on his breast, all is plain description; etherealized by being charged with emotion, yet exact and plain. Now, if we take this disposition to picture with simplicity and clearness, and to depend for the effect upon well-defined emotion, and if we then add to this the reflective and

allegorical imagination revealed in that work of his boyhood, *Time, Real and Imaginary*, we have the governing forces that gave Coleridge his themes and his methods in poetry, after thirty. The piece referred to may be given here, for clearness' sake : —

TIME, REAL AND IMAGINARY.

On the wide level of a mountain's head
(I knew not where, but 'twas some fairy place),
Their pinions, ostrich-like, for sails outspread,
Two lovely children run an endless race,
A sister and a brother!
That far outstripp'd the other;
Yet ever runs she with reverted face,
And looks and listens for the boy behind;
For he, alas, is blind!

O'er rough and smooth with even step he pass'd,
And knows not whether he be first or last.

This is like a fragment of sculptured marble; a piece of beautiful Greek relief, suddenly unearthed after an age of repose. Its plastic quality is perfect, its expression serene. The same characteristics reappear in those poems of latter manhood, *The Pang* more Sharp than All, and *Love's Apparition* and *Evanishment*; more ruggedly again in the *Hymn to the Earth*. The gentleness of feeling which we have been touched by in *The Day-Dream* also imbues the fragmentary lament, *The Blossoming of the Solitary Date-Tree*, wherein the lines rock themselves away into the closing silence, as a boat sleeps upon a gradually subsiding sea after a tempest. This tender, swelling sadness and this chaste imagination, suffusing objects of reflective thought, color other poems, like *The Nightingale*, *Youth and Age*, *The Visionary Hope*, *The Garden of Boccaccio*; it is needless to detail them all. As Coleridge grew older the skill in epigram, which seems to have been his in early manhood, coöperated with a growing tendency to narrow his poetry into channels of specific reflection, so seriously enough, wrote another *Day-Dream* in 1814 (see vol. ii. p. 66), akin to the first in theme, quite like it in mood, and cast in almost the same stanza, but much inferior in musicalness and warmth. The contrast is instructive.

¹ See *Riverside edition*, vol. i. p. 266. This piece appeared first in 1802, in a daily paper, but was probably written in 1798 or 1799. The author apparently forgot its existence, not having included it in his subsequent collection; and, cu-

that the pages representing his later life are filled with pieces of greater brevity, condensed and pointed. Nowhere does he reach a higher level in this kind than in that noble poem, *Complaint and Reproof*, where the voice of eternity is given back in an echo deeply and resonantly human :—

"Has he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man?—three treasures, love
and light
And calm thoughts regular as infant's breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and
night,—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death."

Wide asunder as the poles these meditative poems appear, from the mystic measure, the wild and terrible images and fierce coloring of the *Ancient Mariner*, or the dim, soft, eerie atmosphere of the *Christabel*. Yet the axis of one imagination, one mind, connects them.

With all his shaping power and opulence of language, — full of sympathy as he was, too, for the genius of Wordsworth, which went to the real as to the very source of its strength, and inaugurated the modern nature worship, — we look nearly in vain to Coleridge for any revivifying magic that shall bring before us the spirit, color, and form of natural beauty in imperishable garb of poetry. It is significant that the *Biographia Literaria*, in its elaborate defense and careful scrutiny of Wordsworth, gives comparatively little heed to his fresh simplicity in the description and interpretation of nature, while it provides a penetrating and comprehensive analysis of the essence and language of poetry. It is true, in *This Lime-Tree Bower my Prison*, there are touches of careful observation of out-door sights and sounds; but the enumeration is buoyed up by no deep sentiment; only the tame reflection comes in, at length,

"That nature ne'er deserts the wise and pure."

A graceful and sonorous idyl in the earlier *Sibylline Leaves*, by name *The Picture*; or, *The Lover's Resolution*, —

which hints of Theocritus, and might easily have furnished Tennyson with a model for some of his first short blank-verse tales, — contains by far the best, indeed the only deliberate and sustained, description of nature that he has left. There are a few intimate and loving glimpses to be had through its pages, as in

"the pebbly brook
That murmurs with a dead yet tinkling sound."

It was in this poem that he gave the birches their famous name, "the ladies of the wood;" and these following lines were not written by a man incapable of conveying the sentiment of wood-life :—

"Sweet breeze! thou only, if I guess aright,
Liftest the feathers of the robin's breast,
That swells its little breast, so full of song,
Singing above me on the mountain-ash."

I do not say, he was wholly incapable of rendering the external beauty of earth, sea, and sky; but he did not develop the germ of appreciation for these things that lay within him, and it was not the errand of his genius so to do. He was much more at ease in picturing the water-snakes that played in elfish light on the still and awful red of the charmed water, blue, glossy green, and velvet black, around the *Mariner's* ship. Swinburne pertinently complains that this most wonderful of ocean tales has hardly enough of "the air and savor of the sea." But Coleridge would not have been the true Coleridge, had he imported these into it. In one place he rashly proclaims that "in nature there is nothing melancholy;" but had his proposition as to the cheerfulness of nature been true, and himself confined to that inspiration, his genius would have fared ill.

"Oh, the one life within us and abroad,
That meets all motion and becomes its soul,"

was an exclamation truer to his real instinct, which finds its full utterance in that glorious strophe of the *Dejection*, beginning,

— "we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live:
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud!"

The beautiful and beauty-making power which enables us so to envelop the earth, Coleridge in this same ode attributes to joy, the joy of the pure. It matters not that Coleridge's joy was oftenest joy in sorrow. Certainly the spell of every poet arises from his rejoicing in himself, in the vibration of manifold feelings across his nature, in his rhythmic gift, in the powers of his mind and heart for delight, or pain, or thought; but the way in which that spell shall be exercised, what objects it will lay hold of, is determined by causes too occult for explanation. Coleridge never put nature under enchantment except in those few poems which cast the peculiar, visionary, not wholly natural light of his own spiritual interior upon it. His dramatic works, again, have little objectivity. Poets have stood for many different things, accordingly as their genius has provided a lens for this or that class of phenomena, this or that phase of intellectual striving: Shakespeare being the poet of human nature in action, Dante of Middle Age belief, Byron the poet of revolt. But Coleridge was preëminently the poet of his own mind.

IV.

In this fact we seize the link between those widely dissimilar kinds of poetry which Coleridge produced. His imagination, being interior, — not working in the usual exterior way upon nature, men, history, fable, but upon what it found within, — gave us first poems like the *Lewti*, *Love*, *Christabel*, and the *Ancient Mariner*, which were not daylight nor moonlight poems, but poems illuminated solely by the singular genius that shone in the writer's brain and made a separate sphere for them to move in. When afterward the creative impulse was checked by necessities, misfortunes, and anguish, in other words the whole complex of the man's personal circum-

stances, this interior imagination took another turn, and occupied itself with the expression of moods, reflections upon life and love, terse sentences of summarized experience. In this way, as I said on my opening page, after the first impetuous blooming of those flowers which seemed almost without an origin, the fibres of experience and suffering connected the poet's after-blossoms definitely with the earth. But these, changed as they were outwardly from the first growth, retained the same essence, the same interior and inclosed imagination, working now with other substance.

Before this change had reached its height, another had begun. From being the poet of his own mind, Coleridge also became the prose annalist of its progress and expounder of its philosophic and religious struggles. Perhaps we ought to substitute for progress, or progression, digression and deviation. This is not the place, nor am I the writer, to speak adequately concerning his theological essays. Archdeacon Hare considers that "the main work of his life was to spiritualize not our philosophy, but our theology, to raise them both above the empiricism into which they had long been dwindling, and to set them free from the technical trammels of logical precision." His influence upon subsequent thought in this department is confessedly great. But what we chiefly care for at present is to notice what colossal proportions that interest in his own mind, found to be important as it related to his poetry, assumed after his poetry declined from its first glory. From boyhood he had the taste for metaphysics, but in the *Dejection* he states distinctly that sorrow is fettering his "shaping spirit of imagination," and driving him to steal from his "own nature all the natural man," by abstruse research, — an often-quoted passage. However it may be applied in quotation, it shows very clearly grief on Coleridge's part at the direction his mind was

taking. When at last, in 1807, he returned from Malta completely the slave of opium, there rose up in a dark cloud, as if about to extinguish his poetic genius, an overshadowing sense of guilt, accompanied by wordy speculations on salvation and voluminous arguments on the Trinity. Orthodox faith grew upon him in proportion as he sank into dismal and hopeless vice. Instead of turning this religious fervor to his own improvement, he employed it in trying to convince others, in smoothing the way for after-comers, discussing church and state, and providing a manual for Christian statesmen. His family he left fatherless and dependent on charity, himself remaining a beggar, consumed with remorse and profuse with abject and pitiable self-condemnation, weakly continuing in sensuality, and all the while recording the result of this wofully wrecked career on his own thought. This is the dreary situation we are compelled to face in looking at Coleridge as man and poet. What he himself thought of it is written in one of his marginal notes in the *Literary Remains*, where, after describing how one should become "a rightful poet, that is, a great man," he adds this comment on his own note: "A map of the road to Paradise, drawn in purgatory, *on the confines of Hell*, by S. T. C., July 30, 1819."

There is another side to this change, apparently of ruin, which overcame his career. Without it, the world would undoubtedly have been deprived of the service which he clearly rendered to religious thought in importing the large ratiocination of Kant into England, and giving to the German philosopher's Pure Reason that transcendent meaning which was indigenous to his own aspiring mind. Without it, too, we should have missed the poems of later manhood, which form so remarkable a record of a great spirit wronged by the conditions of its mundane existence, and disconsolately grieving. His heart broke in music. Through-

out the poems of this time, we hear the echo of the ebb of all his hopes, receding with a hollow-sweet, monotonous refrain. By the absorbing beauty of this sadness, and the intense interest attaching to the evolution of his thoughts on religion, his concentration upon his own mind is justified. His was a nature so rare that the world is incalculably privileged in being allowed to watch and follow its vicissitudes; and had it not been lost for thirty years in a maze of sin and disappointment we should not, perhaps, have known its full range of power, its profoundest depth of feeling.

If we look for the immediate causes of Coleridge's disappointment and failure, we shall be puzzled to find adequate ones. He married, indeed, on nothing, and for several years was sore pressed to find the means of livelihood. But no man ever had more opportunities, or friends more generous. His lectures were profitable, from the beginning. In the complacent but appreciative Cottle he had a genuine friend and liberal publisher, at a time when to publish for him or for Wordsworth and Southey was almost Quixotic. Numerous schemes for schools or pupils were broached, and to all seeming could have been carried out with a little energy. The profession of Unitarian preacher was open to Coleridge, and would have supported life; but from this he was rescued by the liberality of the Wedgwoods, who settled upon him an annuity four times as large as the yearly income derived by Wordsworth from the bequest of Raisley Calvert, which was long that poet's chief dependence. None of these things availed to ward off distress. In 1796, before the settlement of the annuity, he wrote to Cottle: "So I am forced to write for bread!—write the flights of poetic enthusiasm, when every minute I am hearing a groan from my wife. Groans and complaints and sickness! The present hour I am in a quick-set hedge of embarrassment, and whichever way I turn

a thorn runs into me! The future is cloud and thick darkness! Poverty, perhaps, and the thin faces of them that want bread looking up to me! Nor is this all. My happiest moments for composition are broken in upon by the reflection that I must make haste." Every imaginative person, and in especial every imaginative writer who has felt the pressure of narrow means, will answer with sorrowful yearning that piteous cry, even as it stands now upon the printed page, when the poet's frame is dust. Yet, if the truth must be told, we shall put instead of the words "write for bread" "project and dream for bread." That was what Coleridge was then chiefly doing. A year before, he was preparing his "great work of Imitations," of which nothing further was ever heard. His poems, for which he drew payment in advance, fell slowly from his pen. He once read to Cottle a list of eighteen works which he intended to write, no one of which ever reached completion; and at other times he had in hand a History of German Belles-Lettres, a Life of Lessing, two volumes on Hall, Milton, and Taylor, and on Johnson and Gibbon, with other books, — the whole list of the unaccomplished footing up forty-four elaborate projects, for some of which he partly collected the material. As Cottle observes, he would frequently *talk* an entire octavo of original matter in a single evening; but that was not to the purpose. Yet in his weekly, *The Watchman*, undertaken in 1798, in his efforts to write for the daily press, afterward, in London, and in *The Friend*, issued when he was staying with Wordsworth at Grasmere, in 1808-9, he displayed a practical desire for bread-getting work, and more or less industrious application. What, then, was the trouble? I think Coleridge had a natural capacity for luxuriousness, as there are people who have a native inaptitude for it, and cannot possibly enjoy it, even under the most favoring circumstances.

This led to negligence, procrastination, and unthrift. Perhaps, too, it was the rightful business of his genius to dream and project, instead of executing, at the early age when he began wedded life; and instinctive obedience to genius was stronger than the earnest desire and sharp necessity of supporting his family. Suppose for a moment that he had succeeded as the editor of a weekly review, or as a writer for London dailies: what unspeakable loss would have been ours! If the relief given by the Wedgwoods had come earlier, Coleridge's history might have been different. Two years before that, referring to the various frustrated plans for gaining a support, he had said, "I am not the man I have been, and I think I never shall [be]. A sort of calm hopelessness diffuses itself over my heart." And by the time the annuity was offered poverty and anxiety may have set their stamp too deeply on his impressible and sensitive character to be effaced. That "calm hopelessness" had become a habit. But do we, in fine, wish that it had been otherwise? I am not of those who waste regrets upon the epic on the siege of Jerusalem which he did not write; we are perhaps as well off, too, without his observations on the German Boors. A great work, indeed, he might have done in his proposed study of masters of English prose and poetry, as the fragments reported from his lectures and notes attest. But Coleridge the prosperous author, producing literature by the pound, converting his conversation on the Corn Laws and all other conceivable subjects into volumes, so many per annum, — what a commonplace figure to replace that of the stricken bard, the seer, the thinker, the marvelous conversation-orator, whom we now have!

No; that mournfulness that we have observed in him was a prophetic note. In the Allegoric Vision he tells of a peculiar melancholy that was wont to possess him in spring and in autumn: in

spring, "the melancholy of hope; in autumn, the melancholy of resignation." That spring sadness of hope prefigured the autumnal sadness of his second half of life, which gave his reflective poems their pathos and their value as direct comments on life, and has invested his prose with a tragic and tender interest denied to that of writers whose personality is more sober and methodical. But at a fearful cost to his family, to his friends, and his own manhood did he pursue this destiny to the end. His very virtues assisted to bring on his failure more surely; his thirst for knowledge, his desire for accuracy, and his comprehensive circuit of thought, all led him to continual and fatal delays in preparing himself to write prose works. Besides, his absorbed attention to public affairs interfered with the creative mood. To Mr. Thomas Wedgwood, in 1800, he wrote that "the present state of human affairs" pressed on him for days together, so as to deprive him of all his cheerfulness; but although he admitted this to be a morbid condition, he added, "Life were so flat a thing without enthusiasm that if for a moment it leaves me I have a sort of stomach sensation attached to all my thoughts, like those which succeed to the pleasurable operations of a dose of opium." To the craving for excessive stimulation even at the expense of depressing reaction, here confessed, his misfortunes must in great measure be attributed. It may have had something to do with the utter indifference which he so long displayed towards his family. De Quincey, in his very questionable gossip about the man whom he had at one time aided with a considerable sum of money, intimates that with all Mrs. Coleridge's merits there was incompatibility between herself and her husband. Whoever utters the name of wife mentions the key to mysteries of mutual influence for good or ill which can never be wholly disclosed in this world, — least of all by confident tattlers.

It is of little use, therefore, to dwell upon such speculations. We may, charitably to both, guess that compatibility with so fitful and peculiar a man as Coleridge might be difficult for any woman. But, at all events, he passed completely through the phase of happy love which was recorded in sundry poems; and in *The Blossoming of the Date-Tree*, long after he had left his wife, he sighs, —

"Why was I made for Love, and Love denied to me?"

Yet memory and remorse associated with her being must have lent their weight to his long depression in decline. These wonderful and poignant lines from the second part of the *Christabel*, produced before the separation that was to prove final, had almost a prophetic bearing upon it: —

"They parted, — ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining,
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder.
A dreary sea now flows between;
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been."

Finally, hope left him, "like a loose blossom on a gusty night." There has been much debate whether his ill health came from the use of opium, or was due to an exposure in childhood which settled rheumatism in his constitution. He impressed impartial observers as a strong man, though his editor and his daughter have maintained that he was so only in appearance. We have noticed how he first had recourse to opium to relieve terrible physical pain; but, even allowing the excuses which his relatives have made, it cannot be denied that he abused the drug, and his own words are not wanting to show that bodily infirmity was at least greatly aggravated thereby. The desire for stimulation led to this abuse. Men of such temperament as his, and even those much more robust than he, when they have come to failure or wandered into wrong-doing, find a

wild but not inexplicable satisfaction in loading themselves with fresh burdens of error, as if to crush the first by a new incubus. Sensuality is to such men a counter-irritant, which, though it be worse than the disease, still fascinates them.

So the magnificently endowed creature, who, amid his constitutional melancholy, had been noisy and "gamesome as a boy" in his best days that Wordsworth knew, confronted Carlyle, who saw him in his late retirement at Ilighgate, with deep eyes "as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them as in a kind of mild astonishment." The ultra republican of forty years before had become a tory, with profuse, almost cowardly apology for so splendid a piece of poetic sarcasm as the *Fire, Famine, and Slaughter*. There is a wretched abjectness in his whole attitude at this time. Carlyle, with a rough and bitter humor pervading all that he says of him, characterizes his whole air as flabby and irresolute, and scoffs at his unintelligible talk, given with eager and musical energy. Stirling made no such complaint; and Henry Nelson Coleridge declares that an entire day spent with the poet "was a Sabbath past expression deep and tranquil and serene." Of his conversation he adds that, though the subtlest listener might not understand it as he would a newspaper, there would steal upon him an attempering influence which worked until "his total being vibrated with one pulse alone, and thought became merged in contemplation." Such, too, is the spell of his higher poetry, and if it departed from his song it still dwelt upon his lips.

The distinction has been made that Wordsworth was a philosophic poet and Coleridge a poetical philosopher. But this is useful only to be rejected, as defining an utter misapprehension of the true nature of the Sibylline poet's genius. Whether his theosophical writings answer to the full value given them by

theologians, or must be rated by Carlyle's estimate as "logical fata morgana's," they have been of value to others, and were of great value to Coleridge, as giving him the one solution attainable for all his misery.

"In Christ I live! in Christ I draw the breath
Of the true life! Let, then, earth, sea, and sky
Make war against me! On my front I show
Their mighty master's seal. In vain they try
To end my life, that can but end its woe.
Is that a death-bed where a Christian lies?
Yes! but not his, — 't is Death itself there dies."

The faith that could rouse the poet to this sublime utterance was of vast importance to him as a culmination of his mental history; and the history of his own mind and soul was what interested him most. The props upon which he built it and the humiliating circumstances of his decline are secondary. Coleridge was above all a poet, — a poet of rare imagination and of musical power indescribable, whose chants far transcend the song of Wordsworth in spontaneousness and artistic ideality. He had no novel purpose, no theory to enforce, no special interpretation of nature, which would suffice to form a school or to influence modern poetry so directly as Wordsworth has done; but his melodious and imaginative inspiration has passed into the air that all poets breathe, and will long affect them to their advantage.

He was not a Titan, like Byron. He was not well balanced, like Wordsworth, nor did he attain to the more exalted spirituality of a calm like Emerson's. But nevertheless grandeur and beauty are in him. I have a vision of a man looking up in anguish at the sky, and beating his breast; and at every stroke upon his breast a sweep of music sad and delicious issues forth. Such is Coleridge. Beautiful are the formed, secure, and reverend lives of self-respecting men. But beautiful also, and precious, is the life that like a breaking vase spills its elixir in such rills as these of Coleridge, with such wild perfume!

George Parsons Lathrop.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

XII.

EGERIA had not fainted, but she had lapsed into a torpor from which she could not rouse herself. She could not speak or make any sign when her father drew her head away from the young man's shoulder and laid it on his own. The Shaker chirped his reeking horses into a livelier pace, and when he reached the office in the village he sprang from the wagon with more alertness than could have been imagined of him, and ran in-doors to announce his guests.

Brother Humphrey and the three office sisters,¹ very clean and very dry, with the warm smell of a stove fire exhaling from their comfortable garments, received him with countenances in which resignation blended with the natural reluctance of people within to have anything to do with people without, in such weather.

"Oh, better put them in the tramps' house," said Brother Humphrey, — "there's a fire there."

"Yee," consented one of the sisters, "they will do very well there."

"They would slop everything up here," said another, "and we've just been over our floors, Laban."

The third was silent, but she wrung her hands in nervous anxiety, like one who would not be selfish, and yet would like whatever advantage may come of selfishness.

"Nay," said Laban, "they're not tramps. They're the folks that Joseph and Elihu told about meetin' yesterday. I don't know as you'd ought to put them with the tramps. I guess the young woman's in a faint."

"Oh, why did n't you say so, to begin

¹ In placing some passages of his story among the Shakers of an easily recognizable locality, the author has carefully avoided the study of personal traits, and he wishes explicitly to state that his

with, Laban?" lamented that one of the sisters who had not yet spoken. "Of course she's sick, and here we've been standin' and troublin' about our clean floors, and lettin' her suffer. I don't see how I can bear it."

"Oh, you'll be over it by fall, Frances," answered Laban, jocosely. Humphrey caught up a cotton umbrella, vast enough for community use, and weather-worn to a Shaker drab, and sallied out to the gate. The doctor and Laban got their benumbed burden from the wagon between them, and carried Egeria into the house, where they were met with remorseful welcome by the sisters. They dispatched Brother Humphrey to kindle a fire in the stove of one of the upper chambers reserved for guests, and into its sweet, fresh cleanliness Frances presently helped Egeria, and then helped her into bed, while the others went to make her a cup of tea.

Her father, meanwhile, had taken off his wet clothes, and arrayed himself in a suit belonging to one of the brethren, a much taller and a thinner man than Boynton, who made a Shaker of novel and striking pattern in his dress. But he beheld his appearance in the glass, which meagrely ministered to the vanity of the office guests, with uncommon content, as a token that he had already entered upon a new and final stage of investigation; and when his tongue had been loosed by the cup of tea brought to him in the office parlor he regarded his surroundings with as great satisfaction. This room was carpeted, but it was like the rest of the house in its simple white walls and its plain finish of wood painted a warm brown; there were braided rugs scattered about before Shakers are imaginary in everything but their truth, charity, and purity of life, and that scarcely less lovable quaintness to which no realism could do perfect justice.

the stove and the large chairs, as there were at the foot of the stair-ways, and at the bedsides in the chambers above. Dr. Boynton, stirring his tea, walked out into the low, long hall, bare but not cheerless, and traversed it to look into the room on the other side; then he returned to the parlor, and glanced at the books and pamphlets on the table, — historical and doctrinal works relating to Shakerism, periodicals devoted to various social and hygienic reforms, and controversial tracts upon points in dispute between the community and the world; there were several weekly newspapers, and the doctor was turning over one of them with the hand that had momentarily relinquished his teaspoon when Brother Humphrey rejoined him.

"If we could have at all helped ourselves," he began promptly, "I should consider our intrusion upon you most unwarrantable; but we had no will in the matter."

"Nay," replied the Shaker, "it's no intrusion. This is not a family house. We call it the Office, for we do our business and receive friends from the world outside here."

"Do you mean that you keep a house of entertainment?"

"Nay, we would not take in strangers; but our rule forbids us to turn any one away. Of late years, the wayfar- ing poor have increased so much that we have appointed a small house especially for them; but we cannot put everybody there."

"I thank you," said the doctor.

"It is not a hotel," continued Humphrey, "for we make out no bills. All are welcome to what we can do; those who can pay may pay."

"I shall wish to pay, as soon as we can recover our effects," Boynton interposed.

"Nay, I did not mean that," quietly rejoined the Shaker. "You are welcome, whether you pay or not."

The doctor turned from these civili-

ties. "I am glad to find myself here. I met two of your number yesterday, and had some conversation with them on a subject that vitally interests me."

"Yee, I heard," said the Shaker. "You are spiritualists. Are you the medium?"

"My daughter is a medium, — a medium of extraordinary powers, which I dare not say I have developed, but to which I have humbly ministered; powers that within the last hour have received testimony of the most impressive and final nature." Brother Humphrey made no outward sign of any inward movement that Boynton's words might have produced, and the latter suddenly demanded, "Are you a spiritualist?"

"Yee," answered the Shaker, "we are all spiritualists."

"Then you will be interested — you will all be interested intensely — in the communication which I shall have to make to your community. I wish you to call a meeting of your principal people" —

"Nay," interrupted the Shaker, "we are all equal."

"Then," said the doctor, "of all your people, before whom I desire to lay some facts of the most astounding character, and to whom I wish to propose myself for admission to your community, in order to the pursuance of investigations profoundly interesting to the race."

He paused, full of repressed excitement; but Brother Humphrey was not moved. "There will be a family meeting to-morrow night," he began.

"To-morrow night!" cried the doctor. "Is it possible that you are so indifferent to phenomena that ought to be instantly telegraphed from Maine to California? That" —

"We have heard a good deal of the doings with the spirits in the world outside," interrupted the Shaker, in his turn, "and we know how often folks are deceived in them and in themselves. If

something new and important has happened to you, I guess it'll keep for twenty-four hours." Brother Humphrey smiled quaintly, and seemed to expect his guest to take this common-sense view of the matter.

"Oh, it will keep!" exclaimed the doctor. "But so would the thunder from Sinai have kept!" He plunged into a vivid and rapid narration of the events of his captivity and release at the tavern.

When he paused, the Shaker replied with unperturbed calm: "These are things to be judged of by the family. I cannot say anything about them."

"Is it possible?" demanded Boynton, in a tone of indescribable disappointment. He seemed hurt and puzzled. After a while he said, "I submit. Could you let me have writing materials to take to my room? I wish to make some notes."

"Yee," said Humphrey.

Boynton went to his room, which was across a passage-way from that where one of the sisters was still busy with Egeria, and he did not reappear till dinner, which was served him in the basement of the office, in a dining-room made snug with a wood-stove. As Boynton unfolded his napkin, "What are your tenets?" he abruptly demanded of the sister who came to wait upon him.

"Tenets?" faltered Rebecca.

"Your doctrine, your religious creed."

"We have no creed," replied the sister.

"Well, then, you have a life. What is your life?"

"We try to live the angelic life," said Rebecca, with some embarrassment: "to do as we would be done by; to return good for evil; to put down selfishness in our hearts."

"Good, very good! There could be no better basis. But as a society, a community, what is your central idea?"

"I don't know. We neither marry nor give in marriage."

"Yes, yes! That is what I thought. That was my impression. I fully approve of your system. It is the only foundation on which a community can rest. And to keep up your numbers you depend upon converts from the world?"

"Yee."

"But you bring up children whom you adopt?"

"Yee."

"Do they remain with you?"

"We have better luck with those who are gathered in after middle life. The young folks — we are apt to lose them," said the Shakeress, a little sadly.

"I see, I see!" returned Boynton. "You cannot fight nature unassisted by experience. Life must teach them something first. They fall in love with each other?"

"They are apt to get foolish," the sister assented. "And then they run off together. That is what hurts us. They no need to. If they would come and tell us" —

Boynton shook his head. "Impossible! But you have the true principle. Celibacy is the only hope of communism, — of advanced truth." He ceased to question her as abruptly as he began; but after he had dispatched his dinner, he asked leave to borrow from the parlor a work on Shakerism which he had noticed there, and he again shut himself up in his room. That night they heard him restlessly walking the floor.

The sister who visited Egeria last at night stood a moment, shading her lamp with her hand and looking down on the girl's beauty. Her yellow hair strayed loosely out over the pillow; her lips were red and her cheeks flushed. The sister's tresses had been shorn away as for the grave thirty years before, and her face had that unearthly pallor which the Shaker sisters share with nuns of all orders. She stooped and kissed Egeria's hot cheek, and then went down to the office sitting-room to report her im-

pressions to the other sisters before they slept.

"It appears as if her father did n't want to go to bed," said Sister Diantha, after a moment's quiet, in which the doctor's regular tread on the floor overhead made itself audible.

"If he's got anything on his mind," said Sister Rebecca, "it ain't his daughter."

"Yee, Rebecca," said Sister Frances, "you're right, there. I told him I thought she was going to have a fit of sickness, but he said it wa'n't anything but exhaustion, and 't he'd see after her; 't he was a doctor himself. To my knowledge he hain't been near her since. I think she's goin' to have a fit of sickness."

Brother Humphrey came in from the next room and stood by the stove. "How did you leave her, Frances?" he asked.

"Well, I think she's goin' to have a fit of sickness," repeated Frances.

"Well, I don't know's you'd have much to say ag'in that, would you?" returned the brother, after a general pause. "You hain't had a good fit of sickness on hand for quite a spell."

The other sisters laughed. "Set down, Humphrey," said Diantha, putting him a chair. The manner of these elderly women with Humphrey was of a truly affectionate and sisterly simplicity, to which he responded with brotherly frankness.

"I guess she ain't goin' to be very sick," resumed Humphrey, making himself easy in his chair. "Any way, we've got a doctor to prescribe for her."

"What do you think of him, Humphrey?" asked Rebecca.

"Pretty glib," said Humphrey.

"I don't know as I ever heard better language," suggested Frances.

"Oh, his *language* is good enough," said Humphrey.

"It's quite a convert Laban's brought us," observed Diantha. "Talk of winter Shakers!" she continued, referring

to that frequent sort of convert whose Shakerism begins and ends with cold weather. "I hain't seen any one so ready to be gathered in for a long time."

"Yee, too ready," said Humphrey, soberly. "That kind ain't apt to stay gathered in; and I'm about tired havin' the family fill mouths for a month or two, and afterwards revilin's proceed out of 'em."

"We must receive all, and try all," interposed Frances, gently.

"Yee," sighed Humphrey.

"What do you say to his story?" asked Diantha.

"I don't judge it," said the brother. "We know that spirits do communicate with men, and miracles happen every day. As to the doin's at the Elm Tavern, Harris might tell a different story."

"I should n't believe any story Harris told," said Frances.

Humphrey smiled. "Well, I don't know as I should, come to look at it," he admitted.

"I wish that nest could be broken up," said Rebecca. "It's a cross."

"Yee, it's a cross," answered Humphrey. "I most drove over a man, dead drunk, in the road yesterday, comin' down into the woods, after I passed the tahvern; and nearly all the tramps that come now smell of rum. The officers don't seem to do anything."

"Oh, the officers!" cried Diantha.

The walking had continued regularly overhead; but now, after some hesitation, the steps approached the door, which was heard to open, and they crossed the hall to Egeria's room. From thence, after a brief interval, they descended the stairs, and Dr. Boynton, lamp in hand, entered the room. The sisters rose in expectation.

"I find my daughter in a fever," said Boynton, with an absent air. "What medicines have you in the house?"

"We have our herbs," answered Sister Frances.

"They may be the best thing," said

Boynton, with the same abstraction, as if he were thinking of something else at the same time. He stood and waited amid a general silence, till Sister Frances, who had gone out, reappeared with some neat packages of the medicinal herbs which the Shakers put up. He chose one, and asked for some water in a tin dish in which to steep it on the stove.

"Let me do it for you," pleaded Sister Frances. The other sisters joined in an entreaty to be allowed to sit up with the sick girl.

"No," said Boynton. "I have always taken care of her, and to-night at least I will watch with her. I could n't sleep if I went to bed, but I shall make myself easy in an arm-chair, if you'll give me one." Humphrey went to fetch the chair, and as he passed the door, on his way up-stairs with it, Boynton called out to him, "Thanks! If her fever increases," he continued to the sisters, "she will wake at eleven, and then I shall give her this. I shall need nothing more. Good-night."

He went out, and Sister Frances said, with perhaps some sense of penalty in this loss of opportunity for nursing the girl through the night, "I feel to say that I was hasty in judgin' on him."

"Yee," said the others. "We judged him hastily."

"We were too swift to blame," said Humphrey, who now returned. "Let us remember it the next time."

"But," added Sister Frances, "I *knew* she was goin' to have a fit of sickness."

The sisters took each a hand-lamp of kerosene, and passed up the bare, clean halls to their chambers. The brother went about trying the fastenings of the windows and the locks of the outer doors. The time had been, before the time of tramps, when he never turned a key at night.

In the morning Sister Frances made an early visit to Egeria's room, and found the girl and her father both awake. She was without fever now, but she lay

white and still in her bed, and her father stood looking at her unhopefully.

Sister Frances went down to the kitchen, where the other sisters were already busy getting Boynton's breakfast. "It's goin' to be a fit of sickness," she said.

"Then she had best go to the sick-house," said Diantha.

"Yee," added Rebecca, at a look of protest from Frances, "that's what it's for, and she can be better done for there. It's noisy here."

She urged that it was noisy when they spoke, later, of Egeria's removal to Boynton, who owned that he could not now say she would not be sick: it was the belief of the office sisters that they lived in the midst of excitement.

The day had broken clear, and the New England spring was showing herself in one of her moods of conscientious adherence to duty: she would perform her part with sunshine and birds, but she breathed cold across the brilliant landscape, and she warned vegetation that it started at its own risk. The Shaker village had awakened to its round of labors and self-denials as quietly as if it had not awakened at all. Some of the elderly men, with the boys and the hired hands, were at work with the cattle in the great barns; some were raking together the last year's decay in the garden into heaps for burning; some were busy in the workshops. The women went about their wonted cares in-doors, and there was no sign of interest in the arrival of guests at the office. Perhaps their presence had not been generally talked over in the family, but had been held in reserve for formal discussion at the meeting in the evening. The office sisters consulted with the eldress in the family house opposite in reference to Egeria's removal, and the infirmary was made ready for her. It was aired, the damp was driven out by a hot fire in the stove, and Sister Frances strove to set its order still more in order; a little

fluff under the bed or a spot upon the floor would have been a comfort to her; but everything was blamelessly, hopelessly, neat. It was not quite regular for her to take an interest in things outside of the office, but she had been suffered to do so much in consideration of her affliction at having a fit of sickness snatched from her care, as it were, and she was allowed a controlling voice in deciding upon the doctor's request to have a bed put up for him in the infirmary. This was hitherto unknown; it was an invasion of family bounds by the world outside; but it stood to reason that the girl's father had a double claim to be as near to her as possible, and his request was, after some conscientious difficulty, granted.

While they were making ready for her, Brother Elihu came to see him at the office, and gave him a sort of conditional welcome. He seemed to be a person of weight in the community, and after his brief visit Boynton perceived that his standing was more strictly probationary than before. There was no want of kindness in Elihu's manner; he made several thoughtful suggestions for the welfare and convenience of the Boyntons; but he had shown no eagerness for the statement which the doctor wished to make to the community, nor for his ideas upon the development of spiritistic science. The statement, he said, could be made that evening, or at the next family meeting; it did not matter; there was no haste. "Spiritualism arose among us; our faith is based upon the fact of an uninterrupted revelation; the very songs we sing in our meetings were communicated to us, words and music, from the other world. We have seen much perversion of spiritualism in the world outside,—much error, much folly, much filth. If you have new light, it will not suddenly be quenched. Rest here a while. Our first care must be for the young woman."

"Yes, yes!" assented Boynton, restively.

The office brothers and sisters had listened to Elihu with evident abeyance; only Sister Frances, by looks and tones, expressed herself unchanged to Boynton. As the time drew on toward evening, and Egeria seemed to need constant watchfulness, she offered to take his place at the infirmary, and to let him know if he was needed at any time during the meeting. This made it easy for him to go, and Sister Frances established herself in attendance upon the sick girl. She was not afterwards dislodged from her place in the infirmary. There were nurses whose duty it was to care for the sick, but Frances clung to her patient, not in defiance, but in a soft, elastic tenderness which served her as well.

Dr. Boynton went to the family meeting, and remained profoundly attentive to the services with which the speaking was preceded. He saw the sisters seated on one side of the large meeting-room, and the brothers on the other, with broad napkins half unfolded across their knees, on which they softly beat time, with rising and falling palms, as they sang. The sisters, young and old, all looked of the same age, with their throats strictly hid by the collars that came to their chins, and their close-cropped hair covered by stiff wire-framed caps of white gauze; there was greater visible disparity among the brothers, but their heads were mostly gray, with a few still dark with youth or middle life; on either side there was a bench full of sedate children.

When the singing was ended, the minister read a chapter of the Bible, and one of the elders prayed. Then a sister began a hymn, in which all the family joined. At its close, a young girl rose and described a vision which she had seen the night before in a dream. When she sat down, the elders and eldersses came out into the vacant space between the rows of men and women,

and, forming themselves into an ellipse, waved their hands up and down with a slow, rhythmic motion, and rocked back and forth on their feet. Then the others, who had risen with them, followed in a line round this group, with a quick, springing tread and a like motion of the hands and arms, while they sang together the thrilling march which the others had struck up. They halted at the end of the hymn, and let their arms sink slowly to their sides; a number of them took the places of those in the midst, and the circling dance was resumed, ceasing, and then beginning again, till all had taken part in both centre and periphery; the lamps quivering on the walls, and the elastic floor, laid like that of a ball-room, responding to the tread of the dancers. When they went back to their seats, one woman remained standing, and began to prophesy in tongues. A solemn silence followed upon her ceasing, and then Brother Elihu rose, and said briefly that a friend from the world outside had a statement to make to the family, in the belief that he had arrived at central truths relating to spiritualism. He claimed to have been operating in a certain direction, with results as striking as they were unexpected. Elihu reminded them that as Shakers they had not been able to maintain a cordial sympathy with spiritualists in the world outside, who had too often abused to love of gain and the gratification of their pride and vanity the principle of spiritual communion originally revealed to Shakers. Yet they could not in reason refuse to hear the statement of this friend, who had, as it were, been providentially cast in their way, and who was apparently not moved by considerations of personal glory and profit, but who, from all he said, had the wish to remand the science into the keeping of Shakers, and to pursue his own investigations under their auspices. Elihu spoke with neatness and point; he added some cautionary phrases against too hasty judg-

ment of the facts about to be offered them, and warned them to beware of self-deception and the illusions arising from love of the marvelous, whether in their own hearts or the hearts of others.

Dr. Boynton could scarcely wait for him to have done. "I thank the brother," he said, in rising, "for admonishing us to beware of self-deception; it is an evil which in an inquiry like this would prove fatal, — which *does* prove fatal wherever it mingles with religious impulse; it poisons, it palsies, religious impulse. I have always guarded against it with anxious care, and, though sometimes abused by the deceit of others, I have at least no cause to accuse myself of want of vigilance concerning my own impressions. I regarded with skeptical scrutiny the first developments of spiritualism. I had been bred in the strictest sect of the Calvinists, from which I had revolted to the opposite extreme of infidelity; I was a materialist, believing in nothing that I could not see, hear, touch, or taste. I rejected the notion of a Supreme Being; I derided the hypothesis of immortality. The interest which I had taken in mesmerism only intensified my contempt for the whole order of miracles, in all ages. I saw the effect of mind upon mind, of mind upon matter; but I saw that it was always the effect of earthly intellect upon earthly substance. I accounted even for the wonders performed by Christ and the Apostles by mesmerism, acting now upon the subjects of their cures and resuscitations, and now upon the imaginations of the spectators.

"When the new phenomena were forced upon my attention by their prevalence in so many widely separated places, under so many widely differing conditions, I began to study them as the effect of mind upon inanimate matter. I did not suffer myself to suppose a spiritual origin for these phenomena, for I would not suppose spirits. I im-

ported into this fresh field of research the strict and hard methods with which I had wrought in the old.

"My wife died during the infancy of the daughter who is here with me now, the involuntary guest of your hospitality, and her death was attended by occurrences of a nature so intangible, so mysterious, so sacred, that I do not know how to shape them in words, but regarding which I may safely appeal to your own spiritual experience. In the moment of her passing I was aware of something, as of an incorporeal presence, a disembodied life, and in that moment I believed! I accepted the heritage which she had bequeathed me with her breath, and I dedicated the child to the study of truth under the new light I had received.

"That child has been my mesmeric subject almost from her birth, and all my endeavors have latterly been to her development as a medium of communication with the other world. She was naturally a child of gay and sunny temperament, loving the sports of children, and fond of simple, earthly pleasures. She showed great aptness for study,—she liked books and school; and the ordinary observer would have pronounced her a hopeless subject for psychological experiment. But I argued that if spirit was truly immortal it was immutable, and that a nature like hers, warm, happy, and loving, would have the same attraction for persons in one world as in another. The event proved that I was not mistaken; from the first, disembodied spirits showed a remarkable affinity for hers, and the demonstrations, though inarticulate and indefinite, were of the most unusual order. They frightened and disturbed her, and she did all that she could to escape from them. At different times, indeed, she effectually rebelled against my influence; and she was abetted in these periods of revolt by those who, after myself, were nearest and dearest to her. But in the end

my influence always triumphed, for she loved me with the tender affection which her mother seemed to impart to her with the gift of her own life. I never appealed to this affection in vain, and I have seen her change from a creature of robust, terrestrial tendencies to a being of moods almost as ethereal as those of the spirits with which it has been my struggle to associate her.

"Her health has not always borne the strain well, and but for my own sustaining strength it must have given way completely. The conditions amidst which we lived were all unfavorable. I will not enter upon the long story of my own misfortunes. By the insidious operation of the prevailing bigotry, public confidence in me was undermined; I lost my practice; I was reduced to dependence upon her kindred, who were the bitterest of my antagonists, and who resisted by every means in their power my purpose of taking her away from them, and attempting her development in other circumstances. But I prevailed, as I always prevailed when I made a final appeal to her affection. We came away, and entered upon the career, distasteful to us both, of public exhibitors. At first we met with great success in the small places which we visited, and I was induced to try our experiment in Boston. Here, too, we made a good impression; but almost at the outset, we encountered an influence, an enmity, embodied in a certain individual, against which we were almost powerless. To this antagonism was added the paralyzing effect of fraud on the part of a medium who assisted at our principal séance.

"I saw, upon reflection, that we could not hope to succeed in the atmosphere of a mercenary, professional mediumism; and I determined to retire again to our village, and lay once more, however painfully and slowly, the foundations of our experiment. I dreamed of forming about me a community of kindred spirits,

in which our work should be done unhindered by the selfish hope of gain, and I armed myself with patience for years of trial and discouragement.

"Brother Elihu will tell you how chance brought us together in the depot at Boston, and again at Ayer Junction; and I will not detain you with the history of the seeming disasters which have ended in our presence among the only people who have conceived of spiritism as a science, and practiced it as a religion. The mistake of a train going southward for a train going northward made us houseless and penniless wanderers last night; the cruel rapacity of a ruffian crowned our sufferings with a triumph surpassing my wildest hopes."

Dr. Boynton entered upon a circumstantial account of the strange occurrences at the Elm Tavern, and painted every detail with a vividness which had its effect upon his hearers. At the close, one of the sisters struck into a rapturous hymn, in which the others joined. He remained standing while they sang, and when their voices died away he continued in a low and grave tone:—

"What I wish now is simply to be received among you without prejudice, and to be allowed to carry out my plan with the powerful help of your sympathetic and intelligent sphere. I do not ask to be received out of charity: I am a physician, and I offer you my professional services at need; I have strong arms, and I am willing to work in your shops and your fields. But I feel myself here in presence of the right conditions, and I would make any sacrifice, short of the sacrifice of self-respect, to continue here. I am intensely disappointed that neither my investigations nor my usefulness to you can begin at once. My daughter, as you know, lies sick in your infirmary, and my first, my whole duty is to her. As soon as she is well again, you shall have my labor, and the world shall have my truth."

He sat down. One of the elders rose,

and, coming forward, said, "The thanks of the family are due to the friend for what he has spoken. The meeting is dismissed."

The brothers and sisters dispersed to their dwelling-houses, and Boynton walked alone to the infirmary. He found Sister Frances with his daughter, who was wakeful and in a high fever.

XIII.

Her father watched over Egeria in her sickness with the mechanical skillfulness and the mental abstraction which the office sisters had seen in his treatment of her case from the first. He was at her bedside night and day while the danger lasted; he prepared the medicines himself and administered them with his own hand, and he waited their effect from hour to hour, almost from moment to moment, with anxious scrutiny. At the same time a second and more inward self in him remained at immeasurable remoteness. "I never see such doctorin' or such nursin'," said Sister Frances, in her daily report at the office; "but it don't seem, somehow, as if he did it for *her*. I should say—and perhaps I should say more'n I ought if I *did* say it—'t he wanted her to get well, but 't he did n't want her to get well on her own account; well, not in the first *place*. And still he's just as kind and good! Well, it's perplexin'."

"I can't see," said Rebecca, carefully, "as we've got any call to judge him, as long as he does his duty by her."

"That's just where it is, Rebecca," answered Frances. "It does seem as if there was somethin' better than duty in this world. I d' know as there is, nor *what* it is; but it does seem as if there might be."

Boynton's efforts were bent not only to Egeria's escape from danger, but to her immunity from suffering, so far as he could avert it; and to this end he

often used his mesmeric power with what appeared good effect. The rending headache yielded to the mystical passes made above her throbbing temples, or over her eyes that trembled with the hot pain; or perhaps it was only the touch of the physician's wise fingers that soothed them, and brought her the deep, strange sleep. But after the crisis of the fever, and when the convalescence began, the influence, whatever it was, ceased to relieve. It fretted instead of strengthening the girl in her climb up toward health, as her father was quick to perceive. He desisted, and he did not talk with her of the schemes and hopes that preoccupied him. He scarcely talked of them at all, though now and then, when he met Elihu, it was clear that he had not relinquished them in the slightest measure. The Shaker wondered at the self-control with which he cast them into such complete abeyance, and could not forbear suggesting at one of their encounters, "Your daughter's sickness is quite a little cross to your patience, Friend Boynton."

"Yes, yes," returned the doctor, intensely; "but it is not the first time I have had to use patience. The end is worth waiting for, and, as you said when we first talked of it, the end can wait for us; the truth will keep. I am sure of the result. But nothing can be done till she is perfectly well again."

"Yee," said Elihu; "the young woman's welfare is more precious than any proof she could give us of the existence of spirits. We know that they exist already."

The doctor stared at him, astonished, but finally said nothing. They did not speak of Boynton's union with the family; that question shared the suspense in which the great problem, to the solution of which Shakerism had been only a means in his mind, was left. But he had taken his place in the community like one of them. There were reasons in the condition of the only suit of

clothing which he brought from the world outside why he should continue to dress in the Shaker garb; but it is probable that he would have preferred to wear it, even if the skill of the family tailoress could have rehabilitated the wreck of his secular raiment; and he was faithful in his attendance at all the religious meetings, both those held in the family-house and those opened to the public, with the advancing spring, in the meeting-house. He did not take an active part in the worship. Once, when asked to speak, he said briefly that for the present he had nothing to add to his first statement; and during the marching and singing he sat quietly in a corner, opposite a sister on the women's side, whose extreme stoutness had long excused her from dancing before the Lord. In the mean time he had treated several slight cases of sickness which occurred in the family; and he had drawn all the teeth in the head of a young sister much tormented with toothache, and long emulous of the immunity enjoyed by most of the other sisters through their full sets of artificial teeth. He had also, in his moments of disoccupation, and during his watches beside Eggeria, made a profound study of the history and doctrine of Shakerism; and he grew into general liking with the family at large, whose knowledge of his devotion to his daughter did not search motive so jealously or fantastically as that of Sister Frances, and who thought him a marvel of vigilance and skill.

April had passed, and May had worn away to its last weeks before the girl could sit up in an easy-chair, and with pillowed head look out on the landscape. Sometimes, after the favorable change in her fever began, she had asked, in the mellowing afternoons, to have her window opened to let in the rich, pungent odors of the burning refuse of the gardens,—the last year's withered vines and stalks which the boys had raked into large piles, and fired in the field below

the infirmary. She could hear, from where she lay, the snap and crackle of the flames; and once, when Sister Frances returned after a moment in which she had left the sick girl alone, she found that Egeria had dragged herself across the bed to where she could see the fire, upon which she was gloating with rapture. Frances spoke to her; she replaced her pillow, and after a long look at the Shakeress she broke into tears. The watchers with her in these early days of her convalescence always found her awake at dawn, when the robins and orioles and sparrows were weaving that fabric of song which seems to rise everywhere from the earth to the low-hovering heaven.

"It's like the singin' of spirits, ain't it?" said one of the sisters who saw the transport with which she silently listened, her large eyes wide and her lips open.

"No!" cried the girl, almost fiercely. "It's like the singing of the birds at home."

"Seemed as if she hated the spirits, as you might say," the Shakeress commented to the office sisters. It was the first time that any of them had heard Egeria mention her former home, for even in the fever her ravings had been of experiences in Boston, unintelligible to them. But they had all noted the passion with which, when her recovery began, she turned to the natural world. She asked for the wild flowers, and day by day demanded if it were not yet time for the anemones, the columbines, the dog-tooth violets. If the spring lingered, or at times turned backward, nothing could rouse her from the dejection into which she fell, till the sun began to shine and the birds began to sing again. It was felt in the family to be foolish, or worse, but none of the Shakers could come home through field or wood without staying to pluck some token of the season's advance for the sick girl, who was longing so restlessly

to go out and find the summer for herself. Her bed was decked with boughs of wilding bloom; on the shelves and window-sills the sylvan and campestral flowers gave their delicate colors and faint fragrances in whatever prim jug or sober vase the community could spare from its service. Something, surely, must be wrong about all this ministering to a love that might be said to savor of earthly vanities, but the most anxious of the nun-like sisters could not determine upon the sin; and while they wondered in just what sort they should deal with the elusive evil, a visiting brother from another community arrived to pronounce it no evil, but an instinct, wholesome as the harmless things themselves. Upon this, one of them brought and laid at Egeria's bedside a rug which she had worked with the pattern of a grape-vine, and which for five years she had kept fearfully hidden away in her closet, from compunction for its likeness to a graven image.

Egeria first went out on the 20th of May, that signal date when the spring, whatever her previous reluctances, brings up all arrears with the apple-blossoms. The season is then no longer late or early, but is the consummate spring; and all weather-wise hopes and fears are lost in the richness with which she keeps the promise of her name. It might well have seemed to the girl's impatience as she watched the orchard trees, sometimes from her closed window and sometimes from her open door, as the day was chill or soft, that the blossoms would never come; and even when every tip of the mossed and twisted boughs was lit with the pink glimmer of a bud, and the trees' whole round was suffused with a tender flush of color, that the delicate petals of rose and snow would never unfold. The orioles and the bobolinks sang from the airy tops, and from the clover in the grassy alleys between the trees; in a neighboring field the oats were already high

enough to brighten and darken in the wind. The canes of the blackberries and raspberries in the garden were tufted with dark green, and beyond the broad leaves of the pie-plant and the neat lines of sprouting peas, the grape-vines on Elder Joseph's trellis, were set thick with short, velvety leaves of pinkish-olive, when suddenly, in a warm night, the delaying buds unfolded, and in the morning the apple-blossoms had come.

"I am going out under them," the girl said, when she saw them, and she set a resolute face against the fond anxieties of Sister Frances. Her father came and approved her wish.

"It won't hurt her; it will do her good," he said, with that somewhat propitiatory acquiescence with which he now indulged his daughter's whims. So, when the morning was well warmed through, as Sister Frances said, they spread some sad-colored wraps on the grass in the orchard, where the mingled wind and sun could reach her through the screen of blossoms. She walked a little tremulously, clinging to her father's arm, but a light of perfect happiness played over her faintly flushing face as she sank upon the couch. From where she lounged, she could look across the gardened interval, declining from the street on which the hamlet was built, to the elms and sycamores that fringed the river-course, and beyond to other uplands, where the gray farmsteads dimly showed among the fields, and the white houses of villages clustered and sparkled in the sun. An unspeakable serenity filled the scene; and round her the little Shaker town was a part of the wide peace. There was seldom a passer on the sandy thoroughfare, now printed with the delicate shadows of the new maple leaves, and the stillness was unbroken by any sound of human life. The Shakers and their hired men were at work in the gardens and the fields, but they worked quietly; and the shops in which there was once the clinking of hammers on lap-stone

and anvil had been hushed long ago by the cheaper industries of the world outside.

At the doors of the great family houses of brick, a Shaker sister in strict drab and deep bonnet from time to time issued or entered silently. Nothing but the cat-bird twanging in the elder-bushes, and the bobolinks climbing in the sunlit air, to reel and slide down, gurgling and laughing, to the clover tufts from which they rose, broke upon the mellow diapason of the bees in the apple-blossoms overhead. Where she lay, propped on her arm, with her father seated beside her, some of the brothers and sisters came out of their way from time to time, to welcome her out-doors, and to warn her not to stay too long. Some rumor of her longing to be in the weather, and of her passion for the blossoms and the birds amongst which she was blessed at last, had penetrated the whole community, and many who did not come to speak to her looked out unseen from their windows upon her happiness, which they might have found somewhat too earthly, in spite of the ideas lately promulgated by the visiting brother. With her blue eyes dreamily untroubled, she looked like some sylvan creature, a part of the young terrestrial life that shone and sang and bloomed around her; while flashes of light and color momentarily repaired the waste that sickness had made in her beauty. A sense of her exquisite harmony with the great natural frame of things may have penetrated the well-defended consciousness of Elder Joseph, as he paused near her, on his way home to dinner; but if it did, it failed to grieve him. He looked indulgently down at her; by an obscure impulse he gathered some of the richest sprays from the branches at hand, and dropped them into her lap.

"It seems right," he said, "to be getting well in the spring, when everything is taking a fresh start. I like to see the young woman looking so happy."

He addressed the doctor as well as Egeria, but it was she who answered.

"Yes; it would n't seem the same thing if it were fall. If it had been fall, I should not have got well; I should not have cared to get well."

"Nay," replied the Shaker; "if it is for us to choose, we are to choose to get well at all times."

"I mean," said the girl, "that I could not have chosen."

"You can't tell," observed her father. "Most fevers are autumnal, and convalescents are braced up by the approach of cold weather."

"Yes," she rejoined, "but now I seem to be stronger because my getting well is part of the spring."

"Our sympathetic relations with nature are subtle and strong," consented Boynton. "No one can tell just how much influence they have over our physical condition."

Egeria silently gazed upon the prospect. "It's sightly, is n't it?" asked the Shaker. "I have looked at it, now, for fifty spring-times, and it is as pretty as when it was first revealed to me."

Boynton started, and repeated, "Revealed?"

"Oh, yee," returned the elder, "I first saw this place in a vision. It was when I was a young man, and several years before I was gathered in from the world outside. When I came here, I remembered the place and the persons I had seen in my vision, and I knew them all. Then I knew that it was meant, and I stayed."

"Is it possible!" cried Dr. Boynton. "That was very extraordinary. Have you had other psychological experiences?"

"Nay," said Brother Joseph, briefly.

"But they are common among you?" pursued Dr. Boynton.

"Oh, yee, we have all had some such intimations. Have you never read Elder Evans's account of his dealings with the supernatural?"

"No, never!" cried Boynton, with intensifying interest.

"I will lend you the book. He tells some strange things. But we do not follow up such experiences. They serve their purpose, and that is enough. We try to live the angelic life. That will bring what is good in the supernatural to us, and we need not go to it."

"I think you make a mistake!" said Boynton promptly. "These intimations are given expressly to invite pursuit. That is what miracles are for."

"Nay," returned the Shaker. "They are no miracles, if you follow them up to see them a second time. We must beware how we make the supernatural a commonplace. None of the disciples knew exactly who Christ was till he was taken from them; and he has only appeared since to one Doubter out of all the millions that have longed to believe on him. There is something in that. The other world cannot come twice to prove itself. Once is enough in miracles."

"Then you disapprove of spiritistic research?" demanded Boynton. "You condemn the desire to develop the dim hints of immortality which we all think we have received into certain and absolute demonstration?"

"Nay, I do not condemn any earnest striving for the truth, under proper conditions."

"I hope to find those conditions among you," Boynton hastened to say.

"We shall be happy to afford them," said the Shaker smoothly, "if we can agree upon what they are. But it is right to say that we consider Shakerism the end and not the means of spiritualism." He passed on down the orchard aisle, the sunlight falling upon his quaint figure through the apple-blossoms.

The doctor's eyes followed him, but it was some time before he spoke. "After all," he said, as if musing aloud, "he is not one of the controlling forces of the community." He spoke

with a certain effect of arming himself against opposition. "You had better come in, now, Egeria. It won't do for you to take cold."

"Yes, pretty soon. I don't wonder that they think they're living the angelic life."

"Why?" asked her father sharply.

"It's like a heaven upon earth, here."

This vexed her father. "Yes, like heaven now, with the apples in bloom and the birds singing. But how much like heaven would it be with three feet of snow where you are lying?"

"Well, let us go in. I had better not stay too long." She rose as if saddened by his words, and suffered herself to be helped back to the infirmary.

"The Swedenborgians," said her father, in reparation, "believe that in the other world winter is absorbed into the other seasons, and that the whole year is a sort of spring-time."

"Ah!" breathed the girl. "But I did n't mean spring. I should want the whole year to be summer, and I should want it to be in this world. I should like a heaven upon earth."

Her father looked closely at her. "This materialistic tendency is a trait of your convalescence. People are never so earthly as when they are recovering from a dangerous sickness. There is a kind of revolt from the world whose borders they have touched, — a rebound. The senses are riotous to try their strength again." He said these things as if accounting to himself for a fact, rather than explaining her condition to Egeria.

"Well, we have a right to our life here!" she cried, passionately. "Let the other world keep to itself!"

He did not answer her directly, and at other times he avoided encounter with anything like opposition in her. She would not stay in-doors after she once liberated herself. The spring came on rapidly and brought the hot weather before its time; but she thrived in the heat.

Before she was strong enough to walk much, the Shakers appointed for her use an open buggy, garrulous and plaintive with age, and an old horse past his usefulness at the plow, but very fit for lounging along by-roads, and skilled in cropping wayside foliage as he went. With her father beside her in his Shaker dress, while she wore a worldlier garb, which she had beguiled her convalescence in fashioning from materials supplied by the family dress-maker, the equipage took the passers on the quiet roads with question and wonder. But they met few people, for they drove mostly over the grass-grown lanes that entered the forest, and the track oftener died away in the thickening vegetation than led any whither. Sometimes it arrived at a clearing deep in the woods, and accounted for itself as the way over which the teams had hauled wood in the winter, or got out logs. In other places it was a fading reminiscence of former population, and led through the trees and thick undergrowth to the site of a vanished dwelling; a few apple-trees emerged from the ranks of their sylvan brethren; a rose or currant bush stood revealed among the blueberries or the sweet-fern; then the dull red and white of ruined masonry showed in the grass, and suddenly a cellar yawned before their feet, or they stepped over a well-curb choked with stones. Now and then they met lurking and evasive people on the lonesome roads, who were sometimes black, and who seldom seemed part of the ordinary New England life. If they followed up the track on which these men had shambled towards them, they might come upon a poverty-stricken dwelling of unpainted wood, which seemed never to have had heart to be a home. If they spoke to the slattern woman in the doorway, she was nasal enough, but otherwise the effect was as if some family of poor whites from the South had been dropped down in those Northern woods, with all its na-

tive environment of lounging dogs, half-starved colts, and frightened poultry.

Boynton philosophized the strange conditions as well as he could in the absence of any but obvious facts concerning them. When he stopped for a dipper of water at the well, from which he drew it with the old-fashioned sweep, and fell into talk with the women, they were voluble, but not very intelligible. They commonly took him for a Shaker, but Egeria gave them pause in their conjectures; and when he explained that he and his daughter were merely staying with the Shakers they said, Well, the Shakers were good folks, any way. There was sickness in some of these forlorn places, and once it happened to the doctor to be able to afford relief in the case of a suffering child. He was very tender with it, and gentle with the parents, who looked as if they would still be young if they had any encouragement, and on a second visit they asked him what he charged. When he said, "Nothing," they followed him and Egeria out to their buggy in a sort of helpless gratitude.

"Well, you've done our little girl good, doctor," the woman said on the doorstep, "and we sha'n't forget it. The trouble is we don't seem to get no ways forehanded."

Boynton looked about him, as he took the reins in his hand, upon two or three other weather-beaten houses. "What place is this?" he asked.

"Well," said the woman, with sober apology, while her man grinned, "I d' know's you may say it *has* any name. Skunk's Misery, they *call* it." She showed her sense of degradation in the brutal grotesquery. "Well, call again," she said, as the doctor lifted his reins and chirruped to the old horse. "And you, too, lady," she added, nodding to Egeria.

"She kept her house in good order, for such a poor place," said the girl, when they had been watched out of

sight by the man and his wife, "and the little girl's bed was sweet and clean. I should think they might be happy, there."

"In Skunk's Misery?" asked her father.

"If the house is their own," answered Egeria simply. "They seemed good to each other."

"Oh, you will change your mind when you're quite well again. You will want to see more of the world."

"I wish we had a house of our own, somewhere," said Egeria. "I should n't care where. I was thinking of that. I should like to keep house. I am going to get Frances to teach me everything."

"That will all come in good time," answered her father soothingly. "And it will come with higher things. Only now get well."

"What higher things?" demanded the girl.

Boynton looked at her, and answered evasively, "Things we couldn't very well find in Skunk's Misery. Perhaps we shall go abroad. Would you like to go to Europe?"

"I would rather go home."

Boynton frowned, but did not answer; and they had escaped encounter for that time, at least.

As Egeria grew stronger they gave up their drives somewhat, and took walks in the nearer woods. Oftenest their errand was to gather laurel, which was now coming richly into bloom. It filled the open spaces of the small clearings and wherever the woods were thin; it hid the stumps and consoled the poor, sterile soil with the starry profusion of its flower. One afternoon, when they had climbed to the hill-top where the Shakers of earlier times lay in their nameless graves, they looked out over the masses of the laurel, and it was like a second blossoming of the orchards. Egeria sat down on one of the fallen stones, without knowing that it covered a grave, and

began putting her boughs of laurel into shape, choosing this and rejecting that, while her father went about among the forgetful tombs.

"I am glad we came here," he said, returning to her, "for I should not have liked to miss seeing their grave-yard."

"Their grave-yard?" she repeated.

"Yes; this is the old Shaker burial-ground."

She looked round. "I did n't know it," and added, like one following out some tacit thought, "Well, what difference would it make if they had put their names on? They rest as well without it. And if they had put their names, who could remember who they were in fifty years from now?"

"They know one another in the other world just as well, without the record here," consented her father. "And it is n't here that we are to be remembered, at any rate."

"I wish it were!" said the girl, with passion, dropping her flowers into her lap. "I like this world, and I like to be in it. I wish we did n't have to die."

"Death is the condition of our advancement," said her father.

"But I would rather not advance," said Egeria. "I almost wish I had been born an animal. I should have had to die, but I should not have known it, and there would have been nothing of me to come back!" She went on putting together her boughs of laurel, and she wore that look of being remote within her defenses which a woman knows how to assume no less with her father than with her lover. She then adventurously throws out thoughts and opinions, as if they had just casually occurred to her, which she has perhaps reached after long secret cogitation or sensation, or which are perhaps really what they seem.

"Why should n't you wish to come back, ages hence, and see what advance the world has made?" rejoined her father, after a pause.

"I should be afraid that I had n't kept up with it," answered Egeria. "The spirits that come back say such silly things."

"That is a childish way of looking at it," said her father with severity. "We have no more right to accuse them of silliness than we have to laugh at the foreigner who can express only the simplest things in English. The medium of thought must be so different in the two conditions of being that the wonder is that returning spirits can understand and use our dialects at all."

"I don't see why they should forget their own language, if they're the same persons there that they were here," Egeria returned, stubbornly. "Yes," she cried, "I would rather be here under the ground forever than be like some of the spirits! Oh, I should like to live always, too; but I don't call that living. I should like to live here in this world, — on the earth."

"Would you like to live always among the Shakers?" asked her father, willing to turn the current of her thoughts.

"They try all the time to make the other world of this world!"

"Perhaps that's the only condition on which they find happiness in this world."

"Perhaps. But I don't believe so. We were not born into the other world. The Shakers are very good, and they have been kind to us. Yes, I could be contented among them. Are you going to stay with them, father?"

"I don't know," replied Boynton. "The time has n't come to decide, yet. I have been waiting. There is no hurry. I don't feel that we are here on charity, quite. I am able to render some equivalent."

"Yes," said Egeria, "and I am going to work as soon as they will let me. I know they would like to have us stay and join them."

"That was originally my idea. I still

propose to do so, if I find them useful. Everything depends" — He stopped uneasily, and glanced at Egeria, but she showed no uneasiness.

XIV.

While their place in the community was thus indefinite, they dwelt with the brothers and sisters who had first received them in the office. Egeria helped the sisters in their work there, and they all liked to have her about them, though it was tacitly agreed that she belonged chiefly to Sister Frances, with whom she served, making the beds, wiping the dishes, and putting the rooms in order, while Diantha and Rebecca devoted themselves to the more public duties of the place. As she grew stronger she would not be kept from taking her share in the family work. Frances forbade her helping in the laundry, where one of the brothers, vague through wreaths of steam from the deep boilers, presided over a company of sisters and boys, and afterwards marshaled them in hanging out the community wash; this, she held, involved dangers of rheumatism and relapse; but she allowed her to find a place in the herb-house, where a score of the young Shakeresses, seated on the floor of the wide, low room, before fragrant heaps of catnip, boneset, and lobelia, sorted and cleaned these simples for the brothers in the packing-room below. "That is sort of being out-doors," said Sister Frances, with a sly allusion to the girl's well-known passion. Indeed, Egeria's chief usefulness appeared when the first wild berries came. Her father no longer accompanied her, for he found the heat too great a burden. The women went, five or six in a wagon, with one of the brothers, who drove, to the berry pasture a mile or two away, and they sang their shrill hymns while passing through the pine woods, that gave out a balsamic sweetness in the sun. At the

verge of a westward-sloping valley was a stretch of many hundred acres, swept by a forest fire a few years before, and now rank with the vegetation which the havoc had enriched. Blueberries and huckleberries, raspberries and blackberries, batten upon the ashes of the pine and oak and chestnut, and flourished round the charred stumps; the strawberry matted the blackened ground, and ran to the border of the woods where, among the thin grass, it lifted its fruit on taller stems, and swung its clusters in the airs that drew through the alleys of the forest. Here and there were the shanties of Canadian wood-cutters, whom the Shakers had sent to save what fuel they might from the general loss, and whom, at noonday, the pickers came upon, as they sat in pairs at their doors, with a can of milk between them, dusky, furtive, and intent as animals. From the first of the strawberries to the last of the blackberries, the birds and chipmucks feasted, and only stirred in short flights when the young Shakeresses, shy as themselves, invaded their banquet.

"Why, Egery," said one of them, the first day, "you empty your basket faster than any of us, and you said you never picked before. How do you always find such full vines? I do believe it's because they know you *love* to pick 'em so, and they just give you a little wink."

"Yes," she answered absently, like one entranced by the rich influences of the time and scene. She drank of the strong vitality of the earth and air and sun, and day by day the potion showed its effect in the serenity of her established health.

"Oh, nothing in the weather hurts *her*," said the girl who had surprised her secret understanding with the berries. "She keeps on with the birds and squirrels when the heat drives us off, and if it comes on to rain it runs off her as if she was a chipmuck or a robin; and next morning, when I'm as full of aches and

pains as I can hold, she's all ready to begin again."

"Yee, that's so, Elizabeth," said the others, who laughed at this.

In their way they mingled what jollity they could in their work, and were sometimes demurely freakish in the depths of their poke-bonnets and under the wide brims of their hats. Certain of the elder brethren and sisters had their repute for humor, and made their quaint jokes without a bad conscience; while the younger played little pranks upon one another, with those gigglings and thrusts and pushes which accompany the expression of rustic drollery, and were not severely rebuked. Egeria did not take part in their jocularities; but it was another joke of the young Shakers and Shakeresses, kept children beyond their time and apt to allege children's excuses when called to account, to say, "She made us do it—she looked so!"

They all liked her, and in spite of the secular fashion of her dress, to which she still clung, they treated her as if she were one of themselves, and were always to stay with them. Whatever may have been in their hearts, nothing in their manner betrayed surprise at the complete abeyance into which her supposed supernatural gifts had fallen. Perhaps, as people used to supernaturalism, to the caprice with which the other world uses this, they could be surprised at no lapse or access of divination, in any given case. At any rate, they all seemed content with her robust return to life and health, and if they were impatient for proof of the great things that her father had claimed for her, none of them showed impatience.

There were certain other faculties as dormant in her as her psychological powers. Once, as she passed through the pine woods where Laban had first found her and her father, he leaned across Sister Frances, who sat between them on the wagon-seat, and asked, "Do

you know this road?" And when they came to that knoll beside the brook he asked again, "Do you mind this place?" He laughed when she said no. "Well, I don't much wonder. You didn't seem to be quite in your right senses. This is the place where I come across you and your father that day."

At another time, when a different course brought them home by the Elm Tavern she dimly recalled the aspect of the house and asked what it was. "It seems as if I had seen it in a dream," she said.

"Must ha' had the nightmare pretty bad," returned Laban. "It's a dreadful place."

"Dreadful," repeated Sister Frances. "But it's just so when you're comin' down with a fit of sickness, especially fevers. Everything seems in a dream, like."

Sister Frances rejoiced like a mother in the girl's health, which came back to her in no ethereal quality, but in solid evidence, in color and in elasticity of step and touch. She had known her before the fever only in that brief interval in which all her faculties were invested by the disease; and both the spiritual and material change wrought in her by convalescence might well have appeared greater than they were. She had seen her lie down a frail and fearful girl, deeply shadowed, as she fancied, by the memories of a troubled past; and she had seen her rise up and grow, in sympathy with the reviving year, into a broad, tranquil summer of womanly ripeness and strength, unvexed by any remembered pain. To the homely mind of Sister Frances she was like the young maple which Brother Joseph had found in a sombre thicket of the woods, and had set out in the abundant sunshine of the village street before the office gate, where it had thriven in a single year out of all likeness to itself. She admired this tree, and in telling Egeria of her fancy she gave her a pin-cushion

she had shaped in its image on the stem of a broken kerosene lamp: it was faithful, even to the emery bag in a red peak, like the first color which the maple showed at top in the autumn.

When the garden berries began to ripen, the two often talked long together as they sat in the cool basement of the office, sorting them with Shaker conscientiousness, and packing for market only boxes of honest fruit. Then the elder woman tried with maternal tenderness to draw nearer the life of this daughter of her care, in the fond hope that she might always keep her, and not lose her again to the world from which she had wandered.

"You seem happy here, Egeria," she would say, timorously feeling her way toward what had already been talked of in the family; and then, when the girl answered that she had never been so happy before, the sister's conscience gave her a check. It did not seem right to take advantage of Egeria's happiness among them to urge her to any step to which she was not moved by conviction. "You know," she resumed, "that we wouldn't like anything better than to have you stay among us, — you and your father both. All the family's agreed about that. But it is n't for us to prevail without you feel a call to our life. What does your father say?"

"We have never talked much about it," said Egeria. "May be he is waiting for me to get well before he makes up his mind."

"Why, you look a great deal better than he does, now!" cried Sister Frances, bluntly. "I want you should both stay with us till he gets strong again. I don't think your father's over and above strong when he's well."

"Well?" echoed the girl. "Don't you think he's well?"

"Yee," answered Sister Frances, "but nervous, worried, like. I suppose he has n't had a chance yet to wear off the excitement of the world outside. You

know you've had a good fit of sickness. We all say that whatever happened before you came here, it's dropped from you like a garment."

"Yes, like a garment," responded Egeria, vaguely, letting her busy hands fall into her lap.

Frances took her by the arm. "Don't you go and be anxious, now, at what I said about your father."

"Oh, no!" said Egeria, recalling herself, and settling to work again.

"He's as well as anybody need be. Only you're so very well that anybody, to see you, would suppose you were the well one."

"I was wondering," mused the girl aloud, "if he had anything to perplex him. Sister Frances," she asked presently, "did any letter come for me while I was sick?"

"Nay. Did you expect a letter?"

"No," said Egeria, "there could n't have been any answer." She suddenly blushed, and then fell into a reverie so profound that Frances, working alone at the berries, knew not how to bring back the talk to the point from which it had strayed. She was not a person of much native tact, and the community life did not cherish tact among the virtues, counting truth much better; but now Sister Frances attempted a strategic approach.

"Sometimes," she said, "the young people who are gathered in have hopes in the world outside that make it hard for them to conform to the true life. And we women, we all know what such hopes are. I was young, and the world looked very bright to me when I was gathered in."

"You, Sister Frances? You gathered in? I thought you were brought up in the family from a child."

"Nay, I was gathered in — when I was twenty."

"When you were twenty? And I am nineteen."

"I came to the neighborhood on a visit, and one Sunday I went to Shaker

meeting, and I heard something said that made me think it was the true life. I used to be troubled about religion; but I've had peace for many years. At first it was considerable of a cross, wondering whether I'd acted for the best. He'd never said anything to me, and I'd know as he ever would. But he might have. That was what kept preying on my mind, whenever I got lonesome or doubtful about my choice. But I was helped to put it away. He's been here, since — with *her*. That was the most of a cross, of anything. At first, he did n't know me, so I don't suppose he ever *did* care, much."

"Had you ever," said Egeria, in a sort of scare, "done anything that could have made him think *you* cared?"

"Nay. I was too proud for that."

"But even if you had done such a thing — by a mistake, or by doing something you thought was right, and then you had been afraid he might take it differently — you would have felt safe here."

"Yee, I should have felt safe." Frances waited for Egeria to speak, but the girl was again silent. "I did hope," resumed the sister, "in those young and foolish days, that he might be gathered in, too. Then we could lived in sight of each other. But it wa'n't to be, and I don't know as 't would been for the best. Any rate, he got married. I've heard they live out in Illinoy, and 't he's made out real well. And I'm at rest, here."

"Sister Frances," said Egeria, "do you think my father looks sick?"

"Well, I declare, if you ain't thinkin' of that silly talk of mine, yet! Anybody'd look sick alongside of you. I only meant that he was a little more peaked."

"Yes," responded the girl with a sigh, "he does n't look well."

She watched him at dinner, that day, and saw that he had a small and fastidious appetite, though the early abundance of a Shaker garden was there to

tempt him. "Are you feeling well, father?" she asked, when they went out after tea for a little stroll. "You ate hardly anything at dinner, and this evening you did n't touch your tea."

"Yes," he answered quickly, with a touch of irritation, "I am well; very well; perfectly well. But the hot weather is trying, and — and" —

"And what?" coaxed the girl. "Have you been thinking about something that worries you? Is there anything on your mind?"

"No, no. Nothing. Have you ever noticed it before? What has made you notice it?"

"I don't know. Sister Frances said she thought you did n't look as well as I do. That seemed strange."

"*You* are looking very well, Egeria. I am glad to see you looking so well. This fund of physical strength ought to contribute — There is nothing that is necessarily alien in it to — I am truly glad for your sake, my dear, that you are so well."

They were walking down the sloping roadside from the office gate toward the clump of old willows in whose midst stood the spacious stone bowl, scooped out of the solid granite by some forgotten brother in former years, and now tenderly, darkly green, inside and out, with a tint of cool mold. When they reached the bank beside the trough, he dropped wearily on the grass, but she remained standing, with her arms sunken before her and her fingers intertwined, watching the soft ebullition of the spring in the centre of the bowl. She had either not been aware of his approach to the matter of their tacit avoidance, or she was indifferent to it. A smile played upon her face as the bubble continually rounded itself without breaking upon the surface of the water; and in the mellow light of the waning day she looked strong and very beautiful. Her hair was darker than before her fever; her eyes had lost their look of vigilance

and apprehension, and softly burned in their gaze; the sun and wind had enriched her fair Northern complexion with a tinge of the South. An artist or a poet of those who dream backward from fable might have figured her in his fancy as the Young Ceres: she looked so sweet and pure an essence of the harvest landscape, so earthly fair and good.

Her father glanced at her uneasily. "I don't like my environment, here," he broke out on a sudden. "I am conscious of adverse influences."

She slowly lifted her eyes from the fountain, and looked at him with gravely smiling question, as if she had not quite understood.

"You asked me just now," he resumed, "whether I had been thinking about any vexatious matter. Have you seen nothing here of late to vex me?"

"No," she answered, with the same question, but without the smile.

"Nothing in the attitude of these people?"

"Their attitude?"

"I have tried to believe," he said vehemently, "that it was my fancy; but I can't be mistaken. They regard me with distrust; they have withdrawn from me the sympathy upon which I was placing all my hopes of success. No, no," he added, seeing her about to speak in refutation, "I am right. I feel it, I know it."

"They seem kinder to me than ever," Egeria ventured.

"They *are* kinder to you," returned her father. "They are distinguishing between us. They wish to keep you, and to cast me out."

Egeria looked incredulous. "But how could they do that? Nothing could separate us!"

"I am glad to hear you say that," said her father, huskily. "There have been times of late when I thought — when I was afraid — You have seemed indifferent" —

"Father!"

"I know that I wronged you." He turned his face, and they were both silent, till Egeria spoke.

"If what you think is true, we must go away. Where will we go? Shall we go home?"

"No, I can't go there. It's impossible."

Egeria did not reply directly, but after a while she said, "Father, do you ever think of Mr. Hatch?"

"No. Why should I think of him?"

"He lent us money, and he expected to find us at home when he got back."

"His loan could scarcely have paid the debt he was under to me. I regarded it in that light, and so did he. We had no obligation to be where he expected to find us."

"No; but if he went there, and did n't find us, it would make grandfather very anxious."

"I'm not obliged to preserve your grandfather from anxiety. He has n't known our movements since we left home. But I do care for Mr. Hatch. I will write him, and tell him where we are. Where was he going?"

Egeria turned a little white. "I — I don't know," she faltered. "I can't remember. Wait! Yes — he gave me his address, and I — I can't think what I did with it."

"Perhaps you put it in your bag, with the money."

"Yes — I did. I put it in my bag. It's gone. Everything about that time seems so dim, so" —

"It's no matter; not the least," said her father. "He probably has n't returned to the East. When he does, he can readily find us out." Egeria looked grieved and troubled, but he hurried on to say, "The great question is how to bring about the results — the important results — for which I came here. I will not be driven from conditions which I thought so favorable, without an effort. Their leading men may turn against me if they choose; it is their peril and their

loss; but the great mass of the community will be with me in any collision."

"Why, what makes you think there is a feeling against you, father, in any of them?"

"Do you remember that day in the orchard when you first went out? Joseph and I had some words, in which he showed plainly what had been fermenting in his mind, when he intimated the subordination of spiritualism to Shakerism. I understood his drift, though at the time I said nothing. Afterwards the matter dropped; but within a few days I have been made to feel very distinctly a sphere of opposition. They think, the leading men, that my utilization of their conditions will undermine their whole system. And so it will. Their system is unnaturally and ridiculously mistaken; next after their spiritualism, their communism is the only thing about them that is fit to survive. Their angelic life, as they call it, is an absurd delusion, the dream of a sick woman."

"Oh, I hope you won't do anything to break up their life!" cried the girl, in simple trust of his power. "They have been so good to us."

"Their system may remain, for all me," returned her father. "Even in riding down the opposition to me, I shall be careful of their rights. Egeria," he said, "you must have observed that during your long convalescence I have spared you all discussion of this matter?"

"Yes," she admitted, apprehensively.

"I noticed that it seemed to irritate you, — to cost you an effort of mind and of will, which I was unwilling to tax you with till you had regained your full strength. The delay has been very irksome to me. I felt that we were losing precious time — that we were being placed in a false position; the waiting has worn upon me, as you see." He looked even haggard in the coming twilight. He had lost flesh, and two loose

strings hung where his double chin had been. "The question now is whether you will be ready when I call upon you for the test which I am impatient to make."

Egeria sank down upon the bank not far from him, and pulled weakly at a tuft of grass. "I was in hopes," she said sadly, "that you had given it up, father."

"Given it up!" he cried in amaze.

"Why could n't we wait?" she asked.

"Wait? Till when?"

"Till we are dead. Then we shall know whether there is any truth in it all. It will be only a little while at the longest."

"A little while!" exclaimed the doctor indignantly. "We may live to be a hundred! There are people in those houses yonder," — he indicated the dormitories with a wave of his hand, — "who have had everything to kill them in their prime; who came here with the women who were to be their wives, or who left husband and children and home to embrace this asceticism; who for scores of years have had the memories of these to brood upon in their withered hearts. We can't wait for death. We have a right to know the truth from life."

They had so often talked of this deep concern as knowledge to be acquired that probably neither of them found anything grotesque or terrible in this phase of the discussion. Egeria now only urged vaguely, "We have the Bible."

"Yes," rejoined her father, bitterly, "the Bible! the book with which they try to crush our hopes! the record, permeated and saturated with spiritualism from Genesis to Revelation, by which they pretend to disprove and forbid spiritualism! Shall one revelation suffice for all time? Shall we know nothing of the grand and hopeful changes which must have taken place in the world of spirits, as in this world, during the last eighteen hundred years? Are we less worthy of communion with su-

pernal essences than those semi-barbarous Jews? Let us beware how we refuse the light of our day, because the light of the past still shines. Shines? Flickers! In many it is extinct. How shall faith and hope be rekindled? Egeria, you must not try to argue with me on this point. You must submit yourself and your power implicitly to me. Will you do so?"

"I don't know what you mean by my power. I have no power."

"You have power, if you think you have. What I ask is that you will not oppose your will to mine."

"I will not oppose you," she answered in a low voice. A gush of tears blinded her, and dimmed the beautiful world. "You know how I have always hated this, father,—ever since I was old enough to think about it. A thing that seemed to be and seemed not to be,—it scared me! And when it all stopped I thought you would n't want to begin it again. But I will try to do whatever you ask me."

"I can't understand your repugnance," said her father. "If this power of yours should bring you face to face with your mother"—

"I never saw her,—I should not know her; and she would not know me for the little baby she left!" cried the girl desperately. "Besides, I can wait to go to her. And she can wait, too. I don't believe she would ever come. What good does it all do? Oh, it's dreadful to me!"

"The time has been, Egeria," rejoined her father, "when your attitude would have discouraged me. Now, it only gives me pain. I am convinced that your own opinions and ideas of the matter are of no consequence to the agencies operating through you. All that I ask of you is that you yield yourself passively to my influence. Will you do this?"

"Oh, yes, I will do all that I can. Oh, I wish I had died in the fever!"

"You talk childishly," said her father. "How do you know that death would have released you from your obligation to this cause? It may be your office in the next world, as it is in this, to be the medium of communication between embodied and disembodied spirits."

"Then I hope there won't be any other world."

Her father looked angrily at her as she rose and stood beside the rustic fountain. One of the Shaker boys, uncouth in his wide straw hat and misshapen trowsers, came by with some cows from pasture, and they stopped to drink from the great stone bowl. The voices of bathers in the river half a mile away came sadly across the intervening space of meadow land. The air was so heavy with dew that the rumble of a distant railroad train was as clear as if near at hand in the valley which the sound even of the steam whistle seldom visited. As Egeria and her father walked back to the office the crickets trilled along the path. The smell of the prosperous gardens beyond the wall came to them, and mingled with the thick, sweet scent of the milkweed by the wayside.

There was a little group before the office door. At the foot of the steps stood Humphrey, and with him Joseph and Elihu; Diantha and Rachel were seen within the door-way, and Frances sat on the threshold. They were talking earnestly; at sight of the doctor and Egeria they lowered their voices, and as they drew near they ceased speaking altogether, with the consciousness of sincere people interrupted by those of whom they have been speaking. At the same time Sister Frances made room upon the step, and beckoned to Egeria with more than her usual fondness,—with a sort of tender reparation and defiance. The girl took the place, and her father remained standing with the other men.

It plainly cost Elihu an effort to break the silence, but he said, after a moment,

"Have you seen the account of the exposure of that materialization medium out in St. Louis?"

"No," said the doctor; "but nothing of that sort surprises me. It is too soon yet for successful materializations, and all attempts at it are mixed with imposture."

"There's quite a long account," rejoined Elihu, "in yesterday's Tribune."

He made a movement to take the paper out of his breast pocket. "I don't care to see it," said the doctor abruptly; "I can very well imagine it. Those things are sickening. Some wretched creature — a woman, I suppose — trying to eke out her gift by cheating, to get her bread. It rests with you Shakers to rescue this precious opportunity from infamy. But you must take hold of it in no half-hearted way."

"What do you mean?" asked Elihu.

"You have the conditions here of perfect success, as I heard you boast when I first saw you in the Fitchburg depot at Boston. You are released from all thought of the morrow; the spectre of want that pursues other men does not dog your steps; you have neither wife nor husband nor child to cling about your hearts and weaken your will to serve the truth with absolute fidelity. Your discipline has rescued you from the vanity of making men wonder. There is nothing to prevent you from developing a perfect mediumship amongst you."

"You imply," rejoined Elihu, with warmth, "that we have failed of our duty in this respect. You don't seem to realize that our very existence is a witness to the truth of an open relation between the spiritual and the material worlds. As a people we had birth in the inspired visions of Ann; the very hymn we sang yesterday was breathed through our lips by angelic authority; the tradition of prophecy has never been broken with us. We gave spiritualism to the world."

"Yes, you gave spiritualism to the world," retorted Boynton, "to mock its hopes and baffle its aspirations and corrupt its life. You flung it out a flaming brand, to be blown upon by cupidity and lust and ambition, till its heavenly light turned to an infernal fire, while you remained lapped in your secure prosperity, counting your gains; adding acre to acre, beef to beef, sheep to sheep; living the lives of clowns and peasants on week days, and on the Sabbath dancing before the Lord, for the amusement of the idlers who come to your church as they go to a circus."

"Friend," interrupted Elihu warningly, "you are abusing our patience!" The other Shakers looked shocked and alarmed, and Egeria rose to her feet.

"I *mean* to abuse your patience. I mean to sting you into life. I mean to make you think of your heavenly origin, and realize how unworthy you have grown. You have subordinated your spiritualism to your Shakerism" —

"Spiritualism was never anything but a means to Shakerism," angrily retorted Elihu.

"I would make it the *end* of Shakerism. How has it profited you as a means?" demanded Dr. Boynton.

"It has made us what we are. It gave us a discipline and a rule of life, because it descended, unasked, from heaven. But your secular spiritualism which you want to have us take up, and which has continued through solicitation and entreaty, has given you no code of morality. It has been a vain show, making men worse and not better, and tempting them to all manner of lies. And you wish us to take it up at the point to which the world has brought it? Nay! You wish us to subordinate the angelic life, and the good that has crowned it, to the mere dead means? Nay! To value the staff by which we have climbed, and not the height we have reached? Nay! Prove first that in your hands it has not become a stock

to conjure with,—to be cast on the ground and turned into a serpent for a wonder before Pharaoh and a confusion of true prophecy,—and then we will take it up again.”

The men’s faces had grown red, and they approached each other angrily.

“You have deceived me!” cried Dr. Boynton. “You led me to believe that among you I should find the sympathy and support which are essential to success.”

“We led you to believe nothing,” retorted Elihu. “An accident threw you among us, after we had fully and fairly warned you that we should not receive you or any one without deliberation. We welcomed you kindly, and you have had our best.”

“Elihu, Elihu!” softly pleaded Sister Frances, “it is n’t for us to boast of our good deeds.” The others silently looked from him to her.

“There is no vainglory in the truth, Frances,” answered Elihu, severely. “We have been assailed with unjust tauntings.”

“And I,” said Dr. Boynton, “have been provoked to a harsher frankness than I meant to use, by your indifference to an interest infinitely more vital than any rule of life; by a gradually increasing enmity here which I have now felt for some time, and have struggled against in vain. There has been a withdrawal of confidence from me.”

“You have no right to say that,” Elihu promptly retorted. “The conditions remain precisely the same as when you first unfolded your plans to us in family meeting. We dealt plainly with you then, and we know nothing more of you now than we knew within two days after your arrival here. You made certain pretensions then, and you have fulfilled none of them. Instead of that, you come after nearly three months’ time, and require us to lay aside our industries, and join you in a pursuit which

has proved the vainest and idlest that has ever wasted the human mind.”

“You have twice upbraided me, now,” said Dr. Boynton, “with my failure to make good my claim to your confidence. You shall not upbraid me a third time. You knew why I was waiting. You knew that it was at a cost almost like life itself that I waited, and that I counted every hour of delay as a drop of blood wrung from my heart. But I will delay no longer. You shall have the proof now—at once—this very night. Call your family together. We won’t lose another moment. Egeria!”

Egeria started: the quarrel—for it had assumed this character—had begun so suddenly, and probably without intention or expectation on either side, though this is by no means certain; but she must have known whither it tended.

“You are right!” cried Elihu, with equal heat. “There is no time like the present. Matters have come to such a pass that something must be done.”

“Call your family together!” repeated Dr. Boynton, defiantly.

“There is no need; this is the evening for family meeting,” the Shaker rejoined.

In fact, while they had been disputing, a group of the younger Shakers and Shakeresses had formed about the door of the family house in which the meeting was to be held, and their voices, unheeded by the angry disputants and their listeners, had risen on the cool twilight air. At that distance the white dresses of the young girls, freshly put on for the evening worship, showed pale through the gathering dusk, and their singing, robbed of its shrillness, was the voice of that disembodied devotion which haunts dim cathedral arches, and in our bright New World sometimes drifts out of open church windows to the ear of the passer, taking his heart with an indefinite religious passion and yearning.

W. D. Howells.

A CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGE.

MOST of my readers probably know that the head of the Church of England is the Archbishop of Canterbury; but I have been led to believe that many intelligent and generally well-informed people, even in England, do not know why he is so. By the head of the church, I mean the sacerdotal head, — the Primate, as he is called. The nominal and secular head is at present her most gracious royal and imperial majesty Victoria, who holds this position as the successor, although not the descendant, of that long-suffering and tender-conscienced monarch, Henry, the eighth of that name, who was so sorely tried by the sex through which came death and all our woe, — an assertion for which I hasten to say that Moses and Milton are alone responsible. And as the afflictions of that exemplary monarch in the matter of wives form an important part of the history of the Reformation, about which it is becoming to all people who would seem well educated to be exact, I venture to offer a little rhyme, not generally known I believe, which will help to keep the facts in mind, and be at any time convenient for reference — to those who can remember it: —

“King Henry the Eighth to six spouses was wedded:

One died, one survived, two divorced, two be-headed.”

This is not thoroughly original, it being manifestly framed on the model of “Thirty days hath September,” etc.; but like that most frequently repeated of all English stanzas, to which I confess that I am obliged to recur for much-needed assistance at least twelve times in every year, it may save many worthy people from being put, by ignorance, to open shame.

The reasons why the Archbishop of Canterbury is the priestly head of the

Church of England are the very reasons why I was particular to visit the little city from which his see takes its title. Canterbury is the cradle of English Christianity; and not only of English Christianity, but of the Christianity of the whole Teutonic race, — that great race which has done more for morality and for freedom than any other known to history, and more for literature and for philosophy, although not for the fine arts, than any other since the decadence of ancient Greece. It may be worth our while to glance at the events which gave this place a position so elevated and so extraordinary.

Almost all names of places in England have the admirable quality of a meaning. They were given for a good reason; and that reason, if not apparent in their modern clipped and curtailed form, may be extracted by a little patience. Very little patience is needed in the case of Canterbury, which is merely a condensed form of the “Anglo-Saxon” *Cantuara-byrig*; that is, the burg, or stronghold (“Eine feste burg ist unser Gott”), of the men of Kent. Kent is the part of Britain which first became English. Its position would naturally make it so, it being that part of the island which is nearest to the continent of Europe, from which the English or “Anglo-Saxon” people came; and such history as we have of their migration from the country now known as Schleswig-Holstein tells us that in Kent Hengist and Horsa made their landing. But the Angles and the Saxons did not bring Christianity into Britain. They were heathen; and soon extinguishing a little flame of Christianity, of Roman lighting, that they found there, they worshiped for centuries the gods whose names are upon our lips almost hourly, because they are embodied and embalmed in the En-

glish names of the days of the week, which were respectively consecrated to their service.

The interesting story about the English captives, whose fair faces, blue eyes, and long golden hair caused the monk Gregory to say of them, "Not Angles, but angels" (*non Angli, sed angeli*), — to which story I referred in the first of this series of articles, as early evidence of the beauty of the English race,¹ — has a direct connection with the christianizing of England, and therefore also with our present subject. Gregory, learning that these beautiful Angles that so charmed and interested him were heathen, earnestly desired to convert them to Christianity, and set out on a mission himself for that purpose; but he was stopped on his way to England, and he turned back to Rome, to become afterwards known as Pope Gregory the Great. But the Pope did not forget the benevolent scheme of the monk, and he sent as his apostle a priest named Augustine, who was afterwards known as St. Augustine; albeit he was not a very saintly personage. Augustine, if he should make converts, and succeed in establishing a Christian church in England, was to be the first English bishop and archbishop. But Gregory also intended that there should be another archbishop in England, one at York (he knew about as much of Kent and York, and of their relative positions, we may be sure, as most English bishops nowadays seem to know of New York and Chicago, and probably supposed them to be a few miles asunder); and this double intention of his produced an ecclesiastical complication, of which more hereafter. His intention in regard to York was the consequence of the fact that the young Englishmen by whom he was so captivated came from Deira, in the then great province or kingdom of Northum-

bria, which included what is now Yorkshire.

It was in A. D. 597 that Augustine set out upon the mission that was to have such important results, not only in England, but on the continent of Europe and in North America. He landed with his ecclesiastical suite on the Isle of Thanet, then as now the extreme eastern point of Kent, but then, as not now, really an island; being made so by an estuary formed by the sea and the river Stour, upon which the land has so encroached during the succeeding centuries that it has almost disappeared. The Italian priest and his followers disembarked, as Hengist and the Danes had disembarked before them, at a place called Ebbe's Fleet, a little southwest of Margate. The word *fleet* is Old English for a creek or small shallow water, where boats can float. It is preserved in the name of Fleet Street in London; that street having been so called because it passed by Fleet ditch, a little water-course which in old times had the place now held by the Thames, as the chief receptacle of the city's sewage. Nor has the name Ebbe's Fleet disappeared in thirteen hundred years, notwithstanding that the water which gave it its name was long ago displaced by the land. Just where Hengist and the Danes and Augustine landed, on a strip of high ground rising out of the marsh, and plainly once a little promontory, is a farm-house, known as Ebbe's Fleet.² Such records of the past, in its names, is one of the charms of England.

All students of early English history know that Ethelbert, the king of England at that time, had a Christian wife named Bertha, the daughter of the king (so called) of Paris. There was then no king of France, nor for centuries afterward. Ethelbert allowed Bertha to live as a Christian; and she worshiped at a

¹ English Men. The Galaxy, April, 1877.

² I make this statement on the authority of Dean Stanley. I did not visit Ebbe's Fleet. Dean Stan-

ley, now of Westminster, was once Dean of Canterbury, a fact to which we owe his interesting Historical Memorials of the place.

little chapel which stood just outside the town of Canterbury, and which had been used as a place of worship by British Christians. Whether she persuaded her husband to receive Augustine favorably is not known; but he did so receive the missionary, and, after a conference with him in the open air at Thanet, gave him an old heathen temple near Canterbury for temporary use, and at last permitted him and his followers to worship with the queen at her chapel, which was even then called St. Martin's. Erelong Ethelbert yielded to the power of precept and example, and received baptism; and before the year was over, on Christmas Day, 597, ten thousand Englishmen were baptized, two by two, in the Swale, the couples reciprocally immersing one another, at the word of command from St. Augustine. How many forefathers of those who now call themselves "Americans" thus dipped each other into Christianity it may not be within the power of statistics and the law of chances to discover. The royal convert now gave Augustine his own palace in Canterbury as a dwelling, and an old pagan temple hard by for a church, building himself a new residence a few miles off, at Reculver. Christianity was thus planted in England, and Augustine, the first bishop, established his see in Canterbury, where it has remained from the year 601 to this day. Thus it is that the Archbishop of Canterbury, as the lineal successor of St. Augustine, is chief priest of the Church of England.

Not only did English Christianity take its rise in Canterbury, but, as we have seen, hard by in that part of Kent was the very beginning of the English nation in the first landing there of the Saxons. Moreover, its great cathedral was the scene of a political murder which was of graver consequence to England than any other, even of a royal victim, recorded in

her annals, — that of Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was slain by partisans of Henry II. for his resistance to the king's encroachments (in the interests of law and of justice) upon the privileges of the clergy. Within the walls of this noble church lie the remains of the Black Prince, whose name and whose glory are known to all school-bred people of English race, even to those who are ignorant of his history and of his real character.¹ To Canterbury went that train of pilgrims whose figures were wrought into an immortal life by the first great English poet in one of the greatest of English poems. To Canterbury came Oliver Cromwell, England's last real king and last tyrant, and bore away from the Black Prince's tomb the sword which had pointed the way to victory at Poitiers. There is no place in England, excepting London and Westminster, which is so enriched by memories and by memorials of the past. And yet I found intelligent, well-educated men in London and elsewhere, not three hours away, who had never seen Canterbury and its great cathedral. I can understand this, for I was myself in England six weeks before I made my Canterbury pilgrimage; and if I had been born in England to live there, I too might have postponed the journey indefinitely.

I went to the Rose inn, because I had heard that it was clean, comfortable, unpretending, and old-fashioned. It deserved all those praises. No place open to the public could be less like the American notion of a hotel. On the principal street, which is narrow, and which was meant to be straight, but which happily neither street nor road in England is but for a very short distance, the snug hostelry stands, distinguished in no way from the other old but not antique houses of the neighborhood except by a lantern over the door and the name of the inn.

¹ The Black Prince was not, what many suppose him to have been, a dark man. Edward of Woodstock had a fair skin, blue eyes, and yellow-

brown hair. He was called the Black Prince from the color of the armor he usually wore.

I went in, and found sitting by an inner window of a room that opened on one side into the passage-way, and on the other into the kitchen, a pleasant-faced woman of years between youth and middle age, who asked if I would like a room. On my answering Yes, she said, "Please walk up-stairs, sir, and the chambermaid will show you one." I did so, and the maid met me at the first landing, and took me to a snug, clean, comfortable room, where my trunk was soon brought, and where she quickly returned with warm water; and that was all. Oh, the ease and comfort and privacy of these English inns! — where you are not called upon to write your name and your address in a big book for any curious idler to read, and any reporter to copy and publish, and bring upon you calls when you would be private; where you do not perform all the offices of life, except sleeping and dressing, in the eyes of all your fellow lodgers, and of half the loungers of the neighborhood; where you do not feel as if the house were a mere continuation of the street, except the paving-stones and the carts and horses. They would be improved by "coffee-rooms" a little more bright and cheery, for the coffee-room of an English inn on a dark, damp day is not a place of enlivening and inspiring influence; and by a little parlor or modest receiving room (as unlike as possible that concentration of glare and vulgarity known to us as a hotel parlor), in which lodgers who have not a sitting-room could receive those whom they do not wish to ask into their bedrooms. But these are comparative trifles. A man in health who could not be contented at the Rose must have in himself the causes of his discontent.

The city of Canterbury (city in virtue of its bishop's see) is a small town, irregular in every way, and old-fashioned without being very antique. It lacks the effect produced, for instance, in Coventry and in Chester by houses of the sixteenth and the seventeenth century. Dwelling-

houses which are, on their outsides at least, more than a hundred or a hundred and fifty years old are comparatively rare. But nearly the whole town seems to be composed of houses of about that age; and mingled with these are the few which are older, and an unusual number of old churches and other buildings more or less ecclesiastical. These old towns in England had a never-failing charm for me; not because of their antiquity, of which I am no blind worshiper, nor because of their beauty, for of that they commonly have very little, but because of their naturalness. They have manifestly grown, and were not made to order. Even the streets most nearly straight were plainly once paths, which are never straight. One house was built in a certain place and in a certain way, because its builder chose to build it there and in that way; another was built in another place, in another way, because at another time another man so chose to build it; another was built between these in another way, because its builder perhaps could do no better. The town does not look as if it were put up in sections by contract. There is no air of pretense, and the place seems like an aggregation of homes. The resulting difference between these towns and one in the United States is like the difference between a crowd of men, each one of whom has his individuality of feature and of expression, and an array of puppets or lay figures all cast in one mold.

Over all in Canterbury rise the three towers of the great cathedral church, which dominates the city and the surrounding country. Seen from a distance, this great building seems larger than it does near by. It dwarfs the whole city, like a great growth in stone rising from amid a little bed of rubble. It is an architectural expression of the ecclesiastical supremacy which it embodies.

As soon as I could do so I went to the cathedral, approaching it through a short, narrow street called Mercery Lane, which

has its name from the little shops which have lined its sides for centuries. I entered the nave, and walked its whole length beneath its lofty roof all alone. At once it took me captive; it swallowed me up in its immensity. The effect of grandeur is much increased by the elevation of the choir to a great height above the floor of the nave, from which there is an ascent by a lofty and broad flight of steps. As I walked slowly up the nave and mounted this majestic stairway, the tones of the great organ and the voices of the choristers chanting the morning service fell upon my ears, seeming to come from the dusky void above my head. I found that I could not enter the choir; the grated gates were closed. I stood and listened. The singers were invisible who were taking part in the worship from which I was shut out. Was it only by the gate? Should I have worshiped if I had been within? Could I have worshiped even in that sacred place as I should have done if I had come there when I was a child?

Moved by the solemn strains within and the thoughts which they awakened in me without, I forgot for the moment why I was there. The music rose and fell; it swelled and soared; and died away among the lofty arches. Breaking forth anew, it became a cry for mercy and for salvation, a passionate entreaty to be received into the joys of heaven. As I leaned against the iron barrier between me and the holy place within, the tones of the unseen singers pierced my heart and seemed to cleave it in sunder. But my soul did not answer to them. I knew that I was moved only by a sensuous thrill, by the vast and solemn gloom, and by the charm of sweet association. I felt that there was more between me and those sacred rites than the iron which stayed my steps. Alas! those bars only figured to me the hard and stern realities which stood between me and those rites which I had been taught were pledges and a foretaste of the heavenly life. I might

stand and look across the threshold of that paradise; but from its enjoyment, except as an intellectual and sensuous pleasure, almost as an exhibition, I was shut out forever. At every note my heart grew sadder, and the music became to me only the requiem of a buried faith.

Turning away with a sense of self-inflicted banishment, I descended the steps and wandered through the nave, musing, and oppressed even more by my thoughts and by thick-coming memories than by its grandeur, or by the sense of loneliness that came upon me in its vast silence, until the service was ended. The gates were opened. A few commonplace people came out: maiden ladies with umbrellas; matrons with chattering children, already familiar with that which was so strange and impressive to me; a nondescript man or two, one of whom was pale and damp and peevish. They had performed one duty, and now they went forth to others. I watched them as they passed through the door-way into the world, and then turned back to make the tour of the great church.

The choir of Canterbury cathedral is more imposing than that of any other ecclesiastical edifice that I ever saw. It combines in a rare degree those two great elements of architectural effect, extent and elevation. It alone is very much larger than our largest churches. Its length is one hundred and eighty feet. From the steps of the altar you look down the nave through a vista of arched stone, which stretches before you for more than five hundred feet. The grandeur of the elevation of the choir above the nave is repeated and enhanced within the choir itself by the elevation of the altar, which rises before you with a majesty which is almost oppressive. From the first entrance into this noble religious building the eye is led upward, and again upward, in long reaches of solemn beauty. The light comes to you only from above, softened and enriched by the marvelous hues of the stained

glass windows of the clere-story. With the light Caen stone of the walls and piers and arches is mingled another of a dark, rich color, which, warmly tempering the somewhat cold gray hue of the former, produces an effect of color all the more admirable because it is not excessive and does not seem to be elaborate.

As I stood upon the steps of the altar, I observed that a few knots of people here and there in the choir began to approach each other; and presently a verger in his gown, whom they were following, stepped up to me and asked if I wished to see the cathedral. The other visitors joined themselves to us, and we set off upon our round. I shall not describe what I saw, or tell what I was told. To do so would occupy at least all the space that I could ask for my whole article; and then I should have told no more than may be found in a good guide-book. Nor do I hold such descriptions in high estimation. They are useful to those who are just about to see the objects described; and to those who have seen them they serve as aids to recollection. To all other persons they have really little value. In the course of three quarters of an hour I had stood by the tomb of the Black Prince, and had seen hanging over it the surcoat, the helmet, and the gauntlets that he wore at Poitiers; I had seen Archbishop Chicheley's strange two-storied tomb, on one slab of which he is represented in health, clothed in his archiepiscopal robes and wearing his mitre, while on the other he is, by his own directions, represented in his dying state, attenuated to a skeleton; I had looked with a sentiment of retrospective wonder and pity at the stone staircase to à Becket's shrine, worn in hollows by the knees of the pilgrims who were obliged to ascend it painfully, in the humble attitude of prayer; I had followed the course of the murderers of this arrogant and tyrannical priest to the place where they struck him down, and had stood over the spot

where they scattered his brains upon the pavement; and I had peered through the dim light upon the sombre beauty of that crypt, distinguished from all others even less by its varied architecture than as the scene of one of the most extraordinary and yet most characteristic transactions of past ages. For here, in 1174, two years after à Becket's slaying, Henry II., in whose interest, although not by whose command, the deed was done, did a second penance in expiation of that crime and sacrilege. After having lived upon bread and water for some days, and after walking barefooted to the cathedral, where he knelt in the transept of the murder (called the martyrdom), he was led into the crypt where à Becket's tomb then was. Upon this he bowed his head, and, his lower garments having been removed, the king of England, a Plantagenet, received five strokes from the rod of each bishop and abbot who was present, and three from each of the eighty monks! After this he stood the whole night barefooted upon the bare ground, resting only against one of the rude stone pillars of the crypt; and thus he passed the whole night, fasting. A belief in the efficacy and the merit of such performances did not die out for six hundred years; and it shows us the arrogant, ungainly figure of Samuel Johnson standing in the streets of Litchfield, bareheaded and exposed to the weather, for hours, in "expiation" of an act of disrespect to his father. Perhaps even yet, among enlightened people who are freed from the sacerdotal tyranny to which Henry II. succumbed, there may be some who believe that a wrong that they have done may be atoned for by a suffering on their part which can do no good to the person they have wronged. To them I would recommend a meditation in the crypt of Canterbury cathedral.

I was pleased with my verger, and I found that he was not displeased with me. He was a middle-aged man, with a fine,

intelligent face and a very pleasant manner, and he talked well as he led us from one spot of interest to another. If he had introduced himself to me as the dean, I should have accepted him as such without a doubt, and have been perfectly satisfied. And yet this man expected a shilling. Had it not been for my previous experience, I should as soon have thought of offering him broken victuals.¹ He evidently was pleased with the great interest in the cathedral which I could not conceal (and why should I have concealed it?), and plainly rejoiced in the questions which I alone asked; for the rest of the group was composed of the average British Philistine; and when I asked him to tell me where I could find three little arches, two of which were pointed and one round Norman, he led me to the spot with alacrity and a face lighted up with something like gratified vanity. Well might he be proud of his cathedral. But when, on passing a stately, elevated seat, half pulpit, half pew, he said, "The archbishop's throne when he attends service," the word throne grated on my ears, and I thought of Him who had not where to lay his head.

After my guide and I had parted at the choir entrance, I went alone through the precincts of the cathedral, wandering at my will, inquiring my way, and asking information as I needed it; and always receiving the kindest attention, often from persons more or less ecclesiastical, to whom I should *not* have ventured to offer a shilling. In these extensive precincts, beautiful buildings in perfect preservation are mingled with ruins which have been ruins for centuries, — pillars and arches which form aisles that now are roofless and lead no whither; grand gateways, the only remnants of buildings to which they were

once the mere entrance, and which are now put to humble uses; libraries now in use, and the houses of the dean and chapter. As I wandered about I came suddenly upon an object with the forms of which I was familiar, and the sight of which had been one of the expected pleasures of my visit, the Norman staircase leading up to the building known as the King's School. I thought that I knew it too well to find anything surprising in it, notwithstanding my admiration; and yet, seeing it unexpectedly as I turned a corner, I felt a little shock of delight. And why? Why does that small structure give the eye such joy? It is but a porch of three round arches resting upon heavy pillars, and a succession of some five or six small arches supported by graduated pillars; the detail shows little fancy, and the workmanship little finish; but the whole is such a beautiful imagination that among lovers of architecture it is as well known as a perfect poem is in the world of literature, or as a masterpiece of musical composition, like Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata or the Andante of Mozart's quartette in C, is to lovers of music. Description of it is quite in vain; for a description which should be quite correct might, like a similar description of a musical composition, apply equally well to a work the design and the informing ideas of which were utterly without beauty. That which constitutes the real charm in any work of fine art can never be described by words, although its effect may be expressed.

My next visit was to St. Martin's church, the mother church of England, the oldest ecclesiastical building in that land, the memories of which go back thirteen hundred years, and which bears in its walls memorials of a time yet

¹ We should not, however, judge him and such as he by our standard in this matter. These gratuities are looked upon in the light of *honoraria* or fees, and are reckoned as a part of the regular income of the places to which they pertain. A vergers receives his shilling just as Mr. Barnum

receives twenty-five cents for seeing one of his shows, and with no more feeling of obligation or dependence. And as to the possible independence of a man in such a position, I had an example of that in my Windsor Castle warder.

earlier. St. Martin's I found perched on a little hill on the outskirts of the town. The hill has been cut down around the old church, which is left standing upon a slight elevation supported by a stone wall. Around it are ancient yew-trees; and its tower is so covered with ivy as to be almost wholly concealed. The stem of this gigantic parasite is like the trunk of a large tree. I found the same great growth at other places. We have no notion of the size to which this "vine" attains in England. The chancel end of this little church is evidently much older than the tower end; and here it was plainly that Bertha worshiped. Not necessarily within even this older part of the building, but where that portion of it stands, and not improbably between the foundation walls. The British chapel is gone; but in its place and on its site was built the little Early English church which now forms the chancel of St. Martin's. Its walls are composed in part of the material of the walls of its predecessor; red Roman tiles being built into it freely with the rubble and shale and mortar.

After I had looked at the outside of this venerable memorial of English Christianity alone to my content, I made inquiries for the key, and was directed to one of a row of small houses not far off. Thither I went, and found a kindly woman with two or three children around her, who each accepted a penny with round-eyed joy. The eldest was sent off after the goodman, while I sat talking with the goodwife in the little parlor. She was such a comfortable, cheery, simple creature, so far from pretending to be anything but what she really was, that I liked her, and homely as she was in feature I did not think her husband was long in coming with the key. The interior of the church contains little to gratify the eye. It has none of the charms of St. Andrew's, near Windsor, or even of the characteristic evidences of antiquity which I found at the old

church at Harbledown, which I visited also on this day. In appearance it is the least interesting of these three churches, which are the oldest in England, and of which it is the senior. There is a clever but shabby attempt, by a rude stone coffin and a Latin inscription, to produce the impression that Bertha's body was entombed there; but it lies in the great cathedral. A rude font is shown as that in which Ethelbert was baptized. It is certainly of very great antiquity; but I observed that the upper part of it was certainly Norman work, although the lower seemed to me to be Saxon, an opinion in which I afterwards found that I had but coincided with others much better able to form an opinion on such a point; and indeed I could have expected nothing else. Even the lower part, however, I am inclined to think is of a period much later than Ethelbert's reign. Moreover, I suspect that he, instead of being baptized in full dress and from a font, as the friends of Voltaire's *Ingenu* expected that their young convert would be, received the rite in the waters of the Stour in that perfectly natural and unadorned condition in which the Huron (who had read only the New Testament) awaited it on the banks of a similar rivulet, while his priest-taught friends and sponsors fretted for him at the church in their best bibs and tuckers.

The modern pilgrim to Canterbury, if he is at all interested in ancient ecclesiastical architecture and in the early history of England, should not neglect to visit Harbledown. It is but two miles away, and the view of the cathedral from the road on the return is alone well worth the little journey. The old village, apparently no larger than it was twelve hundred years ago, lies in a hollow, and is now seen by the traveler and now hidden from him, as the road rises and falls with the undulation of the country. Chaucer's pilgrims passed through it; and this effect of its posi-

tion is the origin of the whimsical perversion of its name by which the poet refers to it.

"Wot ye not wher there stont a litel town,
Which that i-cleped is Bob-up-an-down,
Under the Ble in Canterbury way?"¹
(Prol. to the Manciple's Tale, l. 1.)

Here Lanfranc founded a lazar house or hospital, and the hospital is still there, although it has been twice rebuilt; but the old church or chapel, where service is performed once a week, stands nearly as it was originally built, somewhat dilapidated by time, but little injured by restoration. As I neared the village I asked one or two persons that I met for the old church there (I preferred to go about thus, inquiring my way and talking with the people), and I was directed to a church upon a little hill, which was indeed an ancient and an interesting building; but after a brief examination of it I was dissatisfied both with its appearance and its position, and I learned afterwards that, venerable as it was, it lacked six hundred years of the age of that which I was seeking!

The ground about here is very irregular, and at one place the road is split into two parts, one of which, used only by wayfarers on foot, passes over an elevation, from which there is a steep descent to the part used by carriages. As I walked along the lower road, a carpenter, with his tools over his shoulder, called down to me, and asked me to please to tell him where Mr. Pangborn lived. With malice prepense I made him repeat his request; for I always enjoyed these inquiries put to me in places where I found myself for the first time, — places three thousand miles from that

where I and my kindred had been born and lived for more than two centuries. They began, these inquiries, before I had been on English soil two days. In Chester, the day after my arrival, I was driven, by a heavy shower, under an old pent-house where I was soon joined by a man who was evidently a gentleman, and one who I conjectured from the cut of his jib was a "horsey" squire. We chatted as the rain poured down; and when the clouds began to break a groom came down the street on a fine spirited horse, which he checked and irritated by his impatient handling. My temporary companion, who had received with favor a remark that I made upon the horse's clean fetlocks and the fine fall of his haunches, who fretted almost as much as the poor beast did under his rider's irritating hand, presently broke out to me, "Now, sir, if that was my horse, I should dismount that fellow, and discharge him on the spot; wouldn't you?" I assented. By this time the rain had stopped, and he, preparing to go on his way, said, "And now, would you be kind enough to tell me the way to?" — I forget where. I answered, "I would with pleasure, sir, but I'm an entire stranger in the country. I arrived from America but yesterday." He turned upon me a look of puzzlement and wonder, hesitated a moment, and then bade me good-morning. It was an early beginning of a series of similar experiences. But I am far away from Harbledown.

I found the hospital and the old church sooner than I fear my carpenter found Mr. Pangborn. An old man was at work in a sort of garden in front of the hospital. I asked him where I should

there, and which is itself suggestive of a jocose perversion. But besides this, Hob is one of the nicknames of Robert, the other being Bob. With these suggestions it would have been strange if the little town which seemed to rise and fall had not been called Bob-up-and-down by rustic wits six or eight hundred years ago. The Ble is the wooded hill of Ble or Blean which rises just above Harbledown.

¹ The origin of this perversion has not been pointed out, I believe, by any of the editors of Chaucer. Indeed, one of the latest and most eminent of them gravely remarks, "I cannot find a town of that name in any map; but it must have lain between Boughton, the place last mentioned, and Canterbury." The only place between Boughton and Canterbury is Harbledown, the name of which is easily, naturally, almost inevitably corrupted into Hobbledown, a form of it which I heard

find the key of the church. He looked me full in the face, but without any expression of intelligence, and bawled out, "I can't hear a word you say! I'm as deaf as a stone. But I know what you want. Just knock at that door," and he pointed to one of two or three in the hospital. I remark here that I found many more deaf people in England than I ever met in America. I have remarked before upon the greater number of rheumatic and otherwise disabled old people that I saw there. I was soon in the old church. It is about as large upon the ground as a good-sized country school-house, but very interesting. The pillars and arches on one side are Norman; on the other Early English. The roof is open timbered, like that of St. Andrew's, but much ruder and heavier. Some pillars are round, some square, and the capitals have ornaments which brought to mind those in Saxon missals. On the wall on one side are the shadowy remains of an ancient painting, in which the ghostly figures, life-sized, of a king and a bishop may be discerned. No place that I saw in England took me quite so far back into the past. Here, indeed, I seemed to have got before the Conqueror, and among my forefathers whom he found in England when he and the rabble of fierce robbers whom he had sharked up landed there and fought and took possession. How did I know but that upon the floor where I was standing some man or woman whose blood was flowing in my veins had knelt a thousand years ago? It was more than possible.

In the hospital are some relics; but in those I felt little interest, and I was soon on my way back to Canterbury, where I passed the rest of the day in wandering from one old building or quaint nook to another. I did not undertake to "do" the town systematically; and I avoided professional guides and eschewed guide-books.

As I was walking about the town at

night, I came upon a strange sight. I stood upon an elevated street, and looked down upon one lower; which, indeed, was rather a small open place than a street. There I saw an assemblage of large wagons, most of them covered; and there were some booth-like stands, built or in building. Here and there were lights, and figures were moving about in the darkness with lanterns. As I leaned against a railing and looked down upon this theatrical little spectacle, I turned to a man who had taken a place beside me, and asked him what this was. He told me that it was the beginning of the preparations for a fair, which was to take place in a day or two. The fair used to be an important event, but its interest had diminished, and only the lowest orders of people took any part in it. By his speech and his manner, and a fustian coat he wore (I could not see his face, the night was so dark; and, besides, he kept looking straight before him), I discovered that he was a respectable artisan, or person in that condition of life, and we soon fell into talk together. I found him intelligent and even thoughtful. The hoarse voices of men and the shriller tones of women speaking in strange accents came up to us from the lights and the wagons. I asked him who these people were, and where they came from. He did not know. They weren't Canterbury folk; they came from the country around, no one knew whence; some of them from far enough away. "It's sad to think, sir, that there must be such people in a country like ours; that they must live, and that they will, one way or another." The tone of his voice was more monotonous than that of most Englishmen; it was the monotone of sadness. He seemed willing to talk, and I led him on. He was evidently oppressed by desponding thought, and his voice and manner suited the gloaming, gray-hued darkness. He was well enough to do himself, he said, and was always comfortable, and

had a pound or two laid by for a rainy day; but he plainly brooded over the condition of those who were not comfortable, and who had no pound or two, and could n't get even shillings. "What is to become of them, sir?" he said. "There are so many of them; and there are more every year." He always said "them," as if he were not thinking of himself or his own. "It's something that gentlemen like you, sir, know nothing about, except what you see in the newspapers; but I'm nearer to it, and I see it for myself. They call 'em dangerous classes; but they're dangerous because they're poor; and if there were n't people, many of them, so much richer than they, there would be nobody to be in danger." I asked him if he thought there was any danger to the government. "Oh, no, sir; how could that be in England? The government's well enough. It's a good government; and an Englishman's a free man, and always has the law on his side. And there must be rich people and poor people; and lords, too, for the matter of that. I don't mind there being lords. And I know that what a man gets honestly he's a right to keep, little or much. But what's to become of the people that get nothing, — not enough to eat? And there's so many of them, — so many." I asked him if he thought the matter would be helped by taking the land from the great landholders and giving it to the people. "Lord bless you, sir, no; leastways only for a little while. Some people *will* get poor; and if a man has a little land and no money, he'll sell his land; he must; and the men that have land and money too will buy more land. You can't stop that." Alas! I thought, as he uttered this truism; this poor, sad-hearted fellow sees the inevitable law, — to him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away that which he hath; and remembering that those who had least money always, as a class, had the most children, I could say noth-

ing to encourage him. I suggested emigration; but he replied, "Yes, sir, that's all very well, although it's a hard thing for a man to go away from the place he was born in. But to emigrate a man must have *some* money; and I'm thinking about the people that haven't enough to last from day to day; and England's full of them, and is getting fuller and fuller every year." He had never heard of Malthus or of Ricardo, and Mrs. Besant's little book was not yet published; but he was plainly in sympathy with them all. Our talk became more desultory, and it was growing late. I bade him good-night. We had touched the gravest question of the day for England, the crucial question of the time, and we parted without having seen each other's faces. We were one to the other only a voice speaking out of the darkness.

The next day I went again to the cathedral. The gloomy sky of the night had harbingered a heavy mass of clouds which were now descending in a copious but fine and gentle rain. The cathedral was deserted. Even the verger was not there. He was represented by his daughter, a pretty, slender girl. He had evidently remembered my interest when he went home; for she stepped up to me, and asked with a little emphasis, "Would you like to see the cathedral *again*, sir?" I said Yes, of course; and she went with me to the gate of the choir, which she opened. All at once the wish arose to be there without even her attendance (there was not another person in sight), and I asked her, with no expectation of consent, if she could not let me go in by myself. She looked at me a moment with sweet, steady blue eyes, and said, "I think I may let you go, sir." She shut the gate behind me. As I turned away I heard the key creak and the bolt shot. Then a great silence fell upon me; I walked slowly on until I stood before the high altar; and there I was, alone in that dim magnificence.

I made little use of my liberty. I was not there to mouse among antiquities, or to study architecture. Details seemed petty to me enveloped in that vastness, and whelmed in the flood of those associations. I did go to the Black Prince's tomb, and, although I am no relic-monger, as I stood by it I longed to touch one of those gauntlets. To clasp even that glove would have done something toward bridging the gap of five centuries, and placing me by Edward's side at Poitiers. I wish that I had asked that blue-eyed girl if I might do so. I verily believe the good creature would have helped me to a ladder. But I soon wandered back to the great altar, and sat down upon the steps. The day was dark, and notwithstanding the pale color of the walls the vast space was filled with the dusk of twilight. I did not people this grand gloom with figures; and indeed I doubt if that is ever done by any one; but I did think, as on the day before I could not have thought, of all the much good and the little ill to me and mine of which that noble church was a sign and a witness. Here Chaucer's pilgrims came; but what was their pilgrimage to mine! They made a three or four days' journey to do, for their own profit, reverence to the tomb of a crafty, ambitious churchman: I had come three thousand miles to stand upon the spot where my people were born to civilization and baptized into Christianity. But for what happened here and hard by I should have been, not a savage, indeed, nor a heathen, because the world has taken all men on in the course of thirteen hundred years, but something other than I am; and I fear not something better. For me there might have been no Alfred, no Chaucer, no Wicliffe, no Sidney, no Bacon, no Shakespeare, no Milton, no English Bible, no Bunyan, no *habeas corpus*, no bill of rights, no English law; and what a man is, who does more than eat and sleep and wear apparel out, depends hardly more upon the nature that

he has inherited from his forefathers than upon what they did for him. A man is a result, — result of forces which were tending toward him centuries before he appeared; a result over which his own will and his own work have but a modifying influence. And, thus sitting alone in Christ Church at Canterbury, I felt that I was near what was for me, except as a mere animal, the beginning of all things, — certainly the beginning of all things good.

But I was to leave the town that afternoon, and calling my pretty portress I walked with her for a little while under the gray arches, and then said good-by. At the Rose, when I told my friend who sat by the window that I was going directly, and by such a train, she said, "Oh, I'm sorry; our 'bus does n't go to that train." I then asked her to get me a fly. "Oh, no, sir," she said, "no need of that. I'll send to the — [naming another inn] and get them to send their 'bus here for you. Cost you only sixpence, sir." Did any one of my readers ever have his sixpences or even his dollars looked after so carefully at a hotel in America? After a cheery good-by from this good housekeeper, I got into the rival 'bus, and was soon at the station. Not until I had bought my ticket, did I discover that I had left my hat at the Rose. I had put on my traveling hat in my room, and in my haste had forgotten my chimney-pot. It was the identical preposition which had excited the professional jealousy of the Surrey hatter. I could not do without it. Looking at my watch, I found that I had twelve minutes before the arrival of my train. I hailed the fly with the best-looking horse, and told the driver, "Double fare to get me to the Rose and back again, for the next train." We dashed through old Coventry at a pace that would have astonished Chaucer's Prioress, and did somewhat alarm some good Kentish women. At the inn my hurried entrance caused great surprise; but I had hardly said what

brought me, when the chambermaid flew and I no time to give her one. I jumped past me, and, shooting up-stairs like an arrow feathered with petticoats, in an instant she met me with the hat in her hand. She had no shilling to expect, for my fly, and was set down at the station just as the train was coming in; and in five minutes I was steaming off to Rochester.

Richard Grant White.

THE CONQUEROR.

I REMEMBER Falaise and the songs that we sung
When eventide gathered the old and the young,
And over the vineyards the golden moon hung,
In the years that are fled.

My fleet on the waters again I behold,
The gonfanons waving, the pennons of gold,
The three bannered Lions of Normandy old,
As in years that are fled.

I pointed to England, and proudly behind
The wings of a thousand ships rose on the wind,
And the sun, sinking low, on the serried shields shined,
In the years that are fled.

“Pevensey!” The shout from a thousand ships rung;
To Hastings we marched the green hill-sides among,
And there the great war-song of Roland we sung,
In the years that are fled.

And calm was the evening, the moon it was round,
The dead and the dying lay thick on the ground,
As I stood by the side of young Harold discrowned,
In the years that are fled.

My army from slumber awakened each day
The yeomen to harry, the foemen to slay.
They fought by the Humber, they fought by the Tay,
In the years that are fled.

Fécamp glows before me, — the feasts debonair,
The troubadours’ dance in the torch-lighted air,
The full wine that flowed ’neath the coronals there,
In the years that are fled.

The scutcheon of Conqueror shines on the wall;
My triumphs are arrased in yonder bright hall;
And chronicled there, where the tapestries fall,
Are the years that are fled.

My red wars are ending; o'er wrinkles of care
Time's coronet silver encircles my hair;
Alas and alas for the son of Robert,
And the years that are fled!

Hark! . . . A young mother sings on the terrace below
To the babe on her breast an old rune of Bayeux;
My crown would I give its sweet slumbers to know,
And to lie in its stead!

Hezekiah Butterworth.

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

THE JACKSON ADMINISTRATION, 1829-1835.

THE inauguration of General Andrew Jackson as the seventh president of the United States was the commencement of a new chapter in the social as well as the political chronicles of the capital. Those who had known his predecessors in executive authority as educated and cultivated gentlemen, well versed in the courtesies of private life and of ceremonious statesmanship, saw them succeeded by a military chieftain, whose life had been "a battle and a march," thickly studded with personal brawls and duels; who had given repeated evidences of his disregard of the laws when they stood in the way of his imperious will; and who, when a United States senator, had displayed no ability as a legislator. His election was notoriously the work of Martin Van Buren, inspired by Aaron Burr, and with his inauguration was initiated a sordidly selfish political system entirely at variance with the broad views of Washington and of Hamilton. It was assumed that every citizen had his price; that neither virtue nor genius was proof against clever although selfish corruption; that political honesty was a farce; and that the only way of governing those knaves who elbowed their way up through the masses was to rule

them by cunning more acute than their own, and by a knavery more subtle and calculating than theirs.

Before leaving his rural home in Tennessee, General Jackson had been afflicted by the sudden death of his wife. "Aunt Rachel," as Mrs. Jackson was called by her husband's personal friends, had accompanied him to Washington when he was there as a senator from Tennessee. She was a short, stout, unattractive, and uneducated woman, endeared to General Jackson because he had with difficulty secured her separation from her first husband, married her two years before she was legally divorced, and ever defended her reputation with chivalric devotion. While he had been in the army, she had carefully managed his plantation, his slaves, and his money matters, and her devotion to him knew no bounds. Her happiness was centred in his, and it was her chief desire to smoke her pipe in peace at his side. When told that he had been elected president of the United States, she replied, "Well, for Mr. Jackson's sake I am glad of it, but for myself I am not." A few weeks later, she was arrayed for the grave in a white satin costume which she had provided herself with, to wear at the White House. Her sorrow-stricken husband came to Washington with a stern determination to punish those who

had maligned her during the preceding campaign, and those who eulogized her always found favor with him. Her young relatives were cherished by him with paternal love.

The inauguration of General Jackson as president was, for the first time on such occasions at Washington, a military pageant. A band of the veterans of the Revolution formed his body-guard, bayonets bristled on Pennsylvania Avenue, martial music resounded over the metropolis, and salutes of artillery were fired at different points in the environs to announce that the oath of office had been administered. An immense concourse of people joined in the shouts with which the "Hero of New Orleans" was greeted, as he rode on a spirited horse from the Capitol to the White House. "I never saw such a crowd," wrote Daniel Webster to a friend. "Persons have come five hundred miles to see General Jackson, and they really seem to think that the country is rescued from some dreadful danger." Hunters of Kentucky and Indian fighters of Tennessee, with sturdy frontiersmen from the Northwest, were mingled in the throng with the more refined dwellers on the Atlantic slope, and the impetuous people of the South, who had all the virtues and the faults arising from their peculiar social institutions. Arriving at the White House, the motley crowd clamored for refreshments, and soon drained the barrels of punch which had been prepared, in drinking to the health of the new chief magistrate. A great deal of china and glass ware was broken in the struggles for ice-creams and cakes, and the East Room was filled with a noisy mob. At one time General Jackson, who had retreated until he was pressed against the wall, could be protected from injury only by a number of his friends, who linked arms and formed a living barrier about him. Such a scene had never before been witnessed at the White House.

The democratic press of the country

was also well represented at the inauguration; for General Jackson's election had hardly been proclaimed before a considerable number of those who had given him their editorial support hastened to Washington, attracted by this semi-official declaration in the Telegraph: "We know not what line of policy General Jackson will adopt. We take it for granted, however, that he will reward his friends and punish his enemies."

The leader of this editorial phalanx was Amos Kendall, a native of Dunstable, Massachusetts, who had by pluck and industry acquired an education, and migrated westward in search of fame and fortune. Accident made him an inmate of Henry Clay's house, and the tutor of his children; but many months had not elapsed before the two became political foes, and Kendall, who had become the conductor of a democratic newspaper, triumphed, bringing to Washington the official vote of Kentucky for Andrew Jackson. He found at the national metropolis other democratic editors who, like himself, had labored to bring about the political revolution, and they used to meet daily at the house of a preacher politician, the Rev. Obadiah Brown, who had strongly advocated Jackson's election. Mr. Brown, who was a stout, robust man, with a great fund of anecdotes, was a clerk in the post-office department during the week, while on Sundays he performed his ministerial duties in the Baptist church.

Organizing under the lead of Amos Kendall, whose lieutenants were the brilliant but vindictive Isaac Hill, of New Hampshire, the scholarly Nathaniel Greene, of Massachusetts, the conservative Gideon Welles, of Connecticut, the jovial Major Mordecai M. Noah, of New York, and the energetic Dabney S. Carr, of Maryland, the allied editors claimed their rewards. They were not to be appeased by sops of government advertising, or by the appointment of publisher

of the laws of the United States in their respective States, but they demanded some of the most lucrative public offices, as their share of the spoils. No sooner did General Jackson reach Washington than they made a systematic attack upon him, introducing and praising one another, and reciprocally magnifying their faithful services during the canvass so successfully ended. The result was that soon after the inauguration nearly fifty of those editors who had advocated his election were appointed to official federal positions, — not, generally speaking, because of their superior qualifications for those places, but as rewards for political services rendered, and as the means of punishing others who, being in office under the administration of President Adams, had not joined in the combination to put it down.

Up to that time, the national elections in the United States had not been mere contests for the possession of federal offices, — there was victory and there was defeat; but the quadrennial encounters affected only the heads of departments, and the results were matters of comparative indifference to the subordinate official drudges, whose families depended on their pay for meat and bread. A few of these department clerks were revolutionary worthies; others had followed the federal government from New York or Philadelphia; all had expected to hold their positions for life, unless they should resign to accept a more lucrative employment. Some of these desk slaves had originally been federalists, others democrats; and while there was always an Alexander Hamilton in every family of the one set, there was as invariably a Thomas Jefferson in every family of the other set. But no subordinate clerk had ever been troubled on account of his political faith by a change of the administration, and the sons generally succeeded their fathers when they died or resigned. Ordinarily, these clerks were good penmen and skillful account-

ants, toiling industriously eight hours every week day, without dreaming of demanding a month's vacation in the summer, or insisting upon their right to go to their homes to vote in the fall. National politics was to them a matter of profound indifference, until hundreds of them found themselves removed by newly-appointed secretaries and chiefs of bureaus. The greater number of those thus decapitated by the democratic guillotine had entered the public service when young, and found themselves without qualifications for any other employment, had the limited trade of Washington afforded any. Many of them were left in a pitiable condition, but when the Telegraph was asked what these men could do to ward off starvation, the insolent reply was, "Root, hog, or die!" Some of the new political brooms swept clean, and made a great show of reform, notably Amos Kendall, who was appointed fourth auditor of the treasury, and who soon after exulted over the discovery of a defalcation of a few hundred dollars in the accounts of his predecessor, Dr. Tobias Watkins. Dr. Watkins had been appointed by President Monroe, and was highly esteemed in the social circles at Washington. It was asserted by his friends that, while his accounts, which had been kept without balances or checks, disclosed a deficiency, it was because he had not kept the public moneys separate from his private funds, and that there was no evidence of any intention on his part to embezzle or to defraud the government. The doctor was nevertheless prosecuted with great vindictiveness, and was finally sentenced to a brief imprisonment in the criminal ward of the city jail.

Postmaster General McLean, of Ohio, who had been avowedly a Jackson man while he was a member of Mr. Adams's administration, rebelled against the removal of several of his most efficient subordinates because of their political action during the preceding presidential

campaign. At last, he flatly told General Jackson that if he must remove those postmasters who had taken an active part in politics, he should impartially turn out those who had worked to secure the election of General Jackson, as well as those who had labored to reelect Mr. Adams. To this General Jackson at first made no reply, but rose from his seat, puffing away at his pipe; and after walking up and down the floor two or three times he stopped in front of his rebellious postmaster-general, and said, "Mr. McLean, will you accept a seat upon the bench of the supreme court?" The judicial position thus tendered was accepted with thanks, and the post-office department was placed under the direction of Major Barry, who was invited to take a seat in the cabinet (never occupied by his predecessors), and who not only made the desired removals and appointments, but soon plunged the finances of the department into a chaotic state of disorder.

Prominent amongst those "Jackson men" who received lucrative mail contracts from Postmaster General Barry was "Land Admiral" Reeside, an appellation he owed to the executive ability which he had displayed in organizing mail routes between distant cities. He was a very tall man, well formed, with florid complexion, and red hair and side whiskers. Very obliging, he once had a horse, belonging to a senator, taken from Pittsburgh to Washington, tied behind a stage, because the owner had affixed his "frank" to the animal's halter. He was the first mail contractor who ran his stages between Philadelphia and the West, by night as well as by day, and Mr. Joseph R. Chandler, of the United States Gazette, said that "the admiral could leave Philadelphia on a six-horse coach with a hot johnny-cake in his pocket, and reach Pittsburgh before it could grow cold."

Mail robberies were not uncommon in those days, although the crime was

punishable with imprisonment or death. One day, one of Reeside's coaches was stopped, near Philadelphia, by three armed men, who ordered the nine passengers to alight and stand in a line. One of the robbers then mounted guard, while the other two made the terrified passengers deliver up their money and watches, and then rifled the mail bags. They were soon afterwards arrested, tried, convicted, and one was sentenced to imprisonment in the penitentiary, while the other two were condemned to be hung. Fortunately for one of the culprits, named Wilson, he had some years previously, at a horse-race near Nashville, Tennessee, privately advised General Jackson to withdraw his bets on a horse which he was backing, as the jockey had been ordered to lose the race. The general was very thankful for this information, which enabled him to escape a heavy loss, and he promised his informant that he would befriend him whenever an opportunity should offer. When reminded of this promise, after Wilson had been sentenced to be hanged, Jackson promptly commuted the sentence to ten years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

While Admiral Reeside was carrying the mails between New York and Washington, there arose a formidable organization in opposition to the Sunday mail service. The members of several religious denominations were prominent in their demonstrations, and in Philadelphia chains, secured by padlocks, were stretched across the streets on Sundays, to prevent the passage of the mail-coaches. The subject was taken up by politicians, and finally came before the house of representatives, where it was referred to the committee on post roads, of which Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, was then the chairman. The Rev. Obadiah B. Brown, who had meanwhile been promoted in the post-office department, wrote a report on the subject for Colonel Johnson, which gave

"the killer of Tecumseh" an extended reputation, and was the first step towards his election as vice-president, a few years later.

Admiral Reeside was on very intimate terms with David Crockett, then a representative from Tennessee, who was a good specimen of the backwoods congressmen, — distinguished by their stalwart frames, unpolished deportment, and vigilant minds, ever ready to aim their rifles at a foe, or to drink a social glass of whisky with a friend. Originally a Jackson man, he espoused the cause of Mr. Clay, and was made a lion of when he visited New England, making his quaint speeches and telling his backwoods stories. Crockett was an excellent shot, and was very proud of his skill with the rifle. He had one manufactured for him by a noted gunsmith, named Derringer, of Philadelphia, and used to go with parties of congressional friends to the commons in the northern part of Washington (now covered with houses), where he would fire it at a mark with great skill. A case of dueling pistols was then a part of the outfit of the Southern and Western congressmen, who used to spend more or less time in practicing. A notch cut with a penknife in the handle of one of these weapons denoted that it had been used in a duel, and a small groove cut entirely around the handle was evidence that it had inflicted a mortal wound. The dueling "code" was carefully studied, and the latest "affair of honor" was a favorite topic of conversation among ladies as well as gentlemen.

The construction of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, with a branch leading to Washington, was commenced in the early part of General Jackson's administration, and it was ridiculed by some, while others were positive that it would never be of any practical use. At first the cars were drawn by horses, and for a time a car was propelled by sails, which with a fair wind made fifteen miles an

hour; but finally a locomotive was constructed and driven by Mr. Peter Cooper, now of New York. It was a combination of belts and cogs, with a blower kept in motion by a cord attached to one of the wheels. English locomotive builders had asserted that no engine could be built to turn a curve of less than nine hundred feet; but some of the curves on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad were only two hundred feet, yet Mr. Cooper's engine ran around them. Among other evidences of the excitement caused by this successful introduction of "the iron horse" was an operetta called *The Rail Road*, written by George Washington Park Custis, the grandson of Mrs. Washington, and the adopted son of *pater patriæ*. The following song, which was sung by Mr. Jefferson (whose son now graces our stage), will give an idea of the dramatic capabilities of the owner of Arlington, who used to sing it occasionally himself at festive boards: —

Air, THE STEAM COACH.

Of each wonderful plan
E'er invented by man,
That which nearest perfection approaches
Is a road made of iron,
Which horses ne'er tire on,
And traveled by steam, in steam coaches.

Chorus.

And we've no longer gee up and gee ho,
But fiz, fiz, fiz, off we go,
Nine miles to the hour,
With thirty horse power,
By day time and night time,
Arrive at the right time,
Without rumble or jumble,
Or chance of a tumble,
As in chaise, gig, or whisky,
When horses are frisky.
Oh! the merry Rail Road for me!
Oh! the merry Rail, Rail Road for me!

At the inns on our route,
No hostler comes out
To give water to Spanker or Smiler,
But loll'd at our ease,
We ask landlord to please
Put a little more water in the boiler.

Chorus.

And we've no longer gee up and gee ho, etc.

Contractors won't fail,
 When they carry the mail,
 Where the coachman ne'er loiters or lingers;
 And should robbers approach
 Our smoking mail coach,
They 'll rather be apt to burn fingers.

Chorus.

And we 've no longer gee up and gee ho, etc.

Songs of this character, the most attractive feature being a rattling chorus in which all present could join, were highly prized at the jollifications in which the new political element of Washington society indulged. In former years, the wildest gentlemen used to spend their evenings in decorously playing whist, with frugal suppers of broiled oysters, bread and cheese, and a glass or two of madeira. The rollicking Jackson men substituted poker for whist, and indulged in frequent libations of whisky, while their supper tables were graced — according to the season — with a baked raccoon, garnished with fried sweet-potatoes, or canvas-back ducks, or shad broiled before a hickory fire on an oak board. Plantation tobacco was freely smoked in pipes, but few, except the members of the diplomatic corps, indulged in cigars.

Assemblies were held once a week between Christmas Day and Ash Wednesday, to which all of the respectable ladies in the city who danced were invited. It was also customary for those of the cabinet officers and other high officials who kept house to give at least one evening party during each session of Congress, invitations for which were issued. The guests at these parties used to assemble at about eight o'clock, and after taking off their wraps in an upper room they descended to the parlor, where the host and hostess received them. The older men then went to the punch-bowl, to criticise the "brew" which it contained, while the young people found their way to the dining-room, almost invariably devoted to dancing. The music was a piano and two violins, and one of the musicians called the fig-

ures for the cotillons and contra-dances. Those who did not dance elbowed their way through the crowd, conversing with acquaintances, and the men frequently taking another glass of punch. At ten the guests were invited to the supper table, which was often on the wide back porch which every Washington house had in those days. The table was always loaded with evidences of the culinary skill of the lady of the house. There was a roast ham at one end, a saddle of venison or mutton at the other end, and some roasted poultry or wild ducks midway; a great variety of home-baked cake was a source of pride, and there was never any lack of punch, with decanters of madeira. The diplomats gave champagne, but it was seldom seen except at the legations. At eleven there was a general exodus, and after the usual scramble for hats, cloaks, and over-shoes the guests entered their carriages. Sometimes a few intimate friends of the hostess lingered to enjoy a contra-dance, or to take a parting drink of punch, but by midnight the last guest departed, and the servants began to blow out the candles with which the house had been illuminated.

Theatricals were not well patronized at Washington, although the small theatre was always crowded when the elder Booth would occasionally come from his Maryland farm to delight his audiences with his matchless renderings of Richard III., Iago, Sir Giles Overreach, Shylock, and Othello, which his resonant voice, his impassioned action, and his expressive gestures interpreted with wonderful sincerity. Then there were minor amusements elsewhere. The circus paid its annual visit, to the joy of the rural congressmen and the negroes, who congregated around its saw-dust ring, applauding each successive act of horsemanship, and laughing at the repetition of the clown's old jokes; a daring rope-dancer, named Herr Cline, performed his wonderful feats on the tight rope and

on the slack wire; Finn gave annual exhibitions of fancy glass blowing; and every one went to see "the living skeleton," a tall, emaciated young fellow named Calvin Edson, compared with whom Shakespeare's starved apothecary was fleshy.

The gradual introduction of anthracite coal led to the substitution of grates and stoves for wide, deep fire-places, and the brass andirons were banished to garrets or sold to the junk-dealers. Candles also gave way to lamps in which whale oil was burned, although at entertainments they were used to give additional light, often dropping melted spermaceti on the clothes of the guests. Massive mahogany furniture, upholstered with hair-cloth, was very generally used, with heavy window curtains of crimson damask or moreen, trimmed with silken fringe. Every dining-room had its long and large sideboard, to visit which all the gentlemen guests were invited at all hours. At the Capitol, an innocent beverage called "switchell," composed of molasses, ginger, and water, was provided, and the materials purchased were charged under the head of stationery. To this a representative one day made objection, while the appropriation bill was being discussed. "If," said he, "syrup is charged as stationery, I wish that the sergeant-at-arms would purchase some good whisky for those who prefer it to switchell, and charge the same to the appropriation for fuel."

The White House, over the furniture of which so many shafts from political quivers had been aimed at Mr. Adams, and which had been described as having been fitted up in too palatial a style for the chief magistrate of a republic, was refurnished, at a cost of twelve thousand dollars, soon after General Jackson became its occupant.

The East Room was adorned with four mantel-pieces of black Italian marble, each one surmounted by a large mirror in a heavily gilded ornamental frame.

The floor was covered with a rich Brussels carpet, and there were three large cut-glass chandeliers hanging from the ceiling. Gilded sofas and chairs were upholstered with blue damask; there were heavy window curtains of blue and yellow moreen; and French china vases, filled with artificial flowers, adorned the mantel-pieces and the three marble-topped centre tables.

General Jackson cared not for this exhibition of costly furniture, but passed the greater portion of his time up-stairs in his office, smoking a corn-cob pipe with a reed stem, and discussing politics with his henchmen. He was at the time of his inauguration sixty-two years of age, tall, spare, with a high forehead, from which his gray hair was brushed back, a decisive nose, searching, keen eyes, and when good-natured an almost child-like expression about his mouth. A self-reliant, prejudiced, and often very irascible old man, it was a very difficult task to manage him. Some of his cabinet advisers made it a point to be with him, to prevent others from ingratiating themselves into his good-will, and they were thus chronicled in a ballad of the time:—

"King Andrew had five trusty squires,
Whom he held his bid to do;
He also had three pilot-fish,
To give the sharks their cue.
There was Mat, and Lou, and Jack, and Lev
And Roger of Taney hue,
And Blair the book,
And Kendall chief cook,
And Isaac, surnamed the true."

Mat Van Buren was secretary of state, Lou McLane was secretary of the treasury, Jack Branch was secretary of the navy, Lev Woodbury was his successor, and Roger B. Taney was attorney-general. Blair, Kendall, and Isaac Hill were also known as "the kitchen cabinet."

Francis P. Blair had been the partner of Amos Kendall in the publication of the Frankfort Argus, and they had both deserted Henry Clay when they

enlisted in the movement which gave the electoral vote of Kentucky to General Jackson, and joined in the cry of "bargain and corruption" raised against their former friend. It is related that the first interview between Clay and Blair after this desertion was a very awkward one for the latter, who felt that he had behaved shabbily. Clay had ridden over on horseback from Lexington to Frankfort, in the winter season, on legal business, and on alighting from his horse at the tavern door found himself confronting Blair, who was just leaving the house. "How do you do, Mr. Blair?" inquired the great commoner, in his silvery tones and blandest manner, at the same time extending his hand. Blair mechanically took the tendered hand, but was evidently nonplused, and at length said, with an evident effort, "Pretty well, I thank you, sir. How did you find the roads from Lexington here?" "The roads are very bad, Mr. Blair," graciously replied Clay, — "very bad; and I wish, sir, that you would mend your ways."

Mr. Blair established *The Globe*, which became a model political organ, and had the name of every federal office-holder whose salary exceeded a thousand dollars on its subscription list. While he defended in its columns General Jackson and the acts of the administration, right or wrong, he waged merciless warfare against those who opposed them. When Colonel W. R. King, of Alabama, once begged him to soften an attack upon an erring democrat, Mr. Blair replied, "No! Let it tear his heart out." With all his political insolence, however, he possessed a remarkable kindness of heart, and a more indulgent father was never known in Washington. Personally, Mr. Blair was very ugly, and General Glascock, of Georgia, used to tell how a wager was once made between some Georgians and Kentuckians of an oyster supper for thirty, to be paid for by the citizens of that State

which could produce the ugliest man. The evening came, the company assembled, and Georgia presented a fellow not naturally very ugly, but who had the knack of wonderfully distorting his features. Kentucky was in despair, for their man, who had been kept cooped up for a week, was so hopelessly drunk that he could not stand. At the last moment a happy thought occurred to a Kentucky representative, named Albert G. Hawes. Ordering a hack, he drove to the *Globe* office, and soon returned with Mr. Blair as an invited guest, saying, as they entered the room, "Gentlemen, this is Mr. Blair, the editor of the *Globe*, and if he will only look as nature has made him, Kentucky wins." The Georgians at once expressed their willingness to pay for the supper.

Mrs. Anne Royall was at that time the only "interviewer" and the only female writer for the press at Washington. She was the widow of a Tennessee revolutionary officer, and she first visited the capital to secure a pension; but failing in that, she devoted herself to personal literature. Then she managed to secure an old Ramage printing-press and a font of battered long-primer type, with which, aided by runaway apprentices and tramping journeymen printers, she published, on Capitol Hill, for several years a small weekly sheet called *The Huntress*. Every person of any distinction who visited Washington received a call from Mrs. Royall, and if they subscribed for *The Huntress* they were described in the next number in a complimentary manner, but if they declined she blackguarded them without mercy. When young she was a short, plump, and not bad-looking woman, but as she advanced in years her flesh disappeared, and her nose seemed to increase in size; but her piercing black eyes lost none of their fire, while her tongue wagged more abusively when she lost her temper. John Quincy Adams described her as going about "like a

virago-errant in enchanted armor, redeeming herself from the cramps of indigence by the notoriety of her eccentricities and the forced currency they gave to her publications."

Mrs. Royall's tongue at last became so unendurable that she was formally indicted by the grand jury as a common scold, and tried in the circuit court before Judge Cranch. His honor charged the jury at length, reviewing the testimony, and showing that if found guilty she must be ducked, in accordance with the English law in force in the District of Columbia. The jury found her guilty, but her counsel begged his honor the judge to weigh the matter, and not be the first to introduce a ducking-stool, which had been obsolete in England since the reign of Queen Anne, as the introduction of such an engine of punishment might have the effect of increasing criminals of this class. If the Greek legislators would not enact a punishment for a crime not known to them, lest it should induce persons to commit that offense, the court should not permit the introduction of the ducking-stool, lest it might lead to an increase of common scolds. This argument had weight, and a fine was imposed on Mrs. Royall, which was duly paid.

When the twenty-first Congress assembled, on December 7, 1829, General Jackson sent in a message which naturally attracted some attention. Meeting his old and intimate friend General Armstrong the next day, General Jackson said, "Well, Bob, what do the people say of my message?" "They say," replied General Armstrong, "that it is first-rate, but nobody believes that you wrote it." "Well," good-naturedly replied Old Hickory, "don't I deserve just as much credit for picking out the man who could write it?" Although the words of this and of the subsequent messages were not General Jackson's, the ideas were, and he always insisted on having them clearly expressed. It

was in his first message, by the way, that he invited the attention of Congress to the fact that the charter of the United States Bank would expire in 1836, and asserted that it had "failed in the great end of establishing a uniform and sound currency." This was the beginning of that fierce political contest which resulted in the triumph of General Jackson and the overthrow of the United States Bank.

The senate of the twenty-first Congress has probably never been surpassed, if equaled, in point of ability and oratorical talent, by any representative body of its size, and an unimportant resolution, introduced early in 1830 by Senator Foot, led to a general debate which was "the battle of the giants." The discussion embraced all the partisan issues of the time, especially those of a sectional nature, including the alleged right of a State to set the federal government at defiance. The state-rights men in South Carolina, instigated by Mr. Calhoun, had been active during the preceding summer in collecting material for this discussion, and they had taken especial pains to request a search for evidence that Mr. Webster had shown a willingness to have New England secede from the Union during the second war with Great Britain. The vicinity of Portsmouth, where he had resided when he entered public life, was, to use his own words, "searched as with a candle. New Hampshire was explored from the mouth of the Merrimack to the White Hills."

Nor had Mr. Webster been idle. He was not an extemporaneous speaker, and he passed the summer in carefully studying, in his intervals of professional leisure, the great constitutional question which he afterwards so brilliantly discussed. A story is told at Providence about a distinguished lawyer of that place, Mr. John Whipple, who was at Washington when Webster replied to Hayne, but who did not hear the speech,

as he was engaged in a case before the supreme court when it was delivered. When a report of what Mr. Webster had said appeared in print, Mr. Whipple read it, and was haunted by the idea that he had heard or read it before. Meeting Mr. Webster soon afterwards, he mentioned this idea to him, and inquired whether it could possibly have any foundation in fact. "Certainly it has," replied Mr. Webster. "Don't you remember our conversations during the long walks we took together last summer at Newport, while in attendance on Story's court?" It flashed across Mr. Whipple's mind that Mr. Webster had then rehearsed the legal argument of his speech, and had invited criticism.

As the debate on the Foot resolution progressed, it revealed an evident intention to attack New England, and especially Massachusetts. This brought Mr. Webster into the arena, and he concluded a brief speech by declaring that as a true representative of the State which had sent him into the senate it was his duty, and a duty which he should fulfill, to place her history and her conduct, her honor and her character, in their just and proper light. A few days later, Mr. Webster heard his State and himself mercilessly attacked by General Hayne, of South Carolina, no mean antagonist. The son of a revolutionary hero who had fallen a victim to British cruelty, highly educated, with a slender, graceful form, fascinating deportment, and a well-trained, mellifluous voice, the haughty South Carolinian entered the lists of the political tournament like Saladin to oppose the Yankee *Cœur de Lion*.

When Mr. Webster went to the senate-chamber to reply to General Hayne, on Tuesday, January 20, 1830, he felt himself master of the situation. Always careful about his personal appearance when he was to address an audience, he wore on that day the whig uniform, which had been copied by the revolutionary heroes, — a blue coat with bright

buttons, a buff waistcoat, and a high white cravat. Neither was he insensible to the benefits to be derived from publicity, and he had sent a request to Mr. Gales to report what he was to say himself, rather than to send one of his stenographers. The most graphic account of the scene in the senate-chamber during the delivery of the speech was subsequently written virtually from Mr. Webster's dictation. Perhaps, like Mr. Healey's picture, it is rather high-colored.

Sheridan, after his forty days' preparation, did not commence his scathing impeachment of Warren Hastings with more confidence than was displayed by Mr. Webster when he stood up, in the pride of his manhood, and began to address the interested mass of talent, intelligence, and beauty around him. A man of commanding presence, with a well-knit, sturdy frame, swarthy features, a broad, thoughtful forehead, courageous eyes gleaming from beneath shaggy eyebrows, a quadrangular breadth of jawbone, and a mouth which bespoke strong will, he stood like a sturdy Roundhead sentinel on guard before the gates of the constitution. Holding in profound contempt what is termed spread-eagle oratory, his only gesticulations were up-and-down motions of his arms, as if he was beating out with sledge-hammers his forcible ideas. His peroration was sublime, and every loyal American heart has since echoed the last words, "Liberty and union — now and forever — one and inseparable!"

Mr. Webster's speech, carefully revised by himself, was not published until the 23d of February, and large editions of it were circulated throughout the Northern States. The debate was continued, and it was the 21st of May before Colonel Benton, who had been the first defamer of New England, brought it to a close. The Northern men claimed for Mr. Webster the superiority, but General Jackson praised the speech of

Mr. Hayne, and deemed his picture worthy to occupy a place in the White House, thus giving expression to the general sentiment among the Southerners. This alarmed Mr. Van Buren, who was quietly yet shrewdly at work to defeat the further advancement of Mr. Calhoun, and he lost no time in demonstrating to the imperious old soldier who occupied the presidential chair that the South Carolina doctrine of nullification could but prove destructive to the Union.

Mr. Calhoun was not aware of this intrigue, and in order to strengthen his state-rights policy he organized a public dinner on the anniversary of Jefferson's birthday, April 13, 1830. When the toasts which were to be proposed were made public in advance, according to the custom, it was discovered that several of them were strongly anti-tariff and state rights in sentiment, — so much so that a number of Pennsylvania tariff democrats declined to attend, and got up a dinner of their own. General Jackson attended the dinner, but he went late and retired early, leaving a volunteer toast, which he had carefully prepared at the White House, and which fell like a damper upon those at the dinner, while it electrified the North: "The federal Union, — it must and shall be maintained!" This toast, which could not be misunderstood, showed that General Jackson would not permit himself to be placed in the attitude of a patron of doctrines which could lead only to a dissolution of the federal government. But the committee on arrangements toned it down, so that it appeared in the official report of the dinner, "Our federal Union, — it must be preserved!"

This was a severe blow to Mr. Calhoun, who had labored earnestly to break down Mr. Adams's administration, without respect to its measures, that a democratic party might be built up, which would first elect General Jackson, and then recognize him as the legiti-

mate successor to the presidential chair. His discomfiture was soon completed by the publication of a letter from Mr. Crawford, which informed the president that he had, when in the cabinet of Monroe, proposed that "General Jackson should be punished in some form" for his high-handed military rule in Florida. Van Buren secretly fanned the flames of General Jackson's indignation, and adroitly availed himself of "a tempest in a tea-pot" to complete the downfall of his rival.

The woman used as a tool by Mr. Van Buren is a somewhat picturesque figure in the political chronicles of the capital. Her maiden name was Margaret O'Neill, although she was known when a girl as Peg, and she was one of the daughters of the keeper of a tavern at which General Jackson used to put up before his election to the presidential chair. She had the lithe form, the fair skin, the dark red hair, and the keen, cat-like gray eyes of her Milesian ancestry, while she was as full of fun, frolic, and flirtation as the typical damsel on the banks of the Lake of Killarney. Caressed and teased by the guests at the tavern, she grew up to be pert, piquant, and audacious, and General Jackson, who had always admired her when she was a child, was delighted when he learned, years afterwards, that his "little friend Peg" — then the Widow Timberlake — was to be married to his old comrade, General Eaton. There was much scandal at Washington about the death of her first husband and her marriage to the second; but General Jackson paid no heed to it, and when he became president he appointed General Eaton secretary of war. Washington society was horrified, and it soon became known that Mrs. Calhoun, with the wives of other members of the cabinet, did not intend to call on Mrs. Eaton, or to invite her to their houses. She carried her griefs to the White House, where Mr. Van Buren had paved the

way for them, and the gallant old president swore "by the Eternal" that the scandal-mongers who had imbittered the last years of his beloved wife Rachel should not triumph over his "little friend Peg."

This was Van Buren's opportunity. He was a widower, keeping house at Washington, and as secretary of state he was able to form an alliance with the bachelor ministers of Great Britain and of Russia, each of whom had spacious residences. A series of dinners, balls, and suppers was inaugurated at these three houses, and at each successive entertainment Mrs. Eaton was the honored guest, who led the country-dance, and occupied the seat at table on the right of the host. Some respectable ladies were so shocked by her audacity that they would leave a room when she entered it. She was openly denounced by clergymen, and she found herself in positions which would have covered almost any other woman in Washington with shame. Mrs. Eaton, who did not apparently possess a conscientious or an honorable scruple as to the propriety of her course, evidently enjoyed the situation, and used to visit General Jackson every day with a fresh story of the insults paid her. Yet she gave no evidences of diplomacy nor of political sagacity, but was a mere beautiful, passionate, impulsive puppet, held up by General Jackson, while Mr. Van Buren

adroitly pulled the strings that directed her movements.

Mr. Calhoun, whose wife was foremost among those ladies who positively refused to associate with Mrs. Eaton, said to a friend of General Jackson's, who endeavored to effect a reconciliation, that "the quarrels of women, like those of the Medes and Persians, admitted of neither inquiry nor explanation." He knew well, however, that it was no women's quarrel, but a political game of chess played by men, who were using women as their pawns, and he lost the game. Van Buren and Eaton next tendered their resignations as cabinet officers, which General Jackson refused to accept; whereupon the cabinet officers whose wives declined to call on Mrs. Eaton resigned, and their resignations were promptly accepted. The whole city was in a turmoil. Angry men walked about with bludgeons, seeking "satisfaction;" duels were talked of; old friendships were severed; and every fresh indignity offered his "little friend Peg" endeared her the more to General Jackson, who was duly grateful to Van Buren for having espoused her cause. "It is odd enough," wrote Daniel Webster to a personal friend, "that the consequence of this dispute in the social and fashionable world is producing great political effects, and may very probably determine who shall be successor to the present chief magistrate."

PATIENCE.

PATIENCE and I have traveled hand in hand
 So many days that I have grown to trace
 The lines of sad, sweet beauty in her face,
 And all its veiled depths to understand.

Not beautiful is she to eyes profane;
 Silent and unrevealed her holy charms;

But, like a mother's, her serene, strong arms
Uphold my footsteps on the path of pain.

I long to cry, — her soft voice whispers, "Nay!"
I seek to fly, but she restrains my feet;
In wisdom stern, yet in compassion sweet,
She guides my helpless wanderings, day by day.

O my Beloved, life's golden visions fade,
And one by one life's phantom joys depart;
They leave a sudden darkness in the heart,
And patience fills their empty place instead.

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

A DISCUSSION of the merits and availability of aspirants and supposed aspirants for the republican nomination for the presidency has been going on ever since Mr. Hayes was fairly installed in the White House. At times it would almost cease; but this was always when some important question of immediate interest absorbed the public mind, and after such questions were disposed of the newspapers would be sure to revive the old topic. Three causes operated thus to keep the matter of the presidential succession alive during the whole of an executive term. The attitude of Mr. Tilden, as a martyr to the electoral commission and a matter-of-course candidate (in his own opinion, at least) of his party in 1880, made the republicans feel a lively interest in such of their own leaders as they thought might possibly be pitted against him. Mr. Blaine's defeat at Cincinnati, brought about, as it was, by the defection of the delegation from a single Southern State, when he was on the verge of success, made him an inevitable candidate for 1880, and kept his friends zealous and active. Then there was the ever-impending candidacy of General Grant. Although Grant left the presidency, in

1877, under a thick cloud of unpopularity, few sagacious politicians believed that the most potent personality on the American continent could keep aloof from the next struggle for the chief magistracy. Thus we have had three years of intermittent talk about the republican candidates for 1880, without a month passing at any time during that period when the country has been allowed to forget the topic. And a curious peculiarity of this discussion has been that it has developed few new candidates and disposed of no old ones. The death of Oliver P. Morton took one of the most prominent out of the field, and the retirement of Benjamin H. Bristow from public life disposed of another. Mr. Bristow's candidacy in 1876 was an accident growing out of his quarrel with Grant while he was in the treasury, and if he had kept before the public in some official capacity ever since he would hardly be mentioned in connection with the nomination this year; but as he took himself out of the public gaze voluntarily, it cannot be said that he fell a victim to the discussion of the merits of candidates. All the other men who were most talked of in 1877 — Grant, Blaine, Washburne, Sherman, and Conk-

ling—are most talked of to-day. Mr. Sherman, it is true, has progressed from an attitude of possible to one of positive candidacy; but this was foreseen by all who knew his political ability, and appreciated the advantages of his position in control of the national finances in the transition period from paper to specie values.

Before we proceed to consider the strength and prospects of the several candidates, the ideas or shades of republican opinion they represent, and the political elements supporting them, let us stop to note the fact that the present contest is unusually free from the active interference of the outgoing president. I am aware that the presence of Mr. Sherman in the list of aspirants for the succession gives to his candidacy a certain appearance of official administrative sanction; but this is only in appearance, for it is not asserted in any quarter that the president uses his patronage to promote the success of his secretary, or in any way employs his personal influence in his behalf. There may be a treasury candidate, but there is no White House candidate. If Mr. Evarts, or Mr. Key, or Mr. Ramsay should choose to enter the race, he would doubtless feel sure of a fair field and no favor as far as Mr. Hayes was concerned.

There are three conspicuous competitors for the republican nomination. I place General Grant on the list, because, although he has not avowed himself a candidate either to the public or to his friends, like Mr. Blaine or Mr. Sherman, all the ordinary agencies to secure his nomination have been put to work with his full knowledge, and without one word of objection on his part. The fact that he remains silent counts for nothing. He was just as silent before the conventions of 1868 and 1872, and there is no reason why he should now change the habit of reticence which has so long stood him in good stead. He has been made a candidate by his friends advocating his

claims in the newspapers, and going to work in the ordinary way to obtain the control of county and state conventions, in order to secure delegates to the national convention who will vote for him. Our list of active, open, and above-board candidates is, therefore, Grant, Blaine, and Sherman.

Close after these gentlemen, under the head of a conspicuous possibility, we must place Elihu B. Washburne. Next to him comes Roscoe Conkling; and the line is lost in a crowd of excellent "dark horses," among whom we discern Garfield, Wheeler, Hamilton Fish, Edmunds, and Windom.

Let us begin with General Grant, as the most prominent and probably, on the whole, the strongest of all the candidates for the nomination. When he left the White House in 1877, he was, as we have said, exceedingly unpopular. His second administration had given less satisfaction than the first. It developed grave scandals affecting the cabinet itself, and gave rise to serious divisions in the party. In 1874 the States of Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, every one of which had voted for him in 1872, turned over to the democracy. In these States there was an aggregate change of over four hundred thousand votes produced in two years by republican dissatisfaction. Grant's Southern policy had been a curious alternation of force and decision with weakness and irresolution. He held on to Louisiana by the bayonets of federal soldiers; but he gave up Mississippi, and surrendered Arkansas to an armed mob. One after another of the Southern States slipped away from the republicans, or was torn away during his administration, so that they held possession of only three when he went out of office, and lost all of them immediately afterwards, as the result of the elections held in 1876. The general effect of his policy was to intensify the hatred of the rebel element

for the negroes and white republicans, without affording any adequate protection to those classes. Of the Northern States lost to the republicans in 1874, five were recovered in 1875, in a contest over the financial issue; but it was found necessary to declare in their platforms that they did not contemplate the renomination of Grant in 1876, and were opposed on principle to giving any president a third term.

General Grant had thus failed as president to make a consistent, irreproachable administration, and as a party leader he had brought disaster upon his followers. And yet, in spite of all this, he recovered in the space of two years a large measure of the public esteem he enjoyed in 1868, and became by far the most popular man in the country; and this, too, without making the smallest effort, by word or deed, to change the opinions of his countrymen. It is interesting to study the causes of this remarkable revolution in the feelings of the American people towards their ex-president. Unquestionably the attitude of the South had very much to do in producing the change. The leaders of that section broke the pledges made to President Hayes in the spring of 1877, that they would protect the political rights of the negroes in case there was no further interference by the federal authority with local self-government in their States. They grew more ambitious and insolent as their power increased, and began to reach out for the full possession of the national government. In this state of affairs the old loyal elements of the North remembered that although Grant had enforced no fixed policy towards the South, he had had moments of firmness and periods of consistency, and that with all his faults he was still the great Union captain and the conqueror of the rebellion, whom the former rebels feared more than any other man; and they began to say, "If Grant were president this sort of thing would

not go much further." Then, as time went on, and the democrats refused to pass any law for avoiding trouble in the counting of the electoral votes, the republicans began to suspect that their opponents intended to count out the republican candidate in 1880, by an arbitrary use of power in Congress, and this fear caused them to turn instinctively to Grant as the "strong, silent man," whom no party would venture to deprive of the presidency by tricks and frauds if he were lawfully elected. Last summer, when, at the extra session of Congress, the democrats endeavored to force the president to sign their bills for repealing the federal election laws by refusing appropriations for carrying on the government, the Grant feeling reached high-water mark, and if a nominating convention had been held at that time he would unquestionably have been chosen by acclamation.

Meanwhile the ex-president was reaping a rich harvest of honors in his tour around the world, which gratified the national pride of his countrymen at home. An impulse towards hero worship exists in republics as well as in monarchies. In our country this natural feeling had been suppressed since the war, for want of a proper object to call it forth. Our great soldiers had passed from the public eye to private life, or to the far Indian frontier, where their gallant deeds passed unnoticed, and among our statesmen no one towered high enough above the common level of mediocrity to challenge adulation. So it was quite natural that the plain republican citizen who was receiving the hospitality of kings and emperors beyond the seas should become invested in the eyes of his fellow-countrymen with the romantic halo of heroism. The persistency of military fame was well illustrated here. Grant the politician and president was forgotten, while Grant the general became a powerful presence in the public mind. His eight years in the White House were scarcely thought of,

but every circumstance of his career as a soldier was distinctly remembered.

General Grant's return to America was ill timed for permanent effect upon his chances for the presidency. He came too soon. The expected ovations took place; all the way from San Francisco to Philadelphia, immense throngs greeted him with demonstrations of admiration and cordial good-will, and in the latter city he was given a reception such as was never before accorded to any man on the American continent; but there was time for a revulsion of feeling before delegates could be chosen to the Chicago convention, and the revulsion came very promptly upon the heels of the high-wrought enthusiasm. The ovation business palled upon the public taste. To many it seemed like an effort to suppress a thoughtful comparison of the merits of presidential candidates by a racket of brass bands and cannon. The friends of Mr. Sherman and Mr. Blaine were prompt to take advantage of this shifting in the fickle current of public opinion to press the arguments in favor of their candidates. A vigorous anti-Grant element showed itself in all parts of the country, and obtained the open support or half-concealed sympathy of nine tenths of the influential republican daily newspapers. All possibility of the nomination of Grant by a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm was thus brought to an end. He is now a candidate among candidates, taking his chances with the rest, and no longer standing upon a pedestal of real or supposed superiority. The Pennsylvania State Convention, held on the 4th of February, showed plainly that he is down in the dust of a heated conflict, to give and take blows with other aspirants, and to rise, if at all, rather by the political skill of his supporters than by his own popularity. That convention, it will be remembered, indorsed his candidacy by a majority of only twenty in a vote of two hundred and forty-six, and this result was produced by Senator Cam-

eron making Grant's cause his own, and making a vote for Grant a test of fidelity to his party leadership and of friendship towards him personally. The New York convention, held three weeks later, developed the position of the ex-president even more clearly. A majority of thirty-seven on a total vote of three hundred and ninety-seven was obtained for him in that body only by the utmost effort of all the forces under the control of the political "machine" and the employment of the great personal influence of Senator Conkling. The elements of strength and weakness involved in Grant's candidacy are now well understood by all observers of the political situation, and I think there will be no exceptions taken to the following as a fair summary. The forces working actively or by their quiet influence in the community to secure his nomination may be thus classified:—

(1.) The capable, energetic politicians who held office during General Grant's administration of the government. In several States these men still control what is known as the machine, and in all they possess considerable power. Their motive in desiring his nomination is not necessarily a selfish one. They believe that a party can be made efficient only by the judicious distribution of official patronage as a reward for party services. Grant represents a system which they regard as orthodox. Since he went out of office there has been a mixed *régime* of old ideas and new, very confusing and, as they think, very foolish, and they want to get back to the old plan of senators and representatives in Congress distributing the patronage in their respective States and districts, so that a man will once more know how to go to work to get an office. General Grant used to violate this system now and then, to put an old army comrade in the cabinet, or give a cousin or a brother-in-law a custom-house berth or a foreign mission, but in the main he adhered to it closely.

(2.) The Southern Republican ele-

ment, insignificant in power to affect a presidential election, but potent in a nominating convention. A few weeks ago it was supposed that the votes of all the Southern States would be thrown for Grant in the Chicago convention. This would undoubtedly be the case if the republican politicians of those States were left to exercise their free choice without outside influence; but of late the friends of Mr. Sherman have succeeded in gaining a foot-hold in two or three States, and as they have still nearly three months in which to continue their operations, it is impossible to say how much Southern strength will remain to Grant by the time the convention meets in June.

(3.) The soldier class. A very considerable proportion of the Union veterans have a natural partiality for their old commander. This class wields a good deal of political power; not as a body, for their organization, the Grand Army of the Republic, is non-partisan, but as individual members of the republican party. It is an interesting fact, and one showing that the restored Union has deeper roots in the South than Northern people of strong sectional feelings imagine, that the old Confederate soldiers have a friendly feeling towards Grant, and would rather see him president than any other republican.

(4.) The alarmists, who think the South is bent on mischief and can be restrained only by a strong man at the head of the government. The apprehensions of these people have never quite died out since the war, and were greatly aroused by the behavior of the democratic party in Congress last spring and summer, — behavior dictated by a caucus in which ex-rebel officers had a controlling voice. A new impetus has just been given to their fears by the abortive effort to establish a fraudulent state government in Maine. This they regard as the forerunner of a scheme to count in the democratic candidate for president, next winter, by throwing out enough returns from re-

publican States to convert a minority into a fictitious majority. Congress has power to do this, and it is argued that nothing will restrain the democrats from exercising this power but the certainty that the republican candidate would not submit to be thus defrauded. Grant is the one man, they say, whose character and whose control over the fighting element of the North would cause the democrats to pause.

(5.) Many business men, who believe that Grant would give a stability and security to public affairs which would have a favorable effect upon trade and values.

(6.) A considerable portion of what we may call the ultra-religious class, and especially the ministers. Why people of extreme religious sensibilities should have such a liking for soldiers and war-like statesmen, I do not pretend to explain. Perhaps there is some mental law of the affinity of contraries which operates upon them.

The weakness of Grant's candidacy lies in the opposition of the following classes: —

(1.) The old liberals of 1872, nine tenths of whom are now back in the republican party, and occupying prominent positions in it. Their hostility to Grant is less pronounced than it was seven years ago, perhaps, but it is still pretty vigorous.

(2.) The progressive republicans, who were good party men in 1872, but who think we have got beyond the era of force of which Grant was the type, and believe that his reelection would be a retrograde movement in our politics which would check the development of a homogeneous national sentiment and postpone the consideration of important social, industrial, and commercial questions.

(3.) The Germans, who have no fondness for soldiers in politics, and who think the step from a third term to a military dictatorship is a great deal

shorter than it is in reality. They are the most jealous defenders of the republican system we have in this country, and are over-apprehensive of changes in the traditions and spirit of our government which might lead to a lapse into Old World institutions.

(4.) Many practical politicians, who look at the question from the stand-point of expediency. They fear that Grant could not carry the pivotal States, and dread the result of furnishing the democrats with the third-term issue. No one can foresee, they say, what might be the effect of the cry of imperialism which the democrats would surely set up against the republicans. It might be laughed out of the canvass, but it might arouse a passionate antagonism against the party violating without excuse the unwritten law of two terms for a president, and no more.

The candidacy of Senator James G. Blaine, of Maine, is the natural result of many years of exceptional prominence in republican politics, and of a fortunate faculty of winning and keeping friends by personal intercourse. Mr. Blaine entered Congress in December, 1863, and for four years was a quiet, observant member, serving on committees of minor importance, for the work of which he had little taste. He seldom took part in the debates, but was a close student of the rules, mastering in time all the tangled detail of legislative practice and precedent. During his third term he began to be somewhat conspicuous in the business proceedings of the house, and now and then won attention for a short, crisp speech that went straight to the marrow of the subject without much rhetoric. All this time he was making friends and gaining personal influence among the better class of members, and in 1869, when Schuyler Colfax left the speaker's chair to take the vice-presidency, the young representative from Maine was chosen to the vacant place, defeating aspirants who had served much

longer in Congress and were much better known to the country. The qualities which secured him the speakership are those which will win for him the nomination at Chicago, if he gets it. People help him forward because they like him. They overlook his faults and magnify his talents and rejoice to aid in his advancement, because he never forgets their faces or names, is delightfully cordial when he meets them, and always interests them with an inexhaustible fund of anecdote and information concerning public men and affairs. There is no man in public life who has so large a personal following. He has made speeches in all the Northern States from Maine to California, taking part every year in the state canvasses that were at the time of most national interest, and always adding to his popularity by these stump-ing tours. His stump speeches cannot be classed as remarkable efforts of high statesmanship, but they express the average common sense and conscience of the republican masses, and always deal with the issues which are uppermost in the public mind. His speeches in Congress have been aptly likened to cavalry charges: they are bold, dashing, and effective. The opposite party, taken by surprise, and bewildered by the impetu-ousness of the assault, usually retire in confusion; but they soon rally again, and the battle of argument is generally won by the heavy artillery aimed by such men as Edmunds and Garfield.

Mr. Blaine's character is a singular combination of frankness and secretiveness, of eager impulse and calculating reserve. He is a more discreet Henry Clay, — a more impulsive Martin Van Buren. I think his abilities as a political organizer and manager are over-rated. If he had John Sherman's cold, unmagnetic nature, he never would have attained his present prominence. He has climbed up, not on the shoulders of indifferent or unwilling men, but by the aid of thousands of helping hands. A

very important element of his strength is the friendship of newspapers and newspaper men. He was an editor himself in early life, and owned a lucrative country newspaper, which he disposed of when he got fairly embarked in politics, because he did not think the two careers would harmonize. The liking which some journalists have for him is somewhat singular from the fact that he never permits himself to be interviewed. He rather prides himself on the fact that he can talk freely with reporters, correspondents, and editors without being put in print. They like him because he is accessible and friendly, and always tells them something worth printing, with the sole condition attached that they will not accredit it to him. His knowledge of the history of American politics is remarkable. He knows the issues that divided parties at every presidential election since the foundation of the government, the vote cast for every candidate, the course of every administration, the career of every prominent statesman, the composition of every cabinet, the peculiarities of every speaker of the house, the causes of the growth and decay of political organizations, the attitude of every State in every national contest, and a thousand other things connected with the conduct of the government and the course of parties and politicians. From all this mass of information, treasured in a singularly retentive mind, he has evolved a sort of philosophy of politics which is no doubt of considerable assistance in enabling him to foresee the effect of certain issues upon the public mind, and to trace into the future the currents of public opinion.

Mr. Blaine belongs to the stalwart element of the republican party, and represents in a special degree the idea that the questions of the war are not yet definitely closed, and can only be settled finally and rightly by firmness on the part of the national government, backed by a powerful sentiment in the North,

in enforcing the constitutional amendments and protecting the equal rights of parties and citizens in the South. He is far more objectionable to the old slaveholding rebel element than is General Grant, because he is looked upon as the embodiment of the most aggressive and radical republican ideas. His strength as a candidate is not confined to any section. Indeed, he has more support in Iowa and in Kansas than in some of the New England States. In fact, he is a thoroughly national candidate, with a strong backing in every Northern State among influential politicians and the young, enthusiastic element of the party. His weakness lies chiefly in his strength, paradoxical though the statement may seem. He is the strong candidate against whom weaker candidates will be ready to combine again, as they did at Cincinnati in 1876. Perhaps this danger is offset, however, by the fact that he is the second choice of a large share of the Grant men, and particularly those in the South and in Pennsylvania and New York, who will be inclined to go over to him if their own candidate is withdrawn.

The candidacy of John Sherman grows very logically out of his brilliant and substantial success, as secretary of the treasury, in refunding the public debt and in resuming specie payments. This success is highly honored by all intelligent people in this country, and would be doubly honored if accomplished in any European country, because the difficulty of strengthening national credit when once depreciated, and of returning to specie values after being once cut adrift, is much better understood there than here. There is such a thing as a science of national finance in Europe. In this country the treasury was under the control of experimenters during the long interval between McCulloch and Sherman. Fortunately, Mr. Sherman had outlived his weaknesses on the subject of the currency and the debt, and

had come into the post of finance minister with a clear and correct idea of what was to be done to get affairs upon a settled and honest basis, together with a firm will to carry out his purposes. Backed by a president fully in accord with his views, he was able to triumph over opposition in Congress, and to go straight forward towards the goal of lower interest and gold payments. After such achievements it was inevitable that he should be looked upon by a large element in the republican party as the best man to nominate for the presidency. He is a type of solvency, prudence, and firmness in financial and business affairs. People who appreciate best the inestimable value to the country of the changes he has wrought in its finances look with most favor upon his candidacy, — that is to say, bankers, manufacturers, transporters, and substantial merchants and farmers. Of political strength he possesses far less than Mr. Blaine. His own State of Ohio is the only one which can be said to be originally in favor of his candidacy. In other States his followers are rarely in possession of much practical influence of the sort that controls conventions and selects delegates. It is probable, however, that a sense of the special fitness of his candidacy, his popularity among the business classes, and the knowledge all politicians possess of the character, temper, and opinions he would bring to the chief magistracy will give him a great deal of strength in the Chicago convention which cannot now be measured and located. Then, Mr. Sherman is himself an exceedingly able practical politician. With no faculty for winning friends by simply mingling with men and shaking hands, and no gift of oratory beyond the ability to express his ideas connectedly and clearly, he has held important positions ever since he entered politics as a young man, never dropping out of office for a day, and steadily mounting from post to post until within one step of the White House.

His success has been due to two things : first, he has always been able to convince the public of his intellectual and moral fitness for the place he sought ; and, second, he has known how to go to work to secure nominations and carry elections. These two things will operate in his favor now as heretofore. As to his lack of personal magnetism, of which we hear so much, that is doubtless a misfortune for a public man ; but it has not kept him from getting on in life, and will not be obstacle enough of itself to keep him out of the presidency. He makes up for this defect by a close knowledge of human nature (witness, for example, the efficiency of the revenue and customs departments under his administration of the treasury, and their freedom from scandals), and a full comprehension of the fact that in politics an exchange of services and benefits goes further than personal friendship. His chief weakness as a candidate lies in the fact that he is an Ohio man. It will be hard to persuade the convention to take another president from that much-favored State. Mr. Sherman represents a moderate phase of opinion on the Southern question. He is less conciliatory than President Hayes, and less aggressive than Senator Blaine. His republicanism is of a very stubborn, ingrained sort, but he sees the importance of other questions than those left over as the débris of the war and reconstruction periods.

Mr. Elihu B. Washburne is not a candidate in the sense of being a competitor for the favor of state conventions or the votes of delegates at Chicago on the first ballot, and yet no one would make a list of the half dozen names among which the choice is likely to fall without including his. If General Grant should withdraw, he would unquestionably be brought to the front to dispute the prize with Blaine and Sherman ; but if Grant does not withdraw, Washburne will stay out of the fight. No rivalry between him and Grant is possible, apart from

the personal relations between the two men, for the reason that he could not assemble a nucleus of strength in the convention without his own State of Illinois, which is also Grant's State; he will probably vote for Grant until he is nominated or withdrawn. It has been asserted that the influence of Senator Logan will keep the Illinois delegation away from Washburne in any event; but later reports say that a good understanding now exists between the two rivals, and that if there appears to be no chance for the nomination of Logan, the friends of the senator will support the ex-minister to Paris. Washburne is the second choice of a large number of people whose first choice is Grant, or Blaine, or Sherman; a circumstance which counts largely in his favor, for the history of national conventions shows that second-choice men have the best chance of success. If nominated, Mr. Washburne would be entirely acceptable to all elements of the republican party. He did not participate in the quarrels between the stalwarts and the liberals which marked the first two years of President Hayes's administration, and so kept the friendship of both factions. His long and useful career in Congress and his subsequent excellent services as minister to France during a period of four years give abundant reason for confidence in his sound judgment and other statesmanlike qualities. There are no flaws in his record that would embarrass him in the canvass. While in the house he was distinguished for his zeal in protecting the treasury against the many doubtful and frequently dishonest schemes of legislation which flourished in the flush times following the war. His vigilance in detecting these schemes and his obstinacy in combating them gave him the sobriquet of "the watch-dog of the treasury." Some hostile feeling towards him survives to this day among old members and ex-members of Congress whose bills he defeated, or whom he offended

in debate by his crusade against every measure in which he suspected a taint of jobbery. Other than this there is no positive opposition to him resting upon personal grounds. But, on the other hand, there is little enthusiasm for him, save, perhaps, among the Germans, who are, as they ought to be, very cordial towards him for protecting their countrymen in Paris during the Franco-German war. It is now twelve years since Mr. Washburne has been in actual public life in this country, and a new generation of politicians has come forward in that time who know him not. Of the men with whom he served in the house there are not a dozen left in that body, and scarcely fifty are still prominent in national or state politics. In case he is brought into the arena at Chicago, he may fail for want of earnest friends, and he may succeed because he has few bitter enemies.

It has been announced on behalf of Senator Roscoe Conkling, by close political friends in the State of New York, that he will on no account permit his name to go before the Chicago convention; that he thinks his candidacy in 1876 was a mistake, and is not at all disposed to repeat it. Until we have some such statement directly from his own mouth, however, the public will hesitate to erase his name from the list of aspirants. A man of Mr. Conkling's commanding prominence and towering ambition, who will have full control over the seventy-four delegates sent by New York to the Chicago convention, can hardly be thought of as wholly out of the field. If Grant, whose faithful champion he is, should be withdrawn, many of Grant's friends would instinctively turn to him. Supposing him to be a candidate, or to become one, his strength would be found to lie in the devotion of his State, the power of its great vote in the convention to attract the votes of other States by the sort of centripetal force which big bodies exercise upon little ones, the gen-

eral conviction that he could carry New York if nominated, and the respect felt in all parts of the country for the boldness and consistency of his public career. His weakness would be his lack of popularity and hearty support in other States than his own. This comes from his habitual unwillingness to take part in campaigns away from home, and his failure to cultivate the liking of his fellow members of Congress by familiar manners and good fellowship. He has seldom appeared upon the stump outside of New York, and is therefore little known personally to the masses of the party, and in Washington his natural reserve and *hauteur* have caused an opinion to be current among his associates that he holds himself to be above them because of his great intellectual talents and his representation of the Empire State. Doubtless they do him injustice, but their notion is fatal to his personal popularity.

Of the possible candidates a long list might be made ; but it will be sufficient to mention Vice-President Wheeler and Mr. Fish, either of whom might become prominent by the support of New York, in case General Grant should retire and Mr. Conkling is really determined not to try the hazards of another convention ; Senator Edmunds, who will have the complimentary vote of his own State of Vermont and a good deal of second-choice support in other States ; General Garfield, who might be a leading candidate if he were not an Ohio man, and would still be among the possibilities in case Mr. Sherman should be withdrawn ; and Senator Windom, of Minnesota,

whose long service in both houses of Congress and popularity in the Northwest would give him advantages as a "dark horse" in case of a prolonged contest. Perhaps General Logan should be added, as a great favorite with the soldier element, and a little wider range of speculation would bring in General Ben Harrison of Indiana, Senator Don Cameron, and General Hawley of Connecticut.

It is not my purpose to discuss here the possibilities of the Chicago convention. A national nominating convention, unless its action is determined in advance by the unmistakable will of the party which it represents, is a whirlpool of conflicting currents, a labyrinth of intrigue, a game in which a bold player with a weak hand often wins, a race that is not always to the swift, a battle that is seldom to the strong. No one can foresee results in a convention like that at Cincinnati in 1876, or in such a one as we are likely to have at Chicago. Only one thing is clear now, and that is that the States of New York and Pennsylvania, the one controlled by Conkling and the other by Cameron, will exercise great power if they act together, as their leaders now design, and will probably form a solid nucleus, to which the votes of other delegations will attach themselves until the mass is large enough to dominate the convention. If these two States continue to hold by Grant and he gets the bulk of the Southern vote, he will be nominated. If they go over to Blaine, he will be nominated. If they fall apart and support different candidates, it will be anybody's race.

RECORDS OF W. M. HUNT.

I.

SOME five years ago, when Mr. Hunt first came to see us, being shown into the study where several landscapes are hung, he went directly up to a Corot, and putting his face quite close to the canvas looked it over earnestly for a moment or two, and then, seating himself near it, said abruptly, "What is it makes this painting so charming? Why is it so poetic?"

No one else answering, I ventured to say it was difficult to find a reason; perhaps it was because the picture was so Corot-ish. This was no answer at all, and disregarding it, accordingly, he went on to say that it was "because it is not what people call a finished painting. There is room for imagination in it. It is poetic. Finish up, as they call it, make everything out clear and distinct, and anybody sees all there is in about a minute. A minute is enough for a picture of that sort, and you never want to look at it again. They call Corot's pictures sketchy, and think that he does them quickly and easily. I tell you he works years on them, and works hard."

He then went over to a little Corot hanging on the opposite wall, to which he had not apparently paid any attention, and putting his thumb on the middle distance, and moving it over the thicket of trees in an artistic way, as though he were following the directions of Corot's brush, said, "See how beautiful that is, — how vague and indistinct! It's a great deal harder to do that than it would have been to make all those trees out clearly. Corot knows what he's about. He did not *begin* painting in the way he paints now. He learned from experience that this is the way to paint. He knows the worth of mystery and of hiding the appearance of hard work."

After Corot's death, in speaking of the great labor and seriousness in his pictures, Hunt said, "I went to see Corot when I was last in Paris. He is as simple and charming as his pictures, and seemed to enjoy showing his sketches and telling what he proposed to do. Mind you, he did n't speak of what he had done, but of what he proposed to do. He showed me three sketches in which the subjects were merely laid, which he said he purposed to get ready for the Exposition of three years later. Just think of it! He was going to keep these sketches by him and work over them for three years before exhibiting them. 'Yes,' said the old man, 'if the good God spares my life for three years longer, I hope to show some pictures worthy of me and worthy of our landscape painting.' Think of it! After painting for fifty years, he wanted three years more just to do certain things that he had been trying for so long, and had never been able to do. And yet some people think his work hasty and incomplete!" I remarked that an artist had said to me that there were multitudes of false Corots in this country, and I had replied that, while there were many imitations, I did not believe that copies were very common, and they were easy to detect, as Corot was one of the difficult masters to copy. "Poh!" said the artist, "if you will lend me your best Corot I will make a copy of it in a couple of days that you cannot tell from the original. He is the easiest of all the French school to copy." "Tell him," said Mr. Hunt, "that if he kept this Corot by him ten years he could n't copy it. I'm not sure that *anybody* could make a fine copy of Corot."

On another occasion, sitting opposite a Corot at a distance, he said, "As I see that picture now the tip of the tree there seems too strongly accented;" then crossing the room to the picture, he continued,

"Yes, the end of this branch as it melts into the sky is rather strongly accented. It attracts the eye too much," and, turning round quickly, he added earnestly and with a solemnity not unusual with him, "If Corot were here now, I think he would agree with me."

Mr. Hunt was very sparing of adverse criticism, and with the great masters like Millet, Corot, Delacroix, and others he was most reverential, whatever the nature of his criticism. A notable exception to this that I remember was in the case of Charles Jacques. This distinguished painter he disliked, and was disposed to do scant justice to his works. Being asked how he liked a certain Jacques picture, he replied, "It's better than most of his pictures, — not so stuffy." This was the highest praise he felt like giving it. Of another one of Jacques' large and pretentious canvases he said, "I don't like it. He thinks these daubs of color on the tree trunks make him a colorist like Diaz." The enmity between Millet and Jacques had, naturally, some influence in intensifying Mr. Hunt's dislike of the latter painter's work.

I asked him, one evening, if he nearly always made drawings in charcoal of his landscapes as well as his portraits before painting. He said that he did; that it was very easily and quickly done, and gave one a correct idea of how the picture would look in oil, especially as regards composition and values. "It is a great saving of time. One may get from a few minutes' work with a bit of charcoal more practical hints than he can get sometimes by hours of painting, and he may possibly discover also that he is attempting something that he can't do at all." I remarked that I had never tried charcoal drawing, and that I proposed to attempt it during my summer vacation. "That's right," he said. "I would do it. You'll find it great fun; easy, quick, and not fatiguing. It will teach you to paint, too. You see you

can get all the gradations of tone from the blackest black up to the pure white paper."

In the autumn following I showed him a dozen or more charcoal drawings from nature. He looked them over rapidly, pausing only when he saw something to praise, passing over grave faults without notice. Presently he said, "I must do a drawing or two for you some evening, just to let you see the way I do them." Nothing more was said on the subject at the time. After he left the house the probabilities of his remembering his promise were eagerly discussed, and we concluded that the chance of it was exceedingly small; and, although very desirous of seeing him do some of his famous charcoals, we resolved that no hint should ever be given him of the promise.

On the second or third subsequent visit, however, to our great joy, Mr. Hunt cried out, as he entered the room, "Where are your charcoals? I feel just like doing some. Ah," he exclaimed, as we opened the little box of crayons for him, "these are the *petits buissons*; you want the *gros buissons*. Keep these; they'll do for some things, but they are too delicate; they break too easily. I'll send you a box of the *gros buissons*." He then seated himself, and taking the block of paper on his knees began by dashing on the paper at one side near its margin, in the boldest hap-hazard style, a large black spot. He bore on so hard that the delicate stem of charcoal snapped almost at the start. This did not annoy him in the least, and he went on without interruption, using the fragments. One could scarcely imagine that this intensely black dot would ever make a reputable part of a picture, and he presently said, "This looks black to you, but I can't make it as black as I want to, the charcoals are so delicate. I often get a black a good deal blacker than this with the *gros buissons*." He went on with the drawing, and in about

fifteen minutes it was completed. There were the dark willows at the edge of the water that spread across and made the foreground, the shore-line and the bridge in the middle distance, the hills far away, the exquisitely tender clouds just over them, and higher in the sky the nearer cloud forms, the whole reflected in the water with a success so disproportioned to the apparent effort made that it seemed like magic. In fact, the whole drawing was so playfully free and effortless as to suggest a lucky accident; it drew itself. The effect of this charcoal, though different in composition, reminds one of Rembrandt's etching of *The Three Trees*.

Without pausing, Mr. Hunt went on, saying that now he would sketch from memory a sea-side view, that he had left the evening before. This time he drew carefully and with effort, evidently desirous of getting a correct portrait of the spot. In composition the drawing was somewhat like the other, but in place of the clump of willows at the left a large rock jutted out into the water; beyond this the distant coast-line was made up of rocks and cedar-trees. Above there was a clear sky, with irregular cloud-lines; and still above these were heavier, unbroken clouds. In the still water of the foreground the large rock and the sky were reflected; near the shore the breeze ruffled the mirror's surface, so that no reflections were visible there; but the smooth water extended in toward the coast just far enough to catch and reflect the tops of the rocks and trees beyond, so that a long, slender line of reflections nearly parallel with the coast reached across the middle distance. This drawing, though not academically prim, is rather precise than free. The sky and its reflection in the water are, however, more loose, and in Mr. Hunt's usual fascinating manner. The drawing is of the same size as the other, about eight by ten inches, yet it required nearly three times as long to do.

After a few moments' rest and talk about the beauty of the coast scene as he saw it, he began to draw again with an immense furor and rapidity, clearly due to a welcome reaction from the cramped exactness required by the last subject. In less than three minutes the picture was done. Near the centre of the foreground was a clump of half a dozen poplars; beyond, a broad river, and then a perspective of hills melting away into a horizon of clouds; above, a clear sky. As a finishing touch, the figures of a woman and a cow were put in at the left of the poplars in five or six seconds. He next drew, with almost equal rapidity, a very poetic landscape, of about half the size of the others. The water of the immediate foreground reflected imperfectly the two or three trees at the right, and a line of extremely delicate ones extending to the centre, and farther towards the left the finely modeled figures of a woman and child, and beyond a man in a boat pushing off from the shore. This is one of his poetic little bits, in his daintiest and tenderest manner.

In answer to the inquiry as to how his style of doing charcoals differed from that of the French school of Lalanne and Allongé, he said that they, for instance, first covered the paper with charcoal evenly, and then removed a portion, forming the lights of the clouds; while he, on the contrary, supposed the white paper to represent the clear sky, his clouds being formed by the dark of the charcoal touches. In other parts of the picture the French school depends for the lights upon the removal, more or less completely, of the darks. Hence their drawings are far less brilliant in tone than when done with the charcoal alone, and with as little rubbing, softening, or erasing as possible.

He then did a small picture in the manner mentioned, with light, rolling clouds on a dark background of sky, a darker middle distance, and a nearly white foreground, upon which he put, with the few-

est possible strokes, a man with a pair of oxen, plowing.

Finally, he called for a crumb of bread and as he began removing with it, carefully, the few lines that had straggled outside the field of his drawing, he said, "I'm not a very neat man about my work, but I *do* like to clean up the edges of my pictures." Then he quietly put his initials to the first, second, and fourth pictures, and the delightful lesson was over.

The next morning, to our surprise, a box of gross buissons was sent us. It was some days later before I realized his object in making a portion of his first picture so very black. It was partly for the purpose of showing me the whole gamut of tint from the blackest black to the whitest white, so that many values could be made available in one drawing, and partly to show that there need be no fear in the use of charcoal that one should get too dark a tone, or start on too dark a key. Instead of telling me that my drawings were too timid and nearly colorless, he chose to do some that were as far removed as possible from either fault, and trust them to do the rest of the teaching.

Years afterwards I heard a lady at his studio ask him how long it took him to draw a certain rather elaborate charcoal picture. "Well," answered the artist, "I think it took me an hour or two; that is, I was about that time putting it on the paper there; but I suppose I ought to say that it took me forty years, as I've been drawing about that length of time."

January, 1875. There was in his studio at this time a striking picture of a small boy fencing, that recalled at once the picture of *The Actor*, by Velasquez, at Madrid. On a remark to this effect the artist said, "Yes, yes; I don't know that I was thinking of Velasquez when it was painted, but possibly if Velasquez had never painted his picture this might never have been done." He seemed to take almost as much interest in a large

portfolio of charcoal drawings as in his more important works, and was constantly taking up the drawings that *he* liked best, and putting them in advantageous positions.

We were invited several times to his studio during this month, never presuming to visit him without special invitation, at this time or in later years. On these occasions he seemed very merry and light hearted, and would take up his banjo or guitar and play a little, sing a French song, joke a great deal, and tell stories.

February 12th. Mr. Hunt came in and looked at a small picture by Millet, of a woman bathing. It is one of his early pictures. He took it up and said, "I remember that picture. I saw it in one of the collections in Paris, many years ago. It's fine." To the remark that it was as good as the old masters, he replied, "It's as good as the *best* of the old masters, — as good as Correggio." This was about four o'clock in the afternoon. We then went out to one of Perabo's piano recitals at Wesleyan Hall. On the way there Mr. Hunt said, "Don't let us sit where we can't get out easily. Sometimes, you know, a fellow wants to get away pretty early, not because the music is n't good, but because one gets enough. If one piece fills you full, what's the use of spoiling your digestion by trying to take in more? When I get full I want to be able to leave quietly." So we got a seat far back, but he remained through the entire programme.

"It seems strange to sit here," he said, "and take in all this with my ears alone. I'm in the habit of taking in things with my eyes. It makes one want to shut his eyes to hear good music, so that he can concentrate his perceptions in his ears. I should think persons hearing music constantly might become blind." Mr. Hunt was very musical: he had in his room, at one time, a piano, two violins, a banjo, and a guitar.

Having an excellent ear for music he appreciated the best thoroughly; but as in painting, though conscious of any defect, he was always eager to pardon minor faults, when an artist had "something to say and said it." I remember once hearing him speak very warmly of a public singer, praising almost without stint her noble voice, her sincerity and breadth of style; adding at the end, "She's a great singer, even if she does get a little off the key sometimes."

On the way home from the concert he was very gay over what he heard a man say by way of criticism, namely, that "Perabo was quite himself to-day." Mr. Hunt kept repeating the phrase enjoyingly, and asked, "What did he mean by that, — something good or bad? Do you suppose he knows one tune from another?" "No." "Then what does he go to concerts for?" "Because he has a ticket given him." "And makes it out to be a very remarkable occasion because the player was 'quite himself.' I wish he would criticise pictures."

He drank tea with us, and remained until quite late in the evening. The conversation turned upon the drudgery of portrait painting and the peculiarities of sitters. He was then painting Mr. —, an elderly man. "He shakes hands every morning when he comes. Do you want to know how he does it?" He then took my hand, and holding it quite still squeezed it very hard. "What does that mean?" I asked. "It means that he is n't dead, — that's all. He's old and retired from business, and he's afraid people will think he's dead; so when he gets hold of a hand he just lets the owner of it know that he's very much alive still." Of General Dix he observed that he was a perfect gentleman in manners, — one of the old school; always deferential, continually mindful of the painter's comfort, never letting engagements interfere with sittings, punctual to come, and ready to remain.

Of another distinguished statesman he said, "He is a man who impresses you as very strong intellectually, a gentleman polished and refined; but he's a little pompous, and has the air of being afraid you won't feel his greatness unless he reminds you of it by his manner. He always fixed the time of his sittings himself. This annoyed me, but as I was his guest I let things go on in this way for a while; afterwards I had something to say about my own time for working, and we finally got on very well together."

Mr. Hunt was very intolerant of pretension, — as might be supposed from his character and writings; never assuming himself, never pretentious, never dictatorial, he was extremely sensitive to these traits in others. He could neither overlook nor pardon them for a moment in people of position. Many, knowing him as a "hail fellow well met," full of jokes and stories, are not aware that under this democratic exterior lay the dormant but ever-present consciousness of superiority. He felt that he was deservedly the peer of any American, of whatever position or reputation. He believed that he had done things that would live, and he did not choose to permit anybody to treat him as an inferior. Indeed, he would not permit himself to be treated with much familiarity by any one, how ever distinguished, unless he were an intimate friend. He would pull a letter out of his pocket and say, "This is all very well, but I don't quite like the familiar tone."

One evening, just after an exhibition of pictures at his studio, he came in and said Mr. — (mentioning the name of a man of wealth and prominence) came into the studio and swaggered about with his hat on. "I tell you, I came within an ace of just going up and smashing his hat down on to his chin; but if I had I should n't have stopped at that; I should have kicked him out of the room, too. It would n't have been

more than he deserved. What business had he, a man I never spoke to more than twice in my life, to swell round in my studio with his hat on! *You* may wear your hat there as much as you please, and so may any of my friends. You know I often insist on their remaining covered. I care nothing about it if a man is a gentleman. But old — is not a gentleman, and if he ever does that thing again I'll send my boy to him and tell him to take off his hat."

Of Mr. —, once a sitter, he said, "I wanted to paint him very much, not merely because he is famous, but because he has a striking face, and I thought I could do it justice. So I took great interest in the portrait, and gave myself the trouble of preparing several canvases and making a number of preliminary sketches. When he came to me, although very polite, he had on his air of condescension, and intimated that he was doing a thing of no account just to please his friends. After sitting for about an hour, he took out his watch, and said he had an engagement. I did n't set any time for the next sitting, and when, some weeks after, his friends came in to see when he should come again, I told them I would let them know when I was ready. I *will* let 'em know when I'm ready, but it will be when we are both a good deal older than we are now. If he does n't *want* his portrait painted, and does n't want it painted by me, I don't propose to paint it. I *did* want to paint it, and looked forward to doing it with the greatest interest."

Of a portrait of R., a prominent man, I said to him, "It is good, a faultless likeness and fine in color, but I don't think it one of your best. You have n't made any more of him than he is. Just look at the portrait of X. ! It is perfect as a likeness, and yet he has the air of a Roman emperor." "Well," said Mr. Hunt, "a fellow *could* make a Roman emperor of X., because he is an emperor in his way, but R. is just as big as he

looks, and no bigger. I could get nothing big out of him. He impressed me as a big talker, and that's all."

The following anecdote was given me by an artist friend of Mr. Hunt, and is, I think, substantially correct. He had painted for one of his patrons a figure in a blue dress, and later, while engaged in painting another portrait in a dress of the same color, he was asked by the owner of the former picture not to duplicate the blue dress. The only reply the artist made was to ask if he had a patent on this particular color, and he went on painting the dress as he had begun.

On another occasion the following document was sent for his signature: "Received of Mr. — fifty dollars for finishing up a portrait." Mr. Hunt refused his signature, but instead wrote as follows: "Received of Mr. — fifty dollars for working a week on a picture after it was finished. W. M. HUNT."

May 13, 1875. Mr. Hunt invited a few friends to his studio to meet William Warren and Joseph Jefferson. The affair was very enjoyable, and passed off to his entire satisfaction. In speaking of it later he said, "I hardly dared to invite Warren and Jefferson; I thought they might refuse, or say they were engaged, if they did n't want to come. But they said they would come in for a little while. As they stayed three hours or more, I think they must have had a pretty good time." One of the other guests present was a man of great dignity and social position, and I remember that Mr. Hunt said to him, "I was rather afraid to ask you here, you've got to be such a great man; I thought probably you'd feel too big to come, but I'm glad" — And here Mr. Hunt rushed up and threw his arms round him and gave him a hearty hug. I was astonished at his temerity, but no harm came of it.

"How nice Mr. Warren looked, did n't he?" said Mr. Hunt. "I've always said that he's the only man I ever saw that makes me want to wear a wig."

June 9th. He came to us early, and stayed very late. The portrait called *The Old Professor*, of Duveneck, interested him exceedingly. He took it in his lap and fondled it for a half hour or more, even while talking of other matters. A few evenings later he begged us to lend it to him for a few days; he wished to see how it looked in his studio; and so he carried it off under his arm, frame and all, refusing to have it sent round to him in the morning. He also showed us a very friendly letter from Duveneck, in response to an invitation from him to remain and paint in Boston. So far from feeling jealous of Duveneck's talent, as had been alleged, he would gladly have had him live in Boston, and would have done all he could to help him to get orders. Later in the year, when Duveneck was in Boston, Mr. Hunt expressed great regret at not meeting him. This evening he was a little disposed to scold the picture dealers, and expose some of their expedients to prevent the public from meeting the artists face to face.

He told the story of a little child who said, one day, when the servants were noisy, that "she felt as if the wolves were smoothing their voices on her back." Of an old woman, he said that she was as slow "as two big rocks in a pretty high wind."

During August of this year Mr. Hunt was very busy in the construction of what he called his van, — a large covered sketching wagon, commodious enough to live in while on a sketching tour; built, as he said with great glee, "by a man who builds gypsy wagons." It had all kinds of drawers in it for pots, kettles, and painting utensils, and was to be drawn about to eligible sketching grounds by a span of horses; the man who sold him the harnesses sold him, at the same time, a powder to cure galled spots in horses, that was also a good tooth powder. The same man had, fur-

ther, a contrivance for pulling up runaway horses that lifted them right off their feet, and a pail for feeding, with a crane under it!

The painter laughed heartily over the story he had just heard of two ladies, who, stopping in a country drive to water their horse at a brook, unbuckled the crupper, so that the horse should reach the water.

He said that the van was so easy that driving in it was like being up in a balloon, and gave the pleasantest possible proof of his assertion, one afternoon later, by driving us twenty-five miles in it. The drive was delightful, as any drive with Mr. Hunt was sure to be, but it left a consciousness for a day or two that an experimental drive of twenty-five miles, even in a van, is rather long.

It is doubtful if he found the new carriage as pleasurable and serviceable as he anticipated. Perhaps this would have been impossible, but as it was not spoken of much after a few weeks, we inferred that it was found to be a more cumbersome vehicle than he liked.

Mr. Hunt was very fond of horses, often driving a pair, and keeping four or five, besides a saddle-horse or two. He liked fine roadsters rather than fast trotters, and never raced, though generally driving fast and pretty far. Making pets of his horses, and frequently descanting on their individuality, he was, nevertheless, like other horse fanciers, disposed to buy and sell often. If a horse pleased him, the desire of possession was nearly irresistible, and the purchase of one necessitated the disposal of others.

Having, at one time, some trouble with horse-shoers, we inquired of him whom he employed for his horses. "Oh," he exclaimed, "don't ask! I don't know. I don't want to hate anybody in particular. If I knew, I should hate a man; now I only hate a race."

Henry C. Angell.

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

AUERBACH has recently collected some of his lighter work in a little volume, to which he has given the name of *Unterwegs*.¹ The value of most of the little sketches — for they are not more — is not very great. At the beginning are some brief stories, after the manner of his village tales, which may be left unread without much harm, and may be read without much profit. So much one is justified in saying, while it is yet very possible that there may be some who will find pleasure in these simple chronicles of simple life.

In fact, Auerbach occupies a singular position in literature. He is no longer a young man, and he persists in keeping to just the method of writing that he hit upon many years ago. While his successors and his present contemporaries have sought for exciting situations and complex characters, he has been contented for the most part with very simple beings, whether peasants or kings, and with a plain delineation of their joys and sufferings. Since those who read for amusement are quite as desirous of novelty as of anything else, a great many people feel an intolerant spirit rising within them whenever they hear Auerbach's name mentioned; and there would be more who would be weary of him, were it not that we are all more patient with the peculiarities of a foreign literature than with those we happen to notice in our own. Auerbach's extreme simplicity, for instance, is of service in enhancing the value of his pathos, but it sometimes leads him into thinking that because a thing is simple it is therefore of interest. The first of these tales is an example of this: it is but the vaguest sketch of almost noth-

ing at all, yet without doubt the author looks upon it as full of subtle meaning. The next one, about an officer in love with an actress, is better, but it is slight enough. The fact is that Auerbach has great faith in himself, and he demands similar admiration from the reader, who must not be disposed to question the importance of the fare this novelist puts before him. A man who was inclined to self-criticism would not have been likely to give this volume to the world.

Besides these tales, the book contains three little comedies. The first has for what the author's fellow-countrymen would call its psychological motive the reaction in the mind of a girl who, having just refused a lover, comes round to reconsidering her action. A good actress, if young and pretty, might carry this play through, in a small parlor, before some very sympathetic friends. The next one is better and may be commended to those who are casting about for a German play for private theatricals. It is not likely that any one of these comedies will ever be given on the regular stage, but there is no need of insisting upon good plays from a man who has already done so much good work in pleasing the world with novels.

And Auerbach's latest novel, which has come out since the book just mentioned, shows that he has not yet got to the end of his power. This story, *Der Forstmeister*,² is one of the good old kind, dealing with simple country people and their loves and hates. The foresters, who are the principal people in the book, are well described, and of course all that could be asked is made out of their love of trees and nature. To be sure, a cold generation that have been brought

¹ *Unterwegs*. Kleine Geschichten und Lustspiele. VON BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Berlin: Gebrüder Paetel. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1879.

² *Der Forstmeister*. Roman. VON BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Berlin: Gebrüder Paetel. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1879.

up to think more about their own feelings than about the landscape will turn with more interest to the love-making and mental struggles of the various people. Indeed, to a foreigner there is something amusing in the way the people talk, or rather converse and declaim. Here, for instance, is an extract from the young vicar's letter to a friend, the day after his first sermon: "Early Monday morning! I follow in my mind the men and women who are carrying their working tools in their hard hands, to their houses, to the fields and woods, and into the dark ravines. The institution of the Sabbath is a God-given victory of the mind over matter; man stands above nature by the Sabbath, and separate from it by means of speech; they distinguish him from all merely natural beings. Materialism could neither establish the Sabbath nor frame a language." Yet this man's talk is far less pedantic than his letters. To be sure, he offends the girl he is in love with by urging her to give up her favorite amusement, the carrying of a rifle, with which she has won a prize, and he falls a ready victim to the dangerous charms of the bad heroine but he is a living being. The real hero, a forester who, on losing his wife, comes to this country and interests himself in saving our rapidly disappearing woods, is somewhat less distinct. Opposed to them both is a merry jail-bird, who is a sort of incarnation of all the vices of the century, for he is a communist, a socialist, and a nihilist, and of course an old-fashioned atheist. He is the disturbing element in the peaceful scene, and he manages to do a good deal of mischief. Indeed, his evil doings and the complications they give rise to form the main interest of this very readable novel. One reason that the book is entertaining is this: that Auerbach has been contented with telling his story without loading it down with instruction for the world at large.

¹ *Und sie kommt doch!* Erzählung aus einem Alpenkloster des dreizehnten Jahrhunderts. Von

He is really a good narrator, but too often in his novels he halts, and while taking breath, like people who get tired going up mountains, he devotes himself to admiring this thing and that, instead of pushing on. Here he seems to have no ulterior motive, unless it be to condemn the habit of writing anonymous letters, a matter concerning which mankind is tolerably harmonious, and he gives his whole attention to the work in hand. The result is good, and readers will find here a story that is worth their attention.

Frau von Hillern's *Und sie kommt doch!*¹ is a tale of a certain passion that is well known to laugh at locksmiths, and in this case it is a much more serious part of humanity that is made an object of derision. An infant is born on a wild, stormy night, in the middle of the thirteenth century, upon the snow-covered moor. He and his mother are carried into a monastery; the mother dies, and the child is taken in charge by some monks, after a discussion about the wisdom of their choice. The good monks are forced to intrust him to a wet-nurse, who is, however, forbidden to caress him, in view of the future sanctity of his life. He is unjustly cursed by his father, who, without reason, distrusts the child's mother, and there is no end to the mischief the young monk unconsciously accomplishes. It would be too much to enumerate all of his sufferings and actions; the upshot of the story is simply this, — that, in spite of his own intentions and efforts, he learns to know what love is. The story is impressive; it is as life-like as one's impressions of the thirteenth century are apt to be, and the reader who has once begun it will be averse to laying it down. All of these things count in favor of a novel; but when the reader has finished it, he will be likely to ask himself whether there is not something overwrought in

WILHELMINE VON HILLERN. Berlin: Paetel. Boston: Schönhof. 1879.

the story, able as it is. A hero who tears out his eyes to avoid the temptations of a young and beautiful woman is not easy to manage. It is like reading about that one of the incarnations of Buddha in which he established his claim to being the most generous man in India by offering himself to be eaten by a famished tiger; in either case the reader feels as if he were taken out of his depth into unknown water. Still, this novel is unmistakably powerful, and it only improves with the second reading. The first time one takes it up, one notices nothing but the horrors and truculence, but afterwards one is able to enjoy the delicacy of much of the writing. Yet the final impression that is enforced on the reader is one of almost

physical pain. This may be in part because we are so accustomed to the tepid sufferings of more or less unreal heroes that a thorough-going accumulation of physical horrors, and even mere acute mental anguish, finds us unprepared for what would have disturbed our ancestors as little as the report of the pistol would alarm a Texan rough. Frau von Hilbern has a powerful imagination, and she writes with grace as well as power. Her style is really noticeable, and the many people who are always hunting for a good German novel cannot do better than read this one. The warning about the terribleness of the story will prepare them for what they will have to meet in its pages. At any rate, no one will question its power.

VERSES FOR A LETTER.

DID you send out a little white moth
On an errand to-night?
For one hovered and lingered about
With a flutter so light:

A tired little moth, with his wings
Like a flower that had blown
All away on the breath of a wind
That had kissed it and flown.

Did you tell him to hurry, and fly
Through the shadows so fast,
Because I would wait all alone
Till the twilight was past?

For later the lamps would be lit,
And I should go down
To listen to laughter and talk
Of the news of the town.

But my own time is just at the hour
While the clouds fade away;—
I could not help wishing for you,
And my thoughts were astray.

And the little white moth fluttered in
With the love you had sent;
My heart in that minute could tell
Just the words you had meant.

I knew we were so far apart,
I was tired and sad;
But the little moth brought me your love,
And then I was glad.

Sarah O. Jewett.

COLOR-BLINDNESS.

DR. JEFFRIES' treatise¹ deals with a subject which is interesting mainly from a technical point of view, most immediately concerning members of the medical profession and the administrators of railroads and steamship lines. The study of the singular defect of vision known as color-blindness is not, however, devoid of interest to the general public. The subject is very carefully and elaborately treated by Dr. Jeffries, and a perusal of his book cannot fail to afford much curious and valuable information.

Sunlight, as every one is aware, is composed of a mixture of primary colors which can be decomposed by passing through a glass prism. According to the Young-Helmholtz theory of color sense, these seven spectral colors can be reduced to three base colors, namely, red, green, and violet. Color-blindness consists in an inability to perceive rays of one of these base colors. Thus three main forms of color-blindness exist, according to the color of the rays which fail to excite the visual sense. In red-blindness, for instance, which is by far the most common form, the next being green-blindness, the red rays of the spectrum, whether pure or mixed with

other rays, as in white light, are unperceived, being eliminated, as it were, from the visual impression experienced by the red-blind person. The remaining rays of the green and violet categories, including the blue and the yellow rays, are perceived and accurately differentiated from each other.

We must not, however, assume that the red-blind individual sees these other hues of the spectrum, or even pure white light, as they appear to a normal vision. The red rays to which he is insensible, though existing with their maximum purity and concentration in what we call the red part of the spectrum, also pervade, in varying degrees of intensity, all the other parts, and enter more or less into the composition of all the other hues. By the elimination of the red element, these other colors suffer an alteration which a person with normal vision finds it hard to imagine, but which must greatly affect their appearance. A pure white to a red-blind person is composed of a combination of the two other base colors which he is able to perceive, — a combination which to the normal sense would appear like a bluish-gray.

The nature and seat of the infirmity are unknown. It is almost invariably congenital and hereditary, though a few cases have been observed where a tem-

¹ *Color-Blindness: Its Dangers and its Detection.* By DR. B. JOY JEFFRIES. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

porary color-blindness resulted from injury. It occurs almost exclusively in the male sex, one in about every twenty-five men being color-blind; whereas among females, only one in every nineteen hundred is similarly affected. Curiously enough, though women enjoy an almost absolute immunity from color-blindness, it is nevertheless through the mothers that the infirmity is transmitted to their sons. This unilateral inheritance, limited to the male offspring, although taking place through the mothers, is also known to occur in certain diseases (for instance, in *hæmophilia* and in *pseudo-hypertrophic muscular paralysis*).

Color-blindness is an infirmity which in many walks of life is attended by little or no apparent inconvenience. Though the outer world with one of the base colors and about thirty per cent. of the light omitted must present a strange appearance compared to what a person with a normal color sense sees, still many color-blind people never betray to others, nor even discover themselves, that their vision is defective. It is often a cause of startling surprise when the nature and extent of the deficiency is discovered. Dr. Jeffries gives an amusing account of the various mistakes, some of them quite comical, by which color-blind individuals learn or reveal the imperfection of their vision. Dalton, from whose name the defect has sometimes been called Daltonism, was a Quaker, and as such wore only drab-colored clothes. But when he had been made a doctor of civil laws at Oxford, and was presented at court, he not only felt no scruple at wearing the scarlet

doctor's gown, but he subsequently wore it for several days in the street without being at all conscious of his conspicuous appearance. Professor Whewell asked him how the color of this scarlet gown looked; to which he replied, pointing to some evergreen trees, that their color was the same. A color-blind painter used green instead of vermilion in painting a red-cheeked face. Another painted a pea-green lion. A color-blind person has been known to put on together a red and a brown glove, thinking that they matched each other perfectly.

Mistakes such as have just been mentioned are perhaps of slight consequence. When, however, life or death depends upon the correct recognition of a color, as when red and green color-signals, flags, or lamps are used on railroads or at sea, then the existence of this not uncommon infirmity becomes a very serious matter. The object of Dr. Jeffries' book is to awaken a public sense of the importance of color-blindness as a disqualification in all posts of public and private service where individuals are called upon to recognize colored signals of any kind. He shows the dangers that may be occasioned by the existence of color-blindness in such persons. He also sets forth most minutely the methods by which color-blindness can be unerringly detected and convincingly demonstrated, under all circumstances, whether the sufferer be conscious or not of his defect, willing or unwilling to let it be known. The book will therefore be invaluable as a complete repertory of information for all persons who, professionally or otherwise, are interested in the subject of color-blindness.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

IS N'T it rather an advantage to live fifty miles from a circulating library, so as to escape from the malign influence of new books? This influence is not imaginary; it is too real. Such is its strength that it threatens to destroy all true love for wholesome literature. Any one who visits circulating libraries cannot fail to notice the immoderate demand for new books. Novels, of course, are sought first, because fiction always will continue to form a large proportion of the mental pabulum of general readers; then come books of travel, essays, memoirs, criticisms. A clerk in a large public library, whose experience extends over many years, said to me, recently, "Most of the people who come here get their ideas of literature from book reviews and gossip in society, just as many men gather their political opinions from their favorite paper and the talk among their club associates. People, as a rule, don't care for books as books; it is only because they are talked about, and one must have sufficient information about them to escape the imputation of ignorance. Many clever women skim the reviews, and will rattle off cut-and-dried opinions about current books with a glibness that would make even a professional critic's hair stand on end. The majority, however, like to read the books for themselves, as they haven't the confidence and tact to adopt the review method. Here comes a fair specimen of our readers. Notice what she asks for, and you will get a good idea of the popular demand for books."

A matronly old lady came up to the counter, with an intelligent face and a pleasant smile. She placed upon the counter *The Colonel's Opera Cloak* and *John Caldigate*, and then said, "Now, I must have *L'Assomoir*, — not that I have much desire to read it, it must be very

disgusting; but then every one has been talking about it for so long a time that there is nothing else to be done. Please get me the most decent translation, the one with the least shocking bits of realism. And then I want Froude's *Cæsar*. It will be heavy reading, I know, but Gertrude declares that we must not let slip anything that Mr. Froude writes. Ah, so you have it: that's fortunate. Well, good day."

"I told you," said my friend, "that she would 'give away' the tribe of novelty hunters."

This may seem like a caricature, but it is not overdrawn. Young and old patrons of large libraries, with very few exceptions, all have this one touch of nature; they "praise new-born gauds," and leave the solid old worthies of literature to languish in the dim back alcoves. Little can be done to counteract it while the present yearning for novelty remains. Frederick Harrison may bewail the evil days, but he will have no more influence in literature than he has in religion, which I fancy is small. Do you ever nowadays surprise any of your friends reading a good standard author, like Shakespeare, Bunyan, Milton, or Fielding? Do you find any of the English classics near at hand and showing traces of constant daily use? Instead, you will usually find the latest novel or the freshest contribution to criticism.

In a multitude of books there is no safety. In fact, it has become almost a positive evil to live near a great centre of books. The temptation to join the mob of superficial readers is too strong to be resisted save by those of exceptional self-control. Unless a specialist, you are constantly seduced from any systematic course of reading. You call at the library, perhaps with the intention of get-

ting some standard work. You catch a glimpse of the attractive title-page of that latest novel, whose piquant charms have been sung by the most acrid critics, and your fine resolutions dissolve; you succumb to the tyranny of the novel. The books that you ought to read over and over again, until they become as familiar as nursery rhymes, are neglected. You fall unconsciously into the habit of rapid reading of many books. You lose your taste for old favorites, — a taste which was acquired, perhaps, when you had not more than twenty books to select from. They may look down reproachfully upon you from their shelf, but you are too much engrossed with the claims of new-comers to heed your ancient companions. Your friends, too, have fallen into the same evil ways, so that it is exceptional now to find a resident of a large city who knows a few great authors well, and is willing to acknowledge ignorance of a host of writers whose fame will die with the century. And for these evils of perverted taste and bad habits in reading the circulating library must be held largely responsible.

— If ever a historian of Philistines should arise, like the famous historian of Snobs, he will have to avow on the title-page that the book is by "one of themselves." For, upon the current definitions, there is none of us who is free of the taint. Matthew Arnold himself, the self-appointed crusader against Philistinism, has been proved to be a Philistine by Swinburne. It is said that the note of provincialism, or insularity, is the great test; that the term includes all those who cannot love, admire, or worship without hedging in their love, admiration, or worship with hatred, contempt, dislike, of everything exterior to the immediate object of those affections. The traditional John Bull, whose love of England is compounded with hatred of foreigners, has always been held up as a very archetype of the class. But even

the Greeks and Romans were sufficiently barbarous to hold all people barbarians except themselves. And which one of the modern nations is exempt from this failing? Coming down from nations to individuals, this definition of Philistine would include all those who look upon themselves and their belongings as the most interesting facts in the inhabited globe; all those who gaze at the world through a pin hole and imagine that the view from their pin hole represents the universe; all those who cannot divest their minds of the "shop," whether it be the tailor who looks upon all his fellows as mere clothes-horses for the display of his own manufactures, or the artist who insists upon the sacredness of his calling and the general ignobleness of the rest of the avocations of men. It would include that school of Genius with a big G of which Bulwer in *some of the moods* of his mind is the most offensive exemplar, as well as that cheap sort of pessimists who despair of the race whenever they examine their neighbor's heart, and who make up for the severely virtuous standard which they hold up for their neighbor's guidance by a genial, large-hearted charity for their own weaknesses. It would include all those who mistake individual preferences for general principles. It would include Byron and Shelley; it would not be difficult to show that it would include the nobler minds of Carlyle and Ruskin. And if the whole of mankind have not already been marshaled under the banner of Philistinism the remainder could very easily be proved to belong there by that other definition which is the favorite formula of advanced thinkers, — that Philistinism means an indifference to the higher intellectual interests. When Carlyle denies to Walter Scott the epithet of great, because "his life was worldly, his ambitions worldly;" because "the great mystery of existence was not great to him, did not drive him into rocky solitudes to wrestle with it for an

answer," etc., and then adds that "our best definition of Scott were perhaps even this, that he was, if no great man, then something much pleasanter to be, a robust, thoroughly healthy, and withal very prosperous and victorious man," he simply means to say that Scott was a Philistine in the acceptance of the word which we are at present considering. And Emerson's criticism of Macaulay gives us a neat summary of the Philistine theory of life: "The brilliant Macaulay," he says, "explicitly teaches that *good* means good to eat, good to wear, material commodity." Macaulay, indeed, has so long been given up on all hands as a specimen of hopeless Philistinism, — the marvelously wrong-headed ingenuity of his Bacon essay condemning him with the thinkers, and the bigotry of his political and literary partisanship with all other men, — that it comes upon one with the freshness of a new sensation to find any one undertaking to relieve him from the stigma. Such a sensation is afforded by Karl Hillebrand in the Familiar Letters from England now running through the Nineteenth Century.

"The word *Philistine*," says Mr. Hillebrand, "is a new expression taken from the German; and if an Englishman uses it he is bound to use it in the German sense, or to declare he gives it another sense. . . . This word, indeed, has always kept in the German mind something of its origin, — the opposition to the liberty and Bohemian life of the student. What constitutes *Philistinism* is pedantic regularity of habits, both in life and thought, prosiness, want of enthusiasm, narrowness of social and intellectual horizon, a certain mild conventionalism, and timid shrinking from paradox, noise, and fantasy. Never was there a man less *Philistine* than the dashing, bustling, passionate Whig [Macaulay], whose ponderous rhetoric charmed the youth of our generation throughout the civilized world."

After all, I wonder if we won't have to fall back upon Mr. Leslie Stephen's definition as the most satisfactory, namely, that it is a "term of abuse given by prigs to the rest of their species"?

— A man who had been sentenced with unpleasant regularity would not lack for listeners, should he enter upon an encomium on the judge who had done him these favors. Even the crier would wear an appreciative smile. As one who has been the recipient at quite regular intervals of those documents from the editorial room which quench expectation, I am sure of a hearing, for I appear to defend the average editor. I stand with but one foot on the lowest round of the ladder of fame. In that heroic attitude, allow me to remark: (1.) The allegation that unfeeling haste governs the adverse decisions of the editor ought not to be accepted as equitable. The doctor reads your symptoms while you are entering his office. When fairly seated, you may be sure that a portion of the diagnosis is concluded. The fleeting colors of the bank-notes are included in the swift glance of the teller who rushes through the package of bills. He does more than merely see the absolute counterfeits. But a contributor who never read a dozen manuscripts, save those in his own handwriting, charges unfairness, because the editor swiftly winnows what is laid before him. Incessant reading ought to make one a ready judge of literary material. The complaining author might be even more agile were he set for the judgment which retains or returns the precious sheets. Practice perfects.

(2.) I take exception to the assertion, made in the Contributors' Club for January, that the negative answer should be sent out in varying terms. The proposed scale of merit would be undesirable, I am very sure. The impersonal imperative of the printed form (dear, it may be, from long association) ought not to be exchanged for the reward

card system. You fail to secure recognition for your contribution, and that is the end of it. If so be you have the testimony of a good (literary) conscience, why seek the impractical approbation of the editor who bars you out? You want the consolation of print, not of phrase. If your own judgment condemns your work, why add to your intellectual remorse by receiving unfounded compliments? The peremptory style is effective in correcting conceit. Bald failure is what most need. My best moments succeed the opening of the envelope — too bulky for hope to rest upon — which conveys the homeward-bound article. Our waste-basket, it must be remembered, is an annex to the editor's receptacle for deficient material. Let us keep it well filled, — so will our future be secure!

(3.) I may receive a fresh sentence of condemnation by the next mail, but I will kiss the hand that smites me! I believe, and will believe, that the editors who represent our active literary life in this country are bent on securing better English, and less of it, rather than the mere increase of profit. I will trust their educated judgment more than my own.

— I have been very much interested in the articles on Western Farming in your December and January numbers. I have been a small farmer for several years, and hope to be one again. Naturally, I consider my class the most important one in the economy of the republic, and view the encroachments of capital on our "ancient rights and privileges" with a semi-professional jealousy. In spite of all this, I cannot share the apprehensions of your correspondent. I think that twenty years at the utmost will see the bonanza farms split up into fragments as small as those of the great Sullivant farm of Illinois. A disintegrating force begins to work as soon as the big farm is under way. Notice, in the first place, that the capital of a farm is easily divisible. You cannot cut a

railroad up into ten-mile sections, each worked by an individual stockholder, but when a tract of land is sold it is "in lots to suit purchasers." As soon as a partner dies or fails the partition must be made. Farming cannot be carried on by a corporation, because the standard of commercial honor is not high enough to make it safe; or rather the advantages of large farming operations are not decided enough in the *long run* to compensate for the risk of parting with individual ownership. The title must be held by a partnership or by an individual, and remains "joint and several." But of course the decisive question is, How long will wholesale farming be profitable? The immense profits which are received at first shrink year by year, and disappear as soon as the yield of wheat falls to ten bushels an acre, which it must do after five or six crops, whether continuous or not. After that the profits reappear with a minus sign before them. The profits of a small farm of two hundred acres, worked under a judicious system of mixed husbandry, ought to increase with every crop.

An industrious man can always find a day's work on a farm which he owns, the remuneration of which, though small, goes into his fixed capital. The regular operations of seed-time and harvest should yield a support to him and his family, and the rest of the year can be filled with work of improvement, such as underdraining, planting and trimming trees, gathering and preparing fertilizing material, and the thousand and one "odd jobs" of repairing. Thus a small farm solves the great problem of the day. It finds a "fair day's work and pays a fair day's wage" at all seasons. The capitalist farmer cannot afford to buy the minute, careful work a man puts on his own acres, and the land must have it or deteriorate. The subtle combinations of lime and potash and phosphorus which nature has elaborated in the soil become exhausted. The capitalist cannot re-

place them at a profit by buying commercial manures. The old law reasserts itself: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Legislation, by making the transfer of land expensive, as in England, can arrest its tendency to subdivision; but the tendency, it seems to me, is inherent, and based on a law which in this country can operate freely. The skinning system of the great bonanza farmers is essentially vicious, for it realizes the fixed capital of the nation represented in the accumulated power of the prairies, sends it over the sea in the shape of food, and receives it back as money, which may be spent or wasted. It would be much better for all parties if they could export the land itself. The wisdom of the homestead law and the folly of railroad land grants are receiving their most striking exemplification.

— From a purely historical standpoint the distinction between ancient and modern history is only conventional; but it is none the less true that history is divided into cycles, that the world in turn grows old and is rejuvenated. Society, that is to say, regularly goes to seed, and its place is occupied for a time by the growing and still incomplete society of the future, till that, in its turn, blossoms and decays. Now I can imagine no surer proof of a society's being on its last legs than the discussion of such problems as *Is Life worth Living?* With material civilization goes hand in hand intellectual (as distinguished from spiritual) refinement, and it is not till both of these have reached a high development that people begin to ask themselves, *Is life worth living?* It is the theory of the Catholic church that for the mass of mankind intellectual development is bad; and this seems to be the lesson of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, the only perfect civilization with whose decay we are well acquainted. For intellectual development consists simply in increased ap-

preciation of beauty, in greater sensitiveness to sensuous impressions, in a cultivated taste. In so far as he is a critic, the admirer of a Raphael is not at all superior to a connoisseur in sauces. Intellectual development, we may say, results in everywhere making ends of what with common folk are but means or incidents.

Now the high-strungedness as to both body and mind which is a necessary result of luxurious living does not invariably bring happiness with it, and for those who are not satisfied with such joys as it bestows this world can do nothing more, and they know it. *If* death is but a sleep and a forgetting, then for them life certainly is not worth living.

But these hot-house specimens of the human race are too few to be important as a class, except as they influence the mass below them by their example and opinion. To a student of the signs of the times Mr. Mallock's book is very disappointing; not because what he says is not worth the saying, but from the fact that he takes up but a single and comparatively unimportant phase of it. For what he asks is not whether life *is*, but whether it *ought to be*, found worth living, — a question which occurs not to one man in ten thousand, while the number of persons who ask themselves the simple question, and with practical intent, is increasing in an enormous ratio. Next to civil marriage, the Protestant clergy of Germany regard the annual increase of suicides as the clearest proof of the materialistic character of the age. In the never-ceasing shaking which civilization imposes on mankind, round men are constantly settling into square holes and square men into round ones. Such persons are necessarily miserable, and the scientific gospel, by its negation of a future life, furnishes them a peace which may not pass understanding, but which is none the less valuable from their point of view. There can be no

doubt that these doctrines are spreading, and that they are destined to exercise great influence on society. The result will be a survival of the fittest, not through the forcible extinction but by the voluntary effacement of the unfittest,

that is, the weakest. Thus may the sad and the weary put an end to the sadness which they have not the energy to throw off, and the over-refined and sensitive step out of a world which is no world for them.

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